

THE

OF
SHAKESPEARE.

CONTAINING

VENUS *and* ADONIS.

TARQUIN *and* LUCRECE.

And Mr. *Shakespear's* MISCELANY POEMS.

To which is Prefix'd,

An ESSAY on the ART, RISE, and PROGRESS of the STAGE, in Greece, Rome, and England.

And a GLOSSARY of the Old Words us'd in these Works.

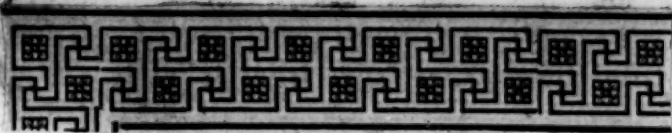
The Whole Revis'd and Corrected, with a PREFACE,

By Dr. SEWELL.

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2 H A K E S P E A R



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To the Right HONOURABLE
The Lord Walpole.

My LORD,



SHOULD not have dared to approach Your Lordship with a less Poet in my Hand than SHAKESPEAR; the dead Ornament of the English Nation, being the most proper Present to its Living Glory. He, My LORD, has shared the Fate common to every great Genius, receiv^{ing} very ill Returns for all his Beauties and Benefits; in amends for which, my present Endeavour is to wipe off the Dust of Age, Error and Ignorance, and screen his valuable Remains under Your Lordship's Protection.

YOUR Lordship knowing his Excellencies, can happily compare them with the Antients, and have thereby a peculiar Right to this Offering. That Nurse of Arts and Sciences, that Builder and Refiner of Mankind, (with what
A Pride

Pride I say our common Mother, ETON!) has furnished You with a true Taste of Letters; so that tho' SHAKESPEAR might fear You, as a Judge, yet he now prides himself in courting You, as a Patron.

IN Your Travels, Your Name, the best Harbinger, prepared for You at every Court a Reception suitable to the Son of Mr. WALPOLE. You was then the Representative of the English Genius Abroad, displaying that Probity, Integrity, and Openness of Soul, that distinguishes this Nation from all others.

IN the Situation You are now in, My LORD, You have nothing to do but to imitate the Great Pattern before You, to the Joy of Your Friends, and the Disappointment not of Yours, so much as of Your Country's Enemies. You have the noblest Incentives: For it is with You as with young Ascanius,

*Te pater ÆNEAS & Avunculus excitat
HECTOR.*

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient

humble Servant,

G. SEWELL.



THE PREFACE.

MEN of Learning and Leisure have usually busied themselves in reprinting the Works of the celebrated ancient Authors in the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages: By which means it happens, that of many of these we have more than we need, and Numbers of no Use at all; the *Editors* being so very inconsiderable, as to drive Gentlemen of Taste back to the earliest Impressions of Books, where the genuine Sense appears in a truer Light than in the idle Comments of our modern Publishers. First Editions are rarely to be seen, but like Jewels in the Cabinets of the richly Curious; and many new ones bear little Value, either from their Commonness, or Coarseness. What then has been done by the really Learned to the dead Languages, by treading backwards into the Paths of Antiquity, and reviving and correcting good old Authors, we in Justice owe to our own great Writers, both in Prose, and Poetry. They are in some degree our *Classics*; on their Foundation we must build, as the Formers and Refiners of our Language.

IN reforming old Palaces, we find that Time and Carelessness have kept equal Pace in spreading Ruin; and so it fares with Authors, who carry with the Rust of Antiquity, the Blemishes of Neglect and ill Ulage. Of this, SHAKESPEAR is a very remarkable Instance, who has been handed down from Age to Age very incorrect, his Errors increasing by Time, and being almost constantly republish'd to his Disgrace. Whatever were the Faults of this great Poet, the Printers have been hitherto as careful to multiply them, as if they had been real Beauties; thinking perhaps with the *Indians* that the disfiguring a good Face with Scars of artificial Brutes, had improv'd the Form and Dignity of the Person. A fine Writer thus treated looks like *Deiphobus* among the Shades, so maim'd by his pretended Friend, that the good *Æneas* hardly knew him again; and with him we may cry out,

Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere Pœnas?

The Answer is easy, the Tribe of Editors, Correctors, and Printers, who have usually as little Pity for a *Helen*, as she had for her *Husband*.

THESE Abominations of the Press, with several others, we shall no doubt find remov'd in the new Edition of his *Plays*. When a Genius of similar Fire and Fancy, temper'd with a learned Patience, sits down to consider what SHAKESPEAR would *Think*, as well as what he could *Write*, we may then expect to see his Works answer our Idea of the Man.

FAR be it from any Hopes of mine, that this Edition of his Poems should equal his curious Correctness: a less faulty one than the former is all the Reader is to expect. A short History, and some few occasional Remarks will be added, to give Light to some Passages, as well of the Author, as of Mr. *Gildon*.

THIS

THIS Gentleman republish'd these Poems from an old Impression, in the Year 1710. at the same time with Mr. Rowe's Publication of his Plays. He uses many Arguments to prove them genuine, but the best is the Style, Spirit, and Fancy of SHAKESPEAR, which are not to be mistaken by any tolerable Judge in these Matters. *Venus and Adonis, Tarquin and Lucrece*, are out of Dispute, they being put to the Press, and dedicated by the Author himself to the Earl of *Southampton* his great Patron. So that Mr. Rowe is evidently mistaken when he says, *That his Venus and Adonis was the only Piece of Poetry he publish'd himself*; there being the same Authority for his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, as for the other.

IF we allow the rest of these Poems to be genuine (as I think Mr. *Gildon* has prov'd them) the Occasional ones will appear to be the first of his Works. A young Muse must have a Mistress to play off the beginnings of Fancy, nothing being so apt to raise and elevate the Soul to a pitch of Poetry, as the Passion of Love. We find, to wander no farther, that *Spenser, Cowley*, and many others paid their First-fruits of Poetry to a real, or an imaginary Lady. Upon this occasion I conjecture, that SHAKESPEAR took fire on reading our admirable *Spenser*, who went but just before him in the Line of Life, and was in all probability the Poet most in Vogue at that time. To make this Argument the stronger, *Spenser* is taken notice of in one of these little Pieces as a Favourite of our Author's. He alludes certainly to the *Fairy Queen*, when he mentions his *Deep Conceit*; that Poem being entirely Allegorical. It has been remark'd, that more Poets have sprung from *Spenser* than all our other *English* Writers; to which let me add an Observation of the late Dr. *Garth*, That most of our late ones have been spoil'd by too early an Admiration of *Milton*. Be it to *Spenser* then that we owe SHAKESPEAR!

The Fairest Scyon of the Fairest Tree.

In Metaphor, Allusion, Description, and all the strongest and highest Colourings of Poetry, they both are certainly without Equals. *Spenser* indeed trod more in the Paths of Learning, borrow'd, improv'd, and heighten'd all he imitated: But *SHAKESPEAR*'s Field is *Nature*, and there he undoubtedly triumphs without a Rival. His Imagination is a perpetual Fountain of Delight, and all drawn from the same Source: even his Wildnesses are the Wildnesses of *Nature*. So that *Milton* seems to have hit his Character best, when he says,

—*Shakespear, Fancy's sweetest Child,*
Warbles his native Wood-notes wild.

The *Child of Fancy*, with the additional Epithet of *sweetest*, is an Expression perfectly fine, becoming both the Praiser, and the Praised, and exactly after the manner of the ancient Poets.

AND yet I cannot place his Learning so low as others have done, there being evident Marks thro' all his Writings of his Knowledge in the *Latin* Language, and the *Roman* History. The Translation of *Ovid*'s two Epistles, *Paris* to *Helen*, and her Answer, gives a sufficient Proof of his Acquaintance with that Poet. Nor are these Letters so very easy for a common Translator: For there is a good deal of the Heathen Mythology and Poetical Fictions, of which *SHAKESPEAR* misses none, but is ever faithful to the Original. How they may be receiv'd in these Days of flowing Versification I know not; but I have a Translation of the *Metamorphoses* of the same Age, far inferior to these Epistles.

BUT to return to Mr. *Gildon*, the Republiher of these Poems. He has prefix'd to them an *Essay* on the Rise and Progress of the Stage, and added Remarks on all his Plays, in order to let the Reader into the Beauties, and Defects of *SHAKESPEAR*. As to the *Essay*, tho' there have been many Things wrote in a loose unconnected manner on the same

Sub-

Subject, yet I have seen nothing in our Tongue so regular, so fully explanatory, or so well supported by Instances from the antient Tragic Poets. One may safely say, that this was the Study of his whole Life, the darling and overruling Passion of his Soul, which work'd off, and shew'd it self on all Occasions both in Discourse and Composition. *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were his Idols, whom he look'd upon with a sort of religious Veneration, and took a Pride in making Converts to his Opinion, by displaying their hidden Glories to the rest of Mankind. This intimate Acquaintance with these great Originals, made him an excellent Judge of what deviated from their Standard. Great modern Names and Authorities were never his Guides, but a Conformity to the just Rules of the best antient Critics, and the first Writers. For this Reason the Reader will find him in the Course of the Remarks, bearing very hard on Mr. *Dryden*, tho at the same time that he condemn'd the Critic, he admir'd the Poet.

THE same cannot be said of his Style, as his Sense; his Expression being often dark, his Sentences long, unequal, and crouded with Words of the same Signification. A depression of Fortune, want of Health and Leisure, allow'd him no Time for the Filings, and Polishings of a correct Writer. And yet with all his Imperfections, there is great Matter of Improvement to be pick'd out of his Essay, and Remarks.

Cum fluere Lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles.

I must not here leave Mr. *Gildon* without taking notice of an Argument he has brought to prove these Poems genuine; which is the Use of the Compound and Decom-pound Epithets, as if this was in a manner peculiar to SHAKESPEAR. Others have carried the matter further, and from thence argu'd SHAKESPEAR into an Understanding of the *Greek* Language, from whence they are deriv'd. Any one who is acquainted with old *English* Books, may see they were in use before our Author's Time; and as for

their being taken from the *Greeks*, that will appear ridiculous, when we consider how easily those Epithets are form'd. For allow but any Number adopted into our Tongue, and a hundred may be coin'd in as many Minutes. For Instance, if I read *far-shooting* from the *Greek*, could not I presently compound *Fire-darting*, and twenty others?

BUT since we are upon this Subject, let us examine it a little more closely. I wish the Patrons of this Practice would give us any Reason for flinging in this unnatural foreign Mixture into our Language, when we have Words of Signification, and Sound sufficient to answer our Ideas. What occasion is there for Adulteration, when we have current Coin enough of our own? All our best and modest Writers have stretch'd no farther than the Compound, and those sparingly, and in Translation, where they will best bear. If the Compounds may be bore with Patience, the Decompositions are mere Monsters; as these of our Author, the *Hot-scent-smelling* Hounds, the *Dew-be-dabled* Morn, &c. They offend the Ear, and cannot be repeated without uneasiness. The Genius of every Tongue is different; and tho the *Greek* abounds with these beautifully extravagant Liberties, neither the severe Chastity of the *Latin*, nor our *own* will allow of them. *Vida* an excellent Critic is of the same Opinion as to the *Latin*; and as his Words may have some Influence, I shall give a Translation of a Passage or two to this Purpose.

“ Multa tamen Graiæ fert Indulgentia Linguæ,

“ Quæ nostros minus addeceant graviora sequentes.

*Unnumber'd Liberties may Greece become,
Which suit not the severer Tongue of Rome.*

But he is fuller soon after; as here,

“ Verba etiam tum Bina juvat conjungere in unum,

“ Mollitèr inter se vincolo sociata jugali:

“ Verùm Plura nectas vulgo congesta coire,

“ Ipsaque:

- “ Ipsaque Quadrifidis subniti corpora membris.
 “ *Itala* nec passim fert Monitra Tricorpora Tellus.
 “ Horresco diros sonitus, ac levius fundo
 “ Invitus per-terricrepas per Carmina Voces.

*Two Single Words in pleasing Union join,
 If gently wedded in a Social Line:
 But more nor Rule, nor Decency afford,
 Verse hobbles on a long-four-jointed Word.
 The Decompositions of Three, are very rare,
 And Monsters foreign to our Latin Air.
 Harsh jarring Sounds strike grating on the Sense,
 And give my Reason, as my Ear, Offence.
 Unwillingly I force in gliding Song
 A grumbling Thrice-re-gurgling Word along.*

OUR Language, as it now stands, bears a near Affinity to the *Latin*, and most of its Rules are become our own. Writers should therefore consider first what our Tongue will bear, know its Original, how it has been improv'd, and from whence it has borrowed, before they begin with such bold Innovations. A single Authority is neither a Rule, nor a Guide. *Casaubon de Lingua Anglicâ vetere* will show them the Excellence, Force, Power and Compass of our Mother *English*; after which they will hardly seek out for harsh and unnatural Imitations of a Dead Language.

BUT enough of this. It is not my Province to speak of SHAKESPEAR'S Plays; only I cannot but observe that some of them do not answer their Titles. In *Julius Caesar* for Instance, there is little of the Man, or his memorable Exploits, unless what is said after his Death; and if any one were to form an Idea of him from what SHAKESPEAR makes him speak, he would make but an indifferent Figure for the Foremost of Mankind. Hear only his Character from *Tully*, an Enemy — “ Fuit in illo Ingenium, Ratio, Me-
 “ moria,

" moria, Litteræ, Cura, Cogitatio, Diligentia : res bello
 " gesserat, quamvis Reipublicæ calamitosas, attamen Mag-
 " nas. Multos annos regnare est meditatus : magno la-
 " bore, magnis periculis, quod cogitaverat, effecerat :
 " muneribus, monumentis, congiariis, epulis multitudinem
 " imperitam deliniebat : suos præmiis, adversarios Cle-
 " mentia Specie devinxerat. Quid multa? attulerat jam
 " liberæ Civitati, partim metu, partim patientiâ, Consue-
 " tudinem Serviendi."

A *Cæsar* thus qualified, and shown in all these Lights, were
 fit for the Pen of an *Addison*, or a *Congreve*; and then we
 might cry out with *Anthony*,

Here was a *Cæsar* — when comes such Another ?

I THOUGHT to say no more to his Plays; but the Cha-
 racter my Lord *Shaftesbury* gives them is too considerable
 to be omitted. He was himself a fine Writer, and an ex-
 cellent Judge of Nature, so that his Testimony will bear a
 just sway with the Reader. His words are, " Our old Dra-
 " matic Poet, SHAKESPEAR, may witness for our good Ear
 " and manly Relish. Notwithstanding his natural Rude-
 " ness, his unpolish'd Style, his antiquated Phrase and Wit,
 " his want of Method and Coherence, and his Deficiency
 " in almost all the Graces and Ornaments of this kind of
 " Writing; yet by the Justness of his MORAL, the Aptness
 " of many of his *Description*, and the plain and natural
 " Turn of several of his *Characters*, he pleases his Au-
 " dience, and often gains their Ear, without a single Bribe
 " from Luxury or Vice. That Piece of his, (the Trage-
 " dy of HAMLET) which appears to have most affected
 " *English* Hearts, and has perhaps been oftneft acted of any
 " which have come upon our Stage, is almost one conti-
 " nu'd *Moral*: a Series of deep Reflections, drawn from
 " one Mouth, upon the Subject of one single Accident
 " and Calamity, naturally fitted to move Horror and Com-
 " passion. It may be properly said of this Play, if I mis-
 " take not, that it has only ONE *Character* or principal Part.

" It

The P R E F A C E.

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“ It contains no Adoration or Flattery of *the Sex*: no rant-
“ ing at *the Gods*: no blustering *Heroism*: nor any thing
“ of that curious mixture of *the Fierce* and *Tender*, which
“ makes the hinge of modern Tragedy, and nicely varies it
“ between the Points of *Love*, and *Honour*.”

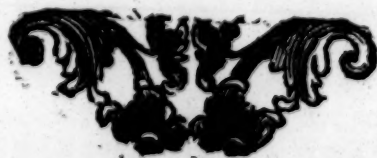
I HAVE already run this Preface to a great length, other-
wise I should have taken notice of some beautiful Passages
in the Poems; but a Reader of Taste cannot miss them.

FOR my own part, as this Revival of his Works obliged
me to look over SHAKESPEAR's Plays, I can't but think the
Pains I have taken in correcting, well recompensed by the
Pleasure I have receiv'd in reading: And if after this, I
should attempt any thing *Dramatic* in his Vein and Spirit,
be it owing to the Flame borrow'd from his own Altar!

Hampstead

Nov. 24.

1724.



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A N
E S S A Y

O N T H E

Art, Rise, and Progress of the
S T A G E,

In Greece, Rome, and England.



BEFORE I come to the Art and Rise of the Stage, I shall say a Word or two of *Shakespear*, the *English* Ornament of it, and of his Works. I confess that I have nothing to add to his Life, written by Mr. *Rowe*, who has perfectly exhausted that Subject; yet he has, by declining a general and full Criticism, left me room enough to discourse both of the Author's Genius, and his Writings. As I shall give many more Examples of his Beauties, than those

those few which his Editor has but slightly glanc'd on in his Life; so shall I lay down such Rules of Art, as that the Reader may be able to distinguish his *Errors* from his *Perfections*, now too much, and too unjustly confounded by the foolish Bigotry of his blind and partial Adorers. For there are a sort of Men, who deal by him, as some of our modern Dedicators do by their Patrons; denying them all Defects, and at the same time dawbing them with shining Qualities, which they do not only not possess, but have no need of to compleat their Character: By so childish a Conduct not only bringing into question those which are really their Due, but making their Patrons as ridiculous, as themselves. For an unjust or ill-grounded Praise of the *Living*, is no better than fulsom Flattery; and of the *Dead*, only a mere assuming Compliment to ourselves, as Men of greater Genius, Discernment, and Penetration than others, in the Discovery of Beauties, which they are not able to find out. This is the very Fault which those Modernists lay to the Charge of the Admirers of the Antients: For while they would persuade us, that these have given Beauties to *Homer, Virgil, Horace, &c.* which those Poets never thought of, or design'd, they have advanc'd so unreasonable a Bigotry to our Poet, that if a Man, by Art and Reason, but question the greatest and most absurd of his Faults, with the *Romans* of old, on the same occasion—*Clamant periisse Pudorem.*

'Tis my Opinion, that if *Shakespear* had had those Advantages of Learning, which the perfect Knowledge of the Antients would have given him; so great a *Genius* as his would have made him a very dangerous Rival in Fame to the greatest Poets of Antiquity: So far am I from seeing, how this Knowledge could either have curb'd, confin'd or spoil'd the natural Excellence of his Writings. For tho I must always think our Author a Miracle, for the Age he liv'd in, yet I am oblig'd, in Justice to Reason and Art, to confess that he does not come up to the Antients, in all the Beauties of the *Drama*; yet it is no small Honour to him, that he has surpass'd them in the Topicks or Common Places.

But

But to put his Errors and his Excellencies on the same Bottom, is to injure the latter, and give the Enemies of our Poet an Advantage against him, of doing the same; that is, of rejecting his Beauties, as all of a piece with his Faults. This unaccountable Bigotry of the Town to the very Errors of *Shakespear* was the Occasion of Mr. *Rymer's* Criticisms, and drove him as far into the contrary Extreme. I am far from approving his Manner of treating our Poet: Tho Mr. *Dryden* owns that all, or most of the Faults he has found, are just; yet he adds this odd Reflection: "And yet, he says, who minds the Critick, and who admires *Shakespear* less?" That was as much as to say, "Mr. *Rymer* has indeed made good his Charge, and yet the Town admir'd his Errors still:" Which I take to be a greater Proof of the Folly and abandon'd Taste of the Town, than of any Imperfections in the Critick. And this, in my Opinion, expos'd the Ignorance of the Age he liv'd in; to which, Mr. *Rome* very justly ascribes most of his Faults. It must be own'd, that Mr. *Rymer* carry'd the Matter too far, since no Man, who has the least Relish of Poetry, can question his *Genius*: For, in spite of his known and visible Errors, when I read *Shakespear*, even in some of his most irregular Plays, I am surpriz'd into a Pleasure so great, that my Judgment is no longer free to see the Faults, tho they are ever so gross and evident. There is such a Witchery in him, that all the Rules of Art, which he does not observe, tho built on an equally solid and infallible Reason, as intirely vanish away in the Transports of those that he does observe, as if I had never known anything of the Matter. The Pleasure, I confess, is as peculiar as strong; for it comes from the admirable Draughts of the Manners, visible in the Distinction of his Characters, and his surprizing Reflections and Topicks, which are often extremely heighten'd by the Expression and Harmony of Numbers: For in these no Man ever excell'd him, and very few ever came up to his Merit. Nor is his nice touching the Passion of *Joy*, the least Source of this Satisfaction; for he frequently moves *this*, in some of the most indifferent of his Plays, so strongly, that it is impossible to quell the Emotion.

There

4 *An Essay on the Art, Rise,*

There is likewise ever a Sprightliness in his Dialogue, and often a Genteelness, especially in his *Much ado about Nothing*, which is very surprizing for that Age, and what the Learned *BEN* could not attain by all his Industry : And I confess, if we make some small Allowance for a few Words and Expressions, I question whether any one has since excell'd him in that Particular.

Tho all these Beauties were owing chiefly to a natural Strength of *Genius* in him; yet I can never give up his Acquaintance with the Antients, so intirely as Mr. *Rowe* has done; because I think there are many Arguments to prove, that he knew at least some of the *Latin* Poets, particularly *Ovid*; two of his Epistles being translated by him : His Motto to *Venus* and *Adonis* is another Proof. But that he had read *Plautus* himself, is plain from his *Comedy of Errors*, which is taken visibly from the *Menaechmi* of that Poet; as will be evident, when we come to consider that Play. The Characters he has in his Plays drawn of the *Romans*, is a Proof, that he was acquainted with their Historians; and *Ben* himself, in his commendatory Verses before the first Folio Edition of *Shakespear's* Works, allows him to have a little *Latin*, and less *Greek*; that is, he would not allow him to be as perfect a Critick in the *Latin*, as he himself was; but yet that he was capable of reading at least the *Latin* Poets; as is, I think, plainly prov'd. For I can see no manner of Weight in that Conjecture, which supposes that he never read the *Antients*, because he has not any where imitated them; so fertile a *Genius* as his, having no need to borrow Images from others, which had such Plenty of his own. Besides, we find by Experience, that some of our modern Authors, nay, those who have made great Figures in the University for their Wit and Learning, have so little follow'd the Antients in their Performances, that by them a Man could never guess that they had read a Word of them; and yet they would take it amiss, not to be allow'd to be very well read both in the *Latin*, and *Greek* Poets. If they do this in their Writings out of Pride, or want of Capacity; may we not as justly suppose, that *Shakespear* did it out of an Abundance of his own natural
Stock?

stock? I contend not here to prove, that he was a perfect Master of either the *Latin*, or *Greek* Authors; but all that I aim at, is to shew, that as he was capable of reading some of the *Romans*, so he had actually read *Ovid*, and *Plautus*, without spoiling or confining his Fancy, or Genius.

“ Whether his Ignorance of the Antients were a Disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Dispute.” I am surpriz’d at the Assertion; unless Mr. *Rome* means, That all things may be argu’d upon; and that the Problems of *Euclid*, so long admitted as indisputable, may, by a new sort of Scepticism, be call’d in question. The Reason he assigns for this, is thus: “ For tho the Knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the Regularity and Deference for them, which would have attended that Correctness, might have restrain’d some of that Fire, Impetuosity, and even beautiful Extravagance, which we admire in *Shakespeare*.” I must own, that I am not capable of comprehending his Proof, or indeed of finding that it is any Proof at all: For if the Knowledge of the Antients would have made him correct, it would have given him the only Perfection he wanted; and that is certainly an Advantage not to be disputed. But then this “ Correctness might have restrain’d some of that Fire, Impetuosity, and even Beautiful Extravagance, &c.” We do not find, that Correctness in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, &c. restrain’d any Fire that was truly celestial: And why we should think, that it would have had a worse Effect on *Shakespeare*, I cannot imagine; nor do I understand what is meant by *Beautiful Extravagance*: For if it be something beyond Nature, it is so far from being admir’d by Men of Sense, that it is contemn’d and laugh’d at. For what there is in any Poem, which is out of Nature, and contrary to Verisimilitude and Probability, can never be beautiful, but abominable. The business of Poetry is to copy Nature truly, and observe Probability and Verisimilitude justly; and the Rules of Art are to shew us what Nature is, and how to distinguish its Lineaments from the unruly and preposterous Sallies and

Flights of an irregular, and uninstructed Fancy. So that as I think it is plain, that *Shakespear* was not intirely ignorant of the *Antients*; so, I believe, it is as evident, that he would have been much more, not less, perfect than he is, had his Ignorance of them been much less, than it really was. A judicious Reader of our Author will easily discover those Defects, that his Beauties would make him wish had been corrected by a Knowledge of the whole Art of the *Drama*. For it is evident, that by the Force of his own Judgment, or the Strength of his Imagination, he has follow'd the Rules of Art in all those Particulars in which he pleases. I know, that the Rules of Art have been sufficiently clamour'd against by an ignorant and thoughtless sort of Men of our Age; but it was because they knew nothing of them, and never consider'd, that without some Standard of Excellence, there could be no Justice done to Merit, to which Poetasters, and Poets must else have an equal Claim, which is the highest Degree of Barbarism. Nay, without an Appeal to these very Rules, *Shakespear* himself is not to be distinguish'd from the most worthless Pretenders, who have often met with an undeserv'd Applause, and challeng'd the Title of great Poets from their Success.

Nature, *Nature* is the great Cry against the Rules. We must be judg'd by *Nature*, say they; not at all considering, that *Nature* is an equivocal Word, whose Sense, is too various and extensive ever to be able to appeal to; since it leaves it to the Fancy and Capacity of every one, to decide what is according to *Nature*, and what not. Besides, there may be a great many things natural, which Dramatick-Poetry has nothing to do with. To do the Needs of Life, is as natural as any Action of it; but to bring such a thing into a Piece of History-Painting, or Dramatick-Poetry, would be monstrous and absurd, tho' natural; for there may be many things natural in their proper Places, which are not so in others. It is therefore necessary, there should be Rules to let the Poet know not only what is natural, but when it is proper to be introduc'd, and when not. The Droll-Pieces of the *Dutch* are all very natural; yet I dare believe there is no Man so very ignorant of the Decorum

sum of History-Painting, as to think, that in the Tent of *Darius*, by Monsieur *Le Brun*, or the *Jephtha's Sacrifice*, it wou'd be natural or proper to introduce one of those Droll-Pieces, either of drinking, dancing, snick-or-nee, or the like. For tho both the Painters have propos'd Nature for their Copy, and have drawn her perfectly well; yet *Grief* and *Laughter* are so very incompatible, that to join these two Copies of Nature together, wou'd be monstrous, and shocking to any judicious Eye. And yet this Absurdity is what is done so commonly among us in our *Tragi-Comedies*; this is what our *Shakespear* himself has frequently been guilty of, not only in those Mixtures which he has given us of that kind, but in many other Particulars; for want of a thorough Knowledge of the Art of the Stage.

After this, I hope no Man will assert, that Criticism is an ill-natur'd Work, unless he will declare for all the Extravagancies of Ignorance, and that Absurdities ought to be indulg'd for the sake of a great Name. For if Truth and Reason may be of any Account, to point out the real Errors of any Man, must be thought a good-natur'd Office; since it is to bring Men to a just Sense of things, and a true Knowledge and Taste of Nature, and Art. Did ever any Man think it an ill-natur'd thing to tell a Friend of his Mistakes in Conduct? Much less must it be thought so in the Discoveries of the Errors of writing; because by the Correction many are inform'd how to direct themselves justly, and not to follow the *Ignes Fatuos* of a distemper'd Fancy, without ever consulting Judgment; which must make its Decision by the Rules of Art. I confess, that there is a Decency in doing this, which to forsake, is to become liable to this Censure, as Mr. *Rymer* has done; who was not content to point out the Faults of *Shakespear*, but would deny him all manner of Excellence: The like has been done by the Remarker on *Cato*. This indeed favours of Ill-nature and Envy; But sure no body will accuse *Aristotle* of the same Crime, for those he discovers in *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and some other *Greek Poets*, whose Beauties and Perfections he recommends to our Imitation. Notwithstanding that he

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forms from these his *Poeticks*, and tho they were of such great Authority and Esteem; yet this Father of all Criticks makes no Difficulty of showing in what they transgress'd the Rules, which he founds on Reason, and Nature: Which the *Athenians* rightly look'd on, as a piece of *Justice*, not *Ill-nature*. For if as he allow'd them their Excellencies, he had not pointed out their Defects; he had left room for a Bigotry to a Name, to have made their Vices pass for Virtues, to the prejudice of the just Improvement of so noble an Art. Thus I shall all along recommend the Beauties of *Shakespear*; but must beg leave to lay down the Rules of the Drama, lest we fall into an erroneous Imitation of his Faults. The Answer of *Dionysius* to *Pompey* the Great, will be just, to all who shall be of his mind, — *Pompey* complain'd, that he had found fault with *Plato*, to which he replies in this manner, — “ Your Veneration for *Plato* “ is just, but your Accusation of me unjust. When a Man “ writes to show what is good or bad in a Subject, he “ ought, with the utmost Exactness, to point out its Vir- “ tues, and Vices, because that is a certain way to come at “ the Truth, which is the most valuable of all things. Had “ I wrote against *Plato*, with a Design to decry his Works, “ I ought to have been accounted as envious as *Zoilus*; but, “ on the contrary, my Design was to praise him: Yet if “ in doing this, I have discover'd and improv'd any of his “ Errors or Defects, I have done nothing that merits a “ Complaint, &c.

This, I hope, is sufficient to clear just Criticism from the Imputation of *Ill-nature*: And I am of opinion, that since Poetry has always been esteem'd, in all civiliz'd and polite Countries, a noble Art; there is a Necessity to free it from that Barbarism it has hitherto lain under in this Nation, especially in its most valuable and useful Part, the *Drama*; to lay down those Rules which may form our Judgment, and bring it to a Perfection, that it has not yet known among us.

There is indeed a very formidable Party among us, who are such Libertines in all manner of Poetry, especially in the *Drama*, that they think all regular Principles of Art an

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Imposition not to be born; yet, while they refuse in Poetry just Rules, as a Test of their Performance, they will allow no Man a Master in any other, that follows not the Rules of his Art, be it *Painting, Statuary, Architecture, &c.* tho the Precepts of *Poetry* are not less founded on Nature, and Reason, and must indeed be the only Distinction betwixt an Artist, and a Pretender. This false Notion has open'd a Door to all the abominable *Scriblers*, who have so often won a Reputation from the Ignorance of the Town (to the Scandal of the Nation) nay, who have pass'd for Authors of the first Rank; tho their Writings, as *Ben Johnson*, in his *Discoveries*, has it, *A Man would not wrap up any wholesome Drug in, &c.* For if Poetry have no certain Standard of Excellence, no fix'd Rules to go by; then it must of consequence be an arbitrary Licence of writing what extravagant thing soever one pleases; and that Meis of Madness, that is most plausibly cook'd up by the Players, and goes best down with the *Mob*, that is, the Ignorant of all Degrees and Stations, is the best Poetry: A Notion so very whimsical, that it was never entertain'd in any City in the Universe, but *London* (and perhaps *Madrid*,) for it levels all Men, makes *Settle* and *Dursey* as good Poets as *Orway* and *Addison*: Which is to deter Men of Learning and Genius from writing, since they are liable to Censures, almost as scandalous as those the Poets of *Madrid* are subject to; as we have the Account from *The Lady's Travels into Spain*: Which, because it bears some Proportion to the State of our Stage, I shall transcribe.

———— ‘ The finest Comedy in the World, (says she)
‘ I mean those acted in the Cities, very often receive their
‘ Fate from the weak Fancy of some ignorant *Wretch* or
‘ other. But there is one particularly, a *Shoe-maker*, who
‘ decides the Matter, and who has gain'd so absolute an Au-
‘ thority so to do, that when the Poets have made their
‘ Plays, they go to him, and as it were, sue to him for his
‘ Approbation: They read to him their Plays; and the
‘ *Shoe-maker*, with grave Looks thereupon, utters abun-
‘ dance of Nonsense; which nevertheless the poor Poet is
‘ forc'd to put up. After all, if he happens to be at the first
‘ acting

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‘ acting of it, every body has his Eyes upon the Behaviour
 ‘ and Action of this pitiful Fellow: The young People, of
 ‘ what Quality soever, imitate him; if he yawns, they
 ‘ yawn, if he laughs, so do they. In a word, sometimes
 ‘ he grows angry or weary, and then takes a little Whistle,
 ‘ and falls a whistling; at the same time you hear an hun-
 ‘ dred whistles, which make so shrill a noise that ’tis
 ‘ enough to confound the Heads of all the Spectators. By
 ‘ this time, our poor Poet is quite ruin’d; all his Study and
 ‘ Pains having been at the Mercy of a Block head, accor-
 ‘ ding as he was in good or bad Humour.’

This perhaps may seem a harder Fate, than what our Poets here are liable to: But whilst Ignorance is to be Judge of Art, and the Direction of the Theatre is in such Hands, it is certain, the Case is much the same. For the Fate of a Play depends on these Gentlemen’s Opinion of it, who have nothing to guide them but Fancy, which leads them ten times into an Error, for once that it hits right; and then it is by wondrous chance. Nay, it is no new Defect of the Stage; for when the Poets, that is, the Masters of the Art, left off ordering the Stage, and directing the Actors, as the admirable Critick Monsieur *Dacier* observes in his Notes on the last Chapter of *Aristotle’s Art of Poetry*, the Players being left to themselves, immediately spoil’d the acting, and degenerated from that Wisdom and Simplicity, by which they had been maintain’d.

These are the Gentlemen particularly that bring their Arguments against regular Plays, which had been as fa-
 urg’d before the Reformation of the *French Stage*; as is plain from the Academy’s Animadversions on the *Cid* of *Corneille*, p. 22: Let their Words justify my Assertion—

Que si au contraire, quelques Pieces regulaires donnent peu de Satisfaction; il ne faut pas croire, que ce soit la Faute des Regles, mais bien celles des Auteurs; dont le Sterile Genie n’a pu fournir a l’ Art, une que fust assez Riche: i. e. ‘ If

‘ on the contrary, some regular Pieces give but little Satis-
 ‘ faction, you ought not to believe, that this is the Fault of
 ‘ the Rules, but of the Authors; whose barren Genius
 ‘ cannot supply Art with what is rich and noble.’ The
 Rules of Art indeed are not for any Man, to whom Nature

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has not given a Genius; without which it is impossible to observe, or indeed perfectly to understand them.

The ingenious *Michael Cervantes*, the celebrated Author of *Don Quixot*, tells us, that the same Objection was made to him in Defence of irregular Plays, that had usurp'd the the *Spanish* Stage under the Direction of the Actors. Which I shall transcribe, because it shows that Stage to be like ours; that the Opinion of a Man of his Wit and Judgment, may have a just Influence on those, who look more on Authority, than Reason.

In the 50th Chapter of his first Part, the *Canon* and the *Curate* are discoursing to this purpose, ——— ‘ If these
‘ Plays, that are now in vogue, as well those that are mere
‘ Fiction, as those that are taken out of History, are all or
‘ the greatest part of them, plain visible Fopperies, and
‘ things without Head or Tail; yet the Multitude delights
‘ in, and thinks them good, tho they are so far from it.
‘ And if the Poets who write, and the Players who act, say
‘ they must be such, because the Multitude will have them
‘ so, and no otherwise; and that those which are regular,
‘ and carry on the Plot according to Art, are only of use to
‘ a few wise Men, who understand them, and all the rest
‘ make nothing of them; and that it is better for them to
‘ get their Bread by *Many*, than to be look’d on by a *Few*—
‘ If this be so, I say, the same will be the Fate of my Book;
‘ after I have crack’d my Brain to observe the Rules I have
‘ spoken of, I shall lose my Labour. And tho I have some-
‘ times endeavour’d to persuade the Actors, that they are
‘ in the wrong in following that Opinion; and that they
‘ would draw more People, and gain more Reputation by
‘ acting Plays, that are according to the Rules of Art, than
‘ by those *Madones*: They are so fond of their own Opi-
‘ nion, that there is no bearing them out of it. I remem-
‘ ber I once said to one of these obstinate Men—— Tell me,
‘ don’t you remember that a few Years ago, there were
‘ three Plays acted in *Spain*, written by a famous Poet of
‘ this Kingdom, which were so excellent, that they asto-
‘ nish’d, pleas’d, and surpriz’d all that saw them, as well
‘ ignorant, as wise; the Multitude, as better Sort? And
‘ those three alone yielded the Actors more Money than

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* thirty of the best that have been made since. Doubtless,
 * Sir, said the Poet I speak of, you mean the *Isabella*, *Phil-*
 * *lis*, and *Alexander*? I mean the same, quoth I, and see
 * whether those did not observe the Rules of Art; and did
 * not please all People? So that the Fault is not in the *Mul-*
 * *titude*, who require Follies; but in those, who know
 * not how to show them any thing else. Nor was the
 * Play of *Ingratitude Reveng'd* a Foppery; nor was there
 * any in that of *Numantia*; nor the *Amorous Merchant*;
 * much less in the *Favourable She-Enemy*; nor in some
 * others, that have been written by judicious Poets, to their
 * great Reputation and Renown, and to the Advantage of
 * those that acted them. Much more I urg'd; which, in
 * my Opinion, *confounded*, but did not convince him, so
 * as to make him recede from his erroneous Conceit.

* You have hit on a thing, Master Canon, (answer'd the
 * Curate) that has stir'd up the old Grudge I bear the Plays
 * now in use; which is not inferior to my Aversion to
 * Books of *Knight-Errantry*. For whereas the *Drama*,
 * according to *Tully*, ought to be a Mirror of human Life,
 * a Pattern of Manners, and a lively Image of Truth;
 * those, that are acted now-a-days, are Mirrors of *Extra-*
 * *vagancies*; Patterns of Follies; and lively Images of
 * Lewdness. For what greater Extravagancies can there
 * be, than to bring on a Child in its Swaddling-bands, in the
 * first Scene of the first Act; and in the second to have him
 * walk in, as grown up to a stout Man? And what greater
 * Folly than to represent to us a fighting old Fellow, and
 * a cowardly young Man; an haranguing Footman; a Page
 * taking on him to be Privy-Counsellor; a King a mere
 * Clown; a Princess an errant Cook-Wench? What shall
 * I say to the Time and Place, that these Accidents may or
 * might have happen'd in? For I have seen a Play, whose
 * first Act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third
 * in *Africa*; and had it held out four Acts, the fourth
 * would have ended in *America*; and so it would have been
 * acted in all the four Quarters of the World.

* And if Imitation be the principal Part of the *Drama*,
 * how is it possible that any tolerable Understanding should
 * be

be pleas'd to see, that when they are acting a Passage, that happen'd in the Days of King *Pepin*, or *Charlemagne*; the same Man, who acts the Hero of the Play, should be made the Emperor *Heraclius*, who carry'd the Cross to *Jerusalem*, in order to recover the Holy Sepulchre, as *Godfrey of Bulloin* did, when there are many Years distance betwixt those Actions? Or when the Play is grounded on Fiction, to apply it to Truths out of History; or patch it up with Accidents, that happen'd to several Persons, and at several times; and this not with any Contrivance to make it appear probable, but with manifest Errors altogether inexcusable? And the worst of it is, there are some Blockheads who call this *Perfection*, and all the rest *Notion* and *Pedantry*, &c.'

And after some Reflections on the monstrous Miracles forg'd for their religious Plays, he proceeds —

— 'All this is an Affront to Truth, a Discredit to History, and a Shame to the *Spanish* Wits. Because Foreigners, who are very strict in observing the Laws of the *Drama*, look on us as ignorant and barbarous, when they see the Absurdity, and enormous Folly of these we write. And that is not excus'd by saying, that the chief Design of well-govern'd Commonwealths, in permitting Plays to be acted, is to divert the Commonalty with some lawful Recreation, to disperse the ill Humours that Idleness often breeds; and that since this is done by any Play good, or bad, there is no Occasion to prescribe Laws, or confine those that write, or those that act them, to make them such as they ought to be: For, as I said, any of them serve to compass the End design'd by them. To this I would answer, that the End would be infinitely better attain'd by good Plays, than these that are not so. For a Man, after seeing a good and well-contriv'd Play, would go away pleas'd with the Comedy, instructed by the serious Part, surpriz'd at the Plot, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by the Frauds, inform'd by the Examples, disgusted at Vice, and in love with Virtue: For a good Play must work all these Effects upon him that sees it, tho he be never so rude, and unthinking. And it is absolutely

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' solutely impossible, but that a Play, that has all these
 ' Qualifications, must please, divert, satisfy, and content
 ' beyond that which wants them; as for the most part
 ' those do that are now acted. And the Poets that write
 ' them are not in the Fault; for some of them are very sen-
 ' sible of the Errors they commit, and know what they
 ' ought to do. But Plays being become venal, they say,
 ' and are in the right on't, that the Actors would give no-
 ' thing for them, if they were not of that Stamp. And
 ' therefore the Poet endeavours to suit himself to what the
 ' Actor, who is to pay for it, requires, &c.'

This is so near an Image of our Dramatick State, in this
 Nation, that I hope the Observation of so receiv'd a Wit as
Michael Cervantes, will have some weight with our Men
 of Figure, who are, or would be thought Men of Sense
 and Politeness. Yet, if they should think Authority in-
 sufficient, because against their wretched *Gouſt*; I shall
 shew, that Reason is as much against them: and then shew
 the Source of our ill Taste, and the Corruption of our
 Stage, by giving a View of the Original and Rise of the
Drama, in *Greece*, in *Rome*, and in this Nation.

To come therefore to Reason, against those blind Ene-
 mies to Regularity, and without which there can be no
 Harmony, we must prove that Poetry is an Art.

As the Injustice of Men was the Cause of Laws, so the
 Decay of Arts, and the Faults committed in them (as *Dac-
 tier* observes) oblig'd Men first to make Rules, and after-
 wards to revive them. The Laws of Legislators place all
 their Reason in their Will, or the present Occurrences;
 but the Rules of *Poetry* advance nothing but what is ac-
 company'd with Reason, and drawn from the common
 Sentiments of Mankind: so that Men themselves become
 the Rule and Measure of what these prescribe.

All Arts are certain Rules or Means of arriving at, or do-
 ing something that is good and beneficial to Mankind; now
Poetry aiming at the Instruction of Men by Pleasure, it pro-
 poses a certain End for the Good of Men: it must therefore
 have certain Rules or Means of obtaining that End; and is
 therefore an Art.

and Progress of the Stage, &c. 15

Poetry is not only an Art, but its Rules are known, and it is impossible to succeed without them. The certain Consequence of this is, that the *Rules*, and *what pleases*, are never contrary to each other, and that you can never obtain the latter, without the former. *Secondly*, That *Poesy* being an Art, can never be prejudicial to Mankind: for when any Verses are so, they deviate from the Rules, and are no longer *Poetry*, which was invented, and improv'd for their Advantage only. *Poesy* owes its Rise to Religion: Hymns in the praise of, and Thanksgiving to Heaven for Blessings receiv'd, was the original *Poetry*; for Men, naturally inclin'd to Imitation, employ'd their native Tendency to Musick and Song, to the Praises of their Gods: And had Man continu'd in his primitive Simplicity, Hymns and Divine Songs, as among the *Hebrews*, had been all our *Poetry*. But in the Heathen System, Men soon deviated from this Purity; admitting first the Praise of Men, and then *Satire*, or Raillery on one another at their drunken Meetings, at Harvest-home, or the like. Thus *Poetry* being corrupted soon, scarce retain'd any Foot-steps of Religion, whence it first sprung.

The succeeding Poets, being the Divines and Philosophers of those times, observing the invincible Bent of the People to these Feasts and Shows, and that it would be a fruitless Labour and endeavour to restore their primitive Simplicity; took an admirable and wise care to turn this Inclination of theirs to Pleasure, to their advantage; by making that Pleasure convey Instruction to them, in so agreeable a manner.

To pass over the various Changes of *Poetry*, we must remember that we owe to *Homer* the *Epick Poem*; and in that, the Original of *Tragedy*, more excellent for the Regulation of the Passions, than the *Epopée*, which only reach'd to Customs. The Invention of *Comedy* some attribute to the Corruption and degenerate Luxury of the People, some to the *Margites* of *Homer*; but both these Opinions are easily reconcil'd: for the *Opprobria Rustica*, as *Horace* calls them, the lewd Railleries of the Country-People at their drunken rural Festivals, gave the Ground-work, which the *Margites* of *Homer* reduc'd into a more decent Form and Order, and

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and gave the Idea, whence after-Poets deriv'd the antient *Comedy*.

But hence it is plain, as I have said, that *Poesy* is an Art, because we see from its Rise it has propos'd a certain End, and must necessarily have certain Means to be conducted to that End. For where there is a *Right* and a *Wrong*, there must be some Art or Rules to avoid the one, and arrive at the other. But then perhaps it may still be question'd, whether these Rules are fix'd and known, and whether they are those prescrib'd by *Aristotle*? That they are known, will be plain from what follows; and that they are those of *Aristotle*, at least in the *Drama* (which I shall chiefly insist on in this Essay) will be as plain, if we consider, *1st*, Who gives the Rules. *2dly*, When he gave them: and *3dly*, The Manner in which he gave them. *Aristotle's* Character for Knowledge in all the politer Arts, will be of some Force; for his Genius and Capacity are sufficiently known to the Learned. *2dly*, The Age he liv'd in, was in almost the first Regulation, if not Rise of *Tragedy*; learning the Art with *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, who brought it to Perfection, and seeing the effect it had on the most polite and knowing People of the World. *3dly*, The Manner in which they are deliver'd, is so evident and conformable to Nature, as that I cannot but be sensible of their truth. To confirm this, I consider the effects they have had in all Nations where they were known; for all the Beauties of *Homer*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and the other *Greek* Poets of any note, are perfectly conformable to them: and these being five hundred years after reviv'd, in the time of *Augustus*, at *Rome*, we find the Beauties of *Virgil*, and the *Latins* owing to them. Nay, two thousand Years after they were written, we observe that by them the best *Tragedies* of *France* and *Spain*, nay, I may say of *England* too, are those in which they are perfectly follow'd: in which all that pleases, is according to the Rules; and all that disgusts, or is insipid, wild, or extravagant, contrary to them: for good Sense and right Reason are of all Countries. Human Laws indeed which regard the State, alter according to the Circumstances and Interests of the Men for which they were made: but these are
always

always the same, and ever support their Vigour, because they are the Law of Nature, which always acts uniformly, revives them continually, and gives them a perpetual Existence.

From hence it follows, that these Rules are known, and that they are those deliver'd by *Aristotle*, and that they are never opposite to what pleases; since they were made to shew us the Path we ought to tread, that we may arrive at what pleases. Were the Rules and what pleases opposite, we could never please but by chance; which is absurd. As there are certain Rules, therefore, that teach us to please, so we ought to make it our business to study and learn them, both for the reading and judging part: for these Rules are drawn from the *Pleasant* and the *Profitable*, and lead us to their Source. The *Pleasant* and the *Profitable* are what naturally please; and that, in all Arts, is what we always consult. In this most perfect and sure Model of Imitation, we find perfect UNITY, and ORDER; for it is it self the Effect of Order, and the Rule to conduct us to it: while there is only one way to find Order, but many to fall into Confusion.

‘ There would be nothing bad (says *Dacier* very justly) in the World, if all that pleas'd were good; for there's nothing so absurd, but will have some Admirers. You may say indeed, that it is not true what is *Good* pleases, because we daily see Disputes about the *Good* and the *Pleasant*; that the same thing pleases some, and displeases others; nay, it pleases and displeases the very same Man at different times. From whence then proceeds this difference? It comes either from an absolute Ignorance of the Rule, or that the Passions alter it. Rightly to clear this Truth, I believe, I may lay down this Maxim, *That all sensible Objects are of two sorts; some may be judg'd of by the Sense independently of Reason (I call Sense that Impression which the animal Spirits make on the Soul) and others can't be judg'd of, but by Reason exercis'd in Science.* Things simply agreeable or disagreeable, are of the first Sort; all the World may judge alike of these. For example, the most Ignorant in Musick perceives very well when a Player on the Lute strikes one String for another; because he

‘ judges

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judges by his Sense, and his Sense is the Rule. On such occasions we may, therefore, very well say, *That all that pleases, is good*; because that which is *good* does please, or that which is *ill* never fails to displease: for neither Passion, nor Ignorance dull the Senses, but sharpen them. It is not thus in things that spring from Reason: Passion and Ignorance work very strongly in them, and choke the Judgment; and for this cause we ordinarily judge so *ill*, and differently in those things of which Reason is the Rule, and the Cause. Why what is *bad* often pleases, and that which is *good* does not always do so, is not the Fault of the Object, but of the Judge: But what is *good* will infallibly please those who *can* judge, and that's sufficient. By this we may see, that a Play, that shall bring those things which are to be judg'd by Reason within the Rules, and also that which is to be judg'd by Sense, shall never fail to please both the Learned, and the Ignorant. Now this Conformity of Suffrages is the most sure, or, according to *Aristotle*, the only mark of the *Good* and *Pleasant*. But these Suffrages are not to be obtain'd but by the observing of the Rules, and consequently these Rules are the only cause of the *Good* and the *Pleasant*; whether they are follow'd methodically and with design, or only by hazard or chance. For 'tis certain, there are many Persons who are intirely ignorant of these Rules, and yet do not miss of Success in many things. But this is far from destroying the Rules, since it only serves to shew their Beauty, and proves how far they are conformable to Nature, since those often follow them, who know nothing of them.

The latter end of this is perfectly prov'd by our *Shakespeare*, who in all that *pleases* is exactly conformable to the Rules, tho' 'tis evident by his Defects, that he knew nothing of them. I hope this is enough to satisfy any reasonable Man, not only that as *Poesy* is an Art, it proposes certain Means to arrive at a certain End; but that these Rules are absolutely necessary for the judging, and writing justly. If any one desire to see this Argument handled more at large, it will be worth his while to read Monsieur

Dacier's

Dacier's admirable Preface to his Remarks on the *Poeticks* of *Aristotle*; from which, what I have said on this Head is but an Abridgment.

Since therefore the Necessity of Rules is thus evident, I think I cannot be more just to the Art, and to those Poets who may hereafter arise worthy the Name, than to lay down, in as few Words as possible, the Rules of the *Drama*: to which I shall subjoin some relating to the *Epigram*, under which last Head most of the Miscellanies of *Shakespeare* will fall; that by this means the ingenious Reader may distinguish betwixt his Errors, and Beauties, and so fix his Praise on a juster ground, than the blind Caprice of every ignorant Fancy. And if by this he will not appear so praise-worthy in many things, as he may now be thought, yet his Praise will be greater and more valuable when it is founded on Reason and Truth, and the Judgment of Men of Sense and Understanding.

Before I come to the particular Rules of the Stage, as *Aristotle* has laid them down, I shall set down what an English Nobleman has given us on this Subject in Verse; because there are some Things relating especially to the Diction, which *Aristotle* has not meddled with; and others, which tho conformable to him, yet being in Verse, sink easier into the Memory, and will lead the Reader better to the Apprehension and retaining the particular Rules in Prose, and perhaps give him a better relish of them. For when by Pleasure we are first let into the View of Truth, it has such Charms, as to engage our Pursuit after it, thro ways not altogether so smooth and delightful. The Verses I take out of the *Essay on Poetry* written by the late Duke of *Buckingham*, at a Time when the Town run away with as strange Monsters as have pleas'd since; tho those were dress'd a little more gayly, and went by their Chime a little more glibly off the Tongue.

On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage,
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
Which if observ'd give Plays so great a Grace,

Are,

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Are, tho but little practis'd, too well known,
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer Faults to purge the present Age,
Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then *Soliloquies* had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in Passion too.
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the Pit their Confident.

Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us:

Th' Occasion should as naturally fall,
As when * *Bellario* confesses all.

[* *In Philaster*]

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Art's needless Varnish to make Nature shine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Descriptions only can have place.
But to make *Rage* declaim, and *Grief* discourse,
From Lovers in Despair *fine things* to force,
Must needs succeed: for who can chuse but pity
A dying *Hero* miserably witty?

But O! the Dialogue, where Jest and Mock
Are held up like a Rest at shuttle-cock!

Or else like Bells eternally they chime,
They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime.

What *Things* are these, who would be Poets thought?
By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor Learning taught?

Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better Course, than this by which they starve:

But to write Plays! Why 'tis a bold Pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence.

Nay more, for they must look within, to find
These secret Turns of Nature in the Mind.

Without this Part, in vain would be the Whole,
And but a Body all, without a Soul.

All this together yet is but a Part

Of * Dialogue, that great and powerful Art

Now

* His Grace here refers to Comedy, as the Instances of
Plato and *Lucian* show; for the Art of Tragick Dialogue

Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From which the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since, but by a few :

Plato and *Lucian* are the best Remains

Of all the Wonders which this Art contains :

Yet to our selves we must some justice do,

Shakespear and *Fletcher* are our Wonders now.

Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,

Go see them play'd, then read them as before :

For tho in many things they often fail,

Over our Passions still they so prevail,

That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep,

The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wise to weep.

Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.

* First on a Plot employ thy careful Thoughts ;

Turn it with Time a thousand several ways,

This oft alone has given Success to Plays.

Reject that vulgar Error, which appears

So fair, of making perfect Characters :

There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw

A faultless Monster, which the World ne'er saw.

† Some Faults must be, that his Misfortunes drew,

But such as may deserve Compassion too.

Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,

‡ Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart.

Verdict

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isto express the Sentiments naturally in proper Words: else his Grace had mistaken; for certainly in the Tragick Dialogue, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, nay, even *Æschylus*, must have been preferr'd. Nay, it will not hold of Tragedy; for *Fletcher's* Dialogue is intolerable in that, and could not be otherwise, because he seldom draws either his Manners or Sentiments from Nature.

* Exactly conformable to *Aristotle*.

† Involuntary Faults, that is, the Effects of violent Passions, not such as are voluntary and scandalous; as will appear in our Rules.

‡ His Grace means not, that the Scenes should not be a Part of the Plot; but that the Poet should, besides the main

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Contrive each little turn, mark every Place,
As Painters first chalk out the future Face.
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining Thoughts to place,
As what a Man should say in such a case.
Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,
The Player too must be before your Eyes:
And tho'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose no single Fop, but lay the Load
More equally, and spread the Folly broad.
The other way is vulgar; oft we see
A Fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low way
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey.
Ill Poets so will *one* poor Fop devour:
But to collect, like Bees, from every Flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,
Which serves the World for Pleasure, and for Use;
In spite of Faction this would Favour get:
But *Falstaff* seems inimitable yet, &c.

In what I have to say of the Rules, I shall confine myself to them, without going into the Controversy, yet I shall sometimes add the Reason and Foundation, that being the Extremity my Bounds will admit.

To begin therefore with the Definition of Tragedy (for the Rules of that I shall first insist on, much of Comedy depending on them) it is this— '*Tragedy* is the Imitation of one grave and entire Action of a just Length, and which, without the Assistance of Narration, by the means of Terror and Compassion, perfectly refines in us all sorts of Passions, and whatever is likethem.'

This is explain'd by a Piece of History-Painting (which is very near a-kin to Tragedy) for the Painter takes one grave

Design, consider well the working up of every particular Scene which is just.

grave and entire Action, and mingles nothing else with it. For example, *Raphael* painted the Battel of *Constantine*, but he brought not into that one Action of *Constantine*, all that he had done in his Life; for that had been monstrous, and contrary to Nature and Art. Thus a *Tragedy* is the Imitation of some one grave Action, but not all the Actions of a Man's Life.

From hence it is plain, that there is no place in *Tragedy* for any thing but grave and serious Actions. Comedy imitates the witty, and the pleasant, and the ridiculous Actions of Mankind. Next, this Action must be *entire*; that is, it must have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*, and be of a just Length: not so long as that of the *Epopee*, nor so short as a single Fable. The excluding *Narration*, and the confining its Aim to *Terror*, and *Compassion*, distinguishes it from the *Epick Poem*, which may be perfect without them, and employs *Admiration*.

By the refining the Passions, I mean not their Extirpation, which is impossible; but the reducing them to just Bounds and Moderation, which renders them as useful as they are necessary: for by representing to us the Miseries of those who have yielded too much to them, it teaches us to have a stricter guard over them; and by beholding the great Misfortunes of others, it lessens those that we either do, or may feel our selves.

This Imitation mention'd in the Definition being made by the *Actors*, or Persons representing, the *Scenes* are to be regarded by the Poet: For the Decoration is not only for Pomp and Show, as it is generally design'd, but to express the Nature of the things represented, and the Place where; since there is no Action that does not suppose a Place, and Actors dress'd in one Habit or other proper to that Place.

As *Tragedy* is the Imitation of an *Action*, not Inclinations or Habits; so there is no *Action*, that does not proceed from the *Manners* and the *Sentiments*: therefore the *Manners* and *Sentiments* are essential Parts of *Tragedy*. For nothing but the *Manners* and *Sentiments* can distinguish and characterize an *Action*: the *Manners* form, and the *Sentiments* explain it, exposing its Causes and Motives; and

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those being the Producers of *Actions*, are the Causes of Good and Evil to Mankind.

The Imitation of an Action is properly call'd the *Fable*; that is, the Composition of all the Parts and Incidents of this *Action* is the *Fable*. The *Manners* distinguish the Qualities of the Persons represented; that is, characterize Men, denote their Inclinations either good or bad. The *Manners* of *Achilles* were *Choler*, and *Temerity*; those of *Aeneas* sweet *Temper*, and *Piety*. The *Sentiments* are the Discourses or Speeches of the *Dramatick Persons*, discovering their Thoughts, and making known their Actions: by which they speak agreeably to their *Manners* or Characters, that the Auditors may know their *Manners* before they see their Actions.

There is no Subject of a Tragedy where these following five Parts are not found, viz. The *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, the *Dictiō*, and the *Decoration*. *Aristotle* adds the Musick, because the *Greek Poets* directed that too. But the chief and most considerable is the *Fable*, or the Composition of the Incidents, which form the Subject of the Tragedy; both in the Opinion of *Aristotle*, and of all those who know any thing of the Reason of Things. For Tragedy is in imitation of an *Action*, not of *Men*; whence it follows, that *Action* constitutes the *Tragedy*, and that there can be no Tragedy where there is no Action. The good or evil Fortune of Men depends on their *Actions*, and the End that every Man proposes to himself, is an *Action*, not a *Quality*: what Qualities Men pursue, are only as Mediums to some Action. Thus the general End that Mankind propose, is to live happily; but to live happily, is an Action, not a Quality. Man being therefore happy or miserable by his *Actions*, not *Manners* or *Qualities*; Tragedy proposes not to imitate the *Manners*, but adds them for the Production of Actions. So that the *Fable* (which is the Imitation of the Action) being the End of Tragedy, it must be of the most importance, and chiefly to be consider'd; for so the End in all things is. Another Proof, which *Aristotle* brings for the Preference of the *Fable* to all the other Parts of the Play, is, That the best and most taking Tragedies

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Tragedies (of his Time) are those which have their Peripeties, Revolutions, or Changes of Fortune, and Discoveries, as in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*: But these Discoveries are inseparable from the Subject, and consist intirely in Action. The *Fable* therefore furnishing the most efficacious Means of arriving at the End, must necessarily in Reason be the most important part of Tragedy.

Aristotle indeed, and his best Commentators, are very large on this Head, to prove that all the fine *Diction*, the *Manners* well express'd, and the *Sentiments* natural and just, are of no manner of value, if the *Fable* be faulty, or the Action maim'd. This is, I suppose, sufficient to let the Reader see, that this is not only the first Thing that comes under our Consideration, as some would without any ground in Reason insinuate; but the most noble and most important thing that he is to study, if he wou'd ever hope to deserve the Name of a *Tragic Poet*: to which indeed we have very few of those, who have made a considerable noise in the World for a little time, who have any Pretence. Besides, it is much easier to succeed in the Style, or what the leading Fools call fine *Diction* (which is deriv'd, by the way, from Grammar and Rhetorick, not Poetry) than the forming of the *Subject*, or *Fable* justly, and with Art. Nature enabled *Shakespeare* to succeed in the *Manners* and *Diction* often to perfection; but he could never by his Force of Genius, or Nature, vanquish the barbarous Mode of the Times, and come to any Excellence in the *Fable*; except in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the *Tempest*.

Next to the *Fable*, the *Manners* are the most considerable (and in these *Shakespeare* has generally excell'd, as will be seen when we come to his Plays;) for as Tragedy is the Imitation of an *Action*, so there are no *Actions* without the *Manners*, since the *Manners* are the Cause of *Actions*. By the *Manners* we discover the Inclinations of the Speaker, what Part, Side, or Course he will take on any important and difficult Emergence; and know how he will behave himself, before we see his *Actions*. Thus we know from the *Manners* of *Achilles*, what Answer he will give the Ambassadors of *Agamemnon*, by what the Poet has told us of his Hero. And when *Mercury* brings *Jove's* Orders to

Aeneas, we know that the Piety of the Hero will prevail over his Love. And the Character of *Oedipus* makes us expect his extravagant Passions, and the Excesses he will commit by his Obstinacy. These Discourses therefore that do not do this, are without the *Manners*. The Character of *Coriolanus*, in *Shakespear*, prepares us to expect the Resolution he will take to disoblige the People; for Pride naturally contemns Inferiors, and over-values itself. The same may be said of *Tybalt*, in *Romeo and Juliet*; and most of the Characters of this Poet.

The *Sentiments* are the next in degree of Excellence to the *Fable*, and the *Manners*, and justly demand the third place in our Care and Study; for those are for the *Manners*, the *Manners* for the *Subject* or *Fable*. The Action can't be justly imitated without the *Manners*, nor the *Manners* express'd without the *Sentiments*. In these we must regard Truth and Verisimilitude; as when the Poet makes a Madman speak exactly as a Madman does, or as 'tis probable he would do. This *Shakespear* has admirably perform'd in the Madness of *King Lear*; where the Cause of his Frenzy is ever uppermost, and mingles with all he says or does. But *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have perform'd abominably in their Mad-house, in the *Pilgrim*, and our modern Alterer of that Play, has increas'd the Absurdities.

The *Diction*, or Language, obtains but the fourth Place of the essential Parts of a Tragedy, and is of the least importance of any of them, in the Opinion of *Aristotle*, the best of Criticks, and Reason: tho' our modern Poetafters, or vile Pretenders to this noble Poem, have plac'd their chief Excellence in it. But the Reason of it is, because this was what they thought they could in some measure obtain, while the rest were intirely above their Reach and Capacity. For the *Subject* may be well conducted, the *Manners* well mark'd, and the *Sentiments* fine, tho' ill express'd. It is indeed, as *Dryden* observes, the first Beauty that strikes the Ear, and enhances the Value of the Piece, but comes not into Competition with any of the other three.

The *Decoration* I have already mention'd, and how far that is to be regarded by the Poet.

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Having thus seen the several Parts of Tragedy, and their Excellence in regard of each other, I come to give the Directions necessary for the making each of 'em perfect.

The first and chief of them I have prov'd to be the *Fable* or *Subject*; or, as we generally call it in *English*, the *Plot*. I shall begin with that, in the forming of which, the Poet's principal Care ought to be employ'd.

Every Action that is fit for a Tragick Imitation, or that can be made use of in Tragedy, ought not only to be intire, but of a just length; that is, it must have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*. This distinguishes it from momentaneous Actions, or those that happen in an instant, without Preparation, or Sequel; which wanting Extension, may come into the Incidents, not the Fable. The Cause or Design of undertaking an Action, is the *Beginning*; and the Effects of that Cause, and the Difficulties we find in the Execution, are the *Middle*; the unravelling and dissolving these Difficulties, is the *End*.

The Anger of *Achilles* is the Action propos'd by *Homer* in the two first Verses of the *Ilias*. The Quarrel betwixt him and *Agamemnon* is the *Beginning*; the Evils this Quarrel produc'd, are the *Middle*; and the Death of *Hector*, giving perfect Satisfaction to *Achilles*, leads to the unravelling the Action, and disposing *Achilles* to relent at the Tears and Prayers of *Priam*, and restores him to his first Tranquillity, which is the *End*. The Departure of *Ulysses* from *Troy*, begins the Action of the *Odysses*; the Hardships and Obstacles of his Voyage make the *Middle*; and his Arrival and Establishment in *Ithaca* the *End*.

The true *Beginning* to an Action, is that which does not necessarily require or suppose any thing before it, as part of that Action. Thus the Beginning of an *Epic*, or *Dramatic* Poem may be the Sequel of another Action: for the Quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, which is the Beginning of the Action of the *Ilias*, is *Agamemnon's* Injustice, which provok'd the Anger of *Achilles*, when all was quiet before in the Camp; so we may consider this Affair the Sequel of, but not depending necessarily on any thing precedent, tho it come not to pass without it, and requires

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something else to follow it, depending on it, present or remote. The Retreat of *Achilles* to the Ships, the *Trojans* routing the *Greeks* on that Retreat, were the present Effects of his Anger; the remote, the Death of *Patroclus*, Reconcilement of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, and the Death of *Hector*, which satisfies and restores Tranquillity by the Tears of *Priam*. The End is just opposite to the Beginning; for it necessarily supposes something to have gone before, but nothing to follow it: as the End of the Anger of *Achilles* naturally supposes a Beginning of it, but nothing to come after. The Tranquillity of *Achilles* is restored by the Death of *Hector*, for then the Action is compleat; and to add any thing farther, would be to begin a new Action.

To instance in a *Dramatic* as well as *Epic Action*, tho they perfectly agree in this, let us consider the Action of the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*. The Beginning of this Action has no necessary Dependence on the Death of her Brother *Polynices*; for tho as to that, the Decree of *Creon* might have been or not have been, yet it follow'd that Death, nor could it have happen'd without it. The Action begins with the impious and partial Decree of *Creon* against the burying the Body of *Polynices*; the Middle is the Effects produc'd by that Decree in *Antigone's* Punishment, the Death of *Æmon* and *Euridice*; which produce the End, in breaking the Obstinacy of *Creon*, and making him penitent, and miserable.

The Middle is that which necessarily supposes something gone before, and something to follow: Thus all the Evils that the Anger of *Achilles* produc'd, necessarily suppose that Anger as their Cause and Beginning, from whence they did proceed. So these Evils, that is, the Middle producing the Satisfaction and Revenge of *Achilles* in the Death of *Hector*, furnish'd the End, in his relenting at the Misery of *Priam*. This is a perfect Example of an *Epic* and *Dramatic Action*, and shews, that the Poet cannot begin nor end it where he pleases, if he would manage his Subject with true Oeconomy, and Beauty. For there must be the Cause or Beginning; the Effect of that Cause, which is naturally
the

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the *Middle*; and the unravelling or finishing it, which is the *End* produc'd by the *Middle*, as that by the *Beginning*.

I have been the larger upon this Head, because so much Beauty depends upon it, and it is a Doctrine not so common, but that it needs a thorough Explication.

The Subject of the *Drama* should be of a just Extent, neither too narrow, nor too large; but that it may be seen, view'd, and consider'd at once, without confounding the Mind, which if too little and narrow, it will do, or make it wander, or distract it; as it will do, if it be too large and extensive. That is, the Piece ought to take up just so much time, as is necessary or probable for the introducing the Incidents, with their just Preparation. For to make a good Tragedy, that is, a *just Imitation*, the Action imitated ought not in reality to be longer than the Representation; for by that means it has the more Likeness, and by consequence is the more perfect: but as there are Actions of ten or twelve Hours, and their Representations cannot possibly be so long; then must we bring in some of the Incidents in the Intervals of the Acts, the better to deceive the Audience, who cannot be impos'd on with such tedious and long Actions, as we have generally on the Stage; as whole Lives, and many Actions of the same Men, where the *Probable* is lost as well as the *Necessary*: and in this our *Shakespear* is every where faulty, thro the ignorant Mode of the Age in which he liv'd; and which I instance not as a Reproach to his Memory, but only to warn the Reader, or young Poet to avoid the same Error.

Having shewn what an *Action* is, we now come more closely to the *Subject*; and first to the Unity of the Action, which can never be broken without destroying the Poem. This Unity is not preserv'd by the Representation of several Actions of one Man; as of *Julius Caesar*, or *Anthony* and *Brutus*. Thus in the *Caesar* of *Shakespear*, there is not only the Action of *Caesar's* Death, where the Play ought to have ended, but many other subsequent Actions of *Anthony* and *Brutus*, even to the Overthrow and Death of *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and the Poet might as well have carry'd it down to the settling of the Empire in *Augustus*, or indeed
to

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to the Fall of the *Roman* Empire in *Augustulus*. For there was no more reason for the ending it where he does, than at the Establishment of *Augustus*. Natural Reason indeed shew'd to *Shakespear* the Absurdity of making the Representation longer than the *Time*, and the *Place* more extensive than the *Place* of acting; as is plain from his *Chorus's* in his Historical Plays, in which he apologizes for the Absurdity: as in the beginning of the fourth Act of the *Winter's Tale*, among other things, *Time*, the *Chorus* says;

———— Your Patience this allowing,
I turn my Glass, and give my Scene such growing,
As you had slept between, &c.

And the second Act of *Henry V.* begins another *Chorus*, excusing the Variation of the *Place*:

Thus with imagin'd Wings our first Scene flies
In Motion of no less Celerity
Than that of Thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at *Dover-Peer*, &c.

And so goes on to describe all his Passage, &c. introducing a Narration to supply the Gap of the Action, or rather, of the Actions.

But the *Chorus* of the fifth Act is plainer on this Head:

Vouchsafe to those, that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' Excuse
Of *T I M E*, of Numbers, and true Course of things,
Which cannot in their huge, and proper Life
Be here presented, &c.

In *Pericles* Prince of *Tyre*, the *Chorus's* excuse the rambling from place to place, and the like: But 'tis pity that his Discovery of the Absurdity did not bring him to avoid it, rather than make an Apology for it. But this is not the only

ly Fault of the way of writing in his time, which he did not correct; for in the *Chorus* of the third Act of *Henry V.* he concludes in this manner :

And so our Scene must to the Battel fly ;
Where, O ! for pity, we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils
(Right ill-dispos'd, in Brawl ridiculous)
The Name of *Agincourt* : Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their Mock'ries be.

Hence it is plain, that *Shakespeare's* good Sense perceiv'd the ridiculous Absurdity of our fighting Senses, our Drum and Trumpeting Scenes; but he chose to go on in the way that he found beaten to his hands, because he unhappily knew no better road.

But to return from this short Digression. — This *Unity of Action* does not exclude the *Episodes* or various Under-Actions, which are dependent on, and contribute to the chief, and which without it are nothing. Thus a Painter represents in a Battel-Piece the Actions of every Particular that makes up the Army ; but all these compose that main Action of the Battel. But this does not excuse the faulty Episodes or Under-plots (as they call them) of our *English* Plays, which are distinct Actions, and contribute nothing at all to the principal. Of this kind is *Creon* and *Eu-ridice*, and *Adrastus* in our lamentable *Oedipus*. But indeed we have few Plays free from this Absurdity ; of which the *Orphan* is one, where the Action is *one*, and every Episode, Part, or Under-Action, carries on and contributes to the main Action or Subject.

Thus the different Actions of different Men are not more distinctly different Actions, than those of *one* Man at different times. And we might as well make a *Unity* of all the Actions in the World, as of those of *one* Man. No Action of the same Man can be brought into a Tragedy, but that which necessarily or probably relates to that Action, which the Tragedy imitates. The Wound of *Ulysses*, which he receiv'd in *Parnassus*, was necessary to his Discovery ; but his Madness to avoid the War, was not ; and therefore

Homer

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Homer takes notice of the former, but not of the latter. For as in all other *Imitations*, so in *Tragedy*, the thing imitated must be but *One*. This *Action*, with its *Episodes* or *Under-Actions*, ought to be link'd together, that to take any part away, or to endeavour to transpose them, destroys the whole: for these *Episodes* or *Under-Actions* ought either necessarily or probably to be produc'd by the main *Action*, as the Death of *Patroclus* by the Anger of *Achilles*. For whatever can be put in or left out, without causing a sensible Change, can never be part of the *Action*. This is a sure Rule to distinguish the true *Episodes* from the false: And this Rule will indeed condemn most of our *English Tragedies*, in some of which, the very principal Character may be left out, and the Play never the worse. But more of that hereafter.

From what has been said of the *Actions*, main, and *Episodic*, it is plain that the Poet is not oblig'd to relate things just as they happen, but as they might, or ought to have happen'd: that is, the *Action* ought to be general and allegorical, not particular; for particular *Actions* can have no general Influence. Thus *Homer*, in the *Action* of *Achilles*, intends not the Description of that one individual Man, but to shew what Violence and Anger would make all Men of that Character say or do: As therefore *Achilles* is a general and allegorical Person, so ought all Heroes of *Tragedy* to be; where they should speak and act necessarily or probably, as all Men so qualify'd, and in those Circumstances would do: differing from *History* in this, that the *Drama* consults not the Truth of what any particular Person did say or do; but only the general Nature of such Qualities to produce such Words and *Actions*. 'Tis true that *Tragedy* employs true Names, but that is to give a Credibility to the *Action*; the Persons still remaining general and allegoric. I would therefore recommend to the Poet the intire Invention of his own Fable; there being very few *Actions* in *History*, that are capable of being made general and allegoric, which is the Beauty and Essential of both an *Epic* and *Dramatic Action*: not but the Poet may take Incidents from *History* and Matter of Fact; but then they must have that Probability, and Verisimilitude that Art requires.

But

But all these Properties of the *Action*, which we have given, are not sufficient; for the *Action* that is to be imitated in *Tragedy*, must also be such as excites *Terror* and *Compassion*, and not *Admiration*, which is a Passion too weak to have the Effect of *Tragedy*. *Terror* and *Pity* are rais'd by Surprise, when Events are produc'd out of Causes contrary to our Expectation; that is, when the Incidents produce each other, not merely follow after each other: for if it do not necessarily follow, 'tis no Incident for *Tragedy*. The Surprise must be the Effect of Design, not Chance, of precedent Incidents; allowing still, that there are Accidents that are by Chance, which yet seem done by Design, as the Fall of the Statue of *Mitys* on his Murderer, which kill'd him, for that Accident looks like the Work of Providence. Those Fables, where this is observ'd, will always appear the finest. Thus *Oedipus* is the best Subject for *Tragedy* that ever was; for all that happen'd to him is the Effect of Fortune: yet every body may see, that all the Accidents have their Causes, and fall out according to the Design of a particular Providence.

As the Actions imitated by *Tragedy*, so are all its Fables *Simple*, or *Implex*. The *Simple* is that, in which there is neither Change of the Condition or State of the principal Person or Persons, which is call'd the *Peripetia*, or Discovery; and the unravelling the Plot is only a single Passage of Agitation, or Trouble, or Repose and Tranquillity; as in the *Medea* and *Hecuba* of *Euripides*, and the *Philoctetes*, and *Ajax* of *Sophocles*: the same is the Fable of the *Ilias*, and that of the *Æneis*. The *Implex* Fable is that, which has a *Peripetie*, or a Discovery, or both, which is the most beautiful, and the least common. In the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, there is the Change of the State and Fortune of *Creon*, and that produc'd by the Effect of his own barbarous Decree and Obstinacy. But in his *Oedipus* and *Electra*, there is both a *Peripetie* and Discovery; the first to Misery, the latter to Revenge, and Happiness. *Oedipus*, with his Change of Fortune, discovers, that he is the Son of *Jocasta* and *Laius*, and so guilty of Incest, and Parricide. *Electra* discovers *Orestes* to be her Brother, and changes her Miseries into Happiness, in the Revenge of her Father's Death. In the

the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Iphigenia* making a Discovery that *Orestes* is her Brother, changes both their Fortunes from Despair to a happy Escape from the barbarous Altars of *Taurica*. But the *Peripetie* can neither be necessary nor probable (without which Qualities they are good for nothing) if they are not the natural Result, or at least the Effect of the previous Actions, or the Subject it self. The *Oedipus* and *Electra* of *Sophocles* are the most excellent in this kind, and ought to be thorowly studied by the Poets, who wou'd excel in their Art.

But not to give you Terms without a thorow Explanation; A *Peripetie* is a Change of one Fortune into another, either from *Good* to *Bad*, or from *Bad* to *Good*, contrary to our Expectations: and this Change (as I have observ'd) ought to happen either *necessarily*, or *probably*; as in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*: for he who comes to bring him agreeable News, which ought to deliver him from those Apprehensions, into which his fear of committing Incest with his Mother had thrown him, does quite the contrary, in making it out to him who, and what he is. The Matter lies thus—A Messenger from *Corinth* brings *Oedipus* word of the Death of *Polybus*, and invites him to go and take possession of that Kingdom: but *Oedipus* afraid to commit the Incest the Oracle had told him of, believing *Polybus* his Father, declar'd, that he never wou'd go to the Place where his Mother was. The *Corinthian* told him that he did not know himself, disturbing his Head about nothing; and thinking to do him a signal Piece of Service, in delivering him from his Fears, informs him, that *Polybus* and *Merope* werenot his Father and Mother: which began the Discovery, that cast him into the most horrible of all his Misfortunes.

But because *Discovery* is here a *Dramatic Term*, and so signifies something more than in its vulgar Acceptation, I must inform the Reader, that here it means a Discovery, which is made by the principal Characters on remembring either one another, or something of Importance to their Change of Fortune, and is thus defin'd by *Aristotle*——

- * The *Discovery* is a *Change*, which causing us to pass from
- * *Ignorance* to *Knowledge*, produces either *Love* or *Hatred*

‘ in those whom the Poet has a design to make happy, or ‘ miserable : ’ that is, it ought not to be in vain, by leaving those, who remember one another, in the same Sentiments they were in before ; it must produce either *Love*, or *Hatred* in the principal, not inferior Characters. But those *Discoveries*, which are immediately follow’d by the *Peripetie*, are the most beautiful, as that of *Oedipus* ; for the Discovery of his being the Son of *Jocasta* and *Laius*, immediately makes him, of happy, the most miserable of Men. The Discovery in *Electra* is not near so fine, because their Condition and Fortune is not chang’d till some time after : but this, where the *Peripetie* and *Discovery* join, will always produce *Terror* or *Pity*, the End and Aim of *Tragedy*. What I have to add, of the several sorts of *Discoveries*, I shall defer till I have treated of the *Manners*, because those have some Interest in them.

The next thing that we are to consider, are the *Characters*. Those, which are to compose a perfect *Tragedy*, must not be either perfectly *Virtuous* and *Innocent* (as the Duke of *Buckingham* has observ’d) nor *scandalously wicked*. To make a perfectly virtuous and innocent Character unfortunate, excites *Horror*, not *Pity*, nor *Terror*. To punish the wicked, gives a sort of satisfaction indeed, but neither *Pity* nor *Terror*, the Business of *Tragedy* ; for what we never think our selves capable of committing, we can never pity. But the Character of perfect *Tragedy* shou’d be the Mean betwixt both ; but rather *Good*, and *Bad*. The Character, that has this Mean, shou’d not draw his Misfortunes on him by superlative Wickedness, or Crimes notoriously scandalous, but by involuntary Faults ; that is, Frailties proceeding from the Excess of Passion ; involuntary Faults, which have been committed either by Ignorance or Imprudence against the natural Temper of the Man, when he was transported by a violent Passion, which he cou’d not suppress ; or by some greater, or external Force, in the Execution of such Orders, which he neither cou’d, nor ought to disobey. The Fault of *Oedipus* is of the first sort, tho he be likewise guilty of the second ; that of *Thyestes* is of the second only ; those of *Orestes* and *Alcmaon* of the third ; that is, in Obedience to the Oracle of the Gods ; which clears

Sophocles

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Sophocles of the Fault laid to his charge by Mr. *Rowe*. In the Plays of the Antients, of this middle Character, where *Oedipus*, *Thyestes*, *Alcmaon*, *Meleager*, *Telephus*, &c. I shall only give a Draught of the first, being confin'd to great Brevity, since that Example will make the Precept plain.

Corneille, Mr. *Dryden*, and *Lee* have quite mistaken this Character: they have made him perfectly Good, whereas *Sophocles* does not praise him for any thing but his Courage, his good Fortune, and Judgment; Qualities equally common to the Good and the Bad, and to those, who are made up of Virtues and Vices. His Fault was his Curiosity; his being transported to Anger by the Insolence of a Coach-man for not giving him the way, which made him kill some Men two days after the Oracle had forewarn'd him, that he shou'd kill his *Father*. This Action alone sufficiently denotes his Character; but *Sophocles* has shown him by all his Manners so conformable to this, that he appears in every respect a Man that is neither Good nor Bad, having a Mixture of Virtue and Vice. His Vices are Pride, Violence, Anger, Temerity, and Imprudence; so that it is not for his Parricide, nor his Incest, that he is made unhappy: those, as they were the Effects of his Curiosity, and his Rashness, Violence, and Anger, were the Punishment of them; and those are the Vices that *Sophocles* wou'd correct in us by this Example of *Oedipus*.

From what has been said, it appears, that a *Fable*, with a single *Catastrophe*, is better than that which has one that is double; and that the *Catastrophe*, that is unhappy, is better than that which is happy; provided the Unhappiness be the Consequence of some of these Faults, or Frailties, which I have mention'd; and not the Effects of gross and remarkable Crimes: for these merit the Correction of the *Art*, not the *Muse*.

The Fable that is of the next Excellence, is that which has a double Constitution, and *Catastrophe*, viz. one happy for the Good, and one unhappy for the Guilty. Tho this is more proper for *Comedy*; where the greatest Enemies go off reconcil'd.

Terror and Compassion being the chief End of Tragedy, and that being produc'd only by the *Fable*, let us consider what

what Incidents (which compose the Fable) are the most productive of these two Passions.

All Incidents are Events, that happen betwixt some body or other; and all Incidents, that are terrible or pitiful, happen between Friends, Relations, or the like; for what happens betwixt Enemies has no Tragical Effect, as when a Brother is going to kill, or kills his Brother; the Father his Son, or the Son his Father; the Mother the Son, or the Son the Mother. And these are the proper Incidents that a Poet shou'd employ all his Search and Study to find out.

Now all these Actions may be divided thus: into those, which the Actor performs with an entire Knowledge of what he does, or is going to do, as *Medea* when she kill'd her Children; *Alcmaon*, when he kill'd his Mother, and the like: And into those done, or about to be done, when the Heinousness of the Crime, which they are going to commit, or do commit, is not known to the Actors till after the Deed is done; when they, that did it, come to discover the Relation of the Persons they have Destroy'd: as *Alcmaon* in the *Astydamas*, knew not that *Eryphile* was his Mother, whom he had kill'd, till after her Death; and *Telegonus* discover'd that it was his Father *Ulysses* he had mortally wounded, after the Fact was done. The third sort of Incident and the most beautiful, is, when a Man or Woman is going to kill a Relation, who is not known to him or her, and is prevented by a Discovery of their Friendship and Relation. The first is the worst, the last the best, and the second next to the third in Excellence, because here is nothing flagitious and inhuman, but is the Sin of perfect Ignorance; for then the Discovery is very pathetic and moving, as that of *Oedipus* killing *Laius*.

In those Incidents of the third kind, to make them perfectly beautiful, like that of *Merope* and *Iphigenia* in *Euripides*, it will be necessary, that the Poet take care to let the Audience know the Relation of his Dramatic Persons, tho the Persons themselves must not know it till the Discovery. For those Stories of *Merope* and *Iphigenia* were perfectly known to the Audience, which gave them all along a Concern for the Danger of the Brother and the Son; and rais'd their Joy and Satisfaction, when the Discovery came and prevented

prevented the Event. 'Tis true, that it is no easy matter to meet with such a Story, or indeed to form it without Obscurity and imperfect Beauty; yet if it be done, it answers the Labour and Pains of the Study and Search.

We come now to the *Manners*, which is the next thing to the Fable in Excellence and Consideration. The *Manners* distinguish the Characters; and if the *Manners* be ill express'd, we can never be acquainted with them, and consequently never be terrify'd by foreseeing the Dangers they will produce to the Characters, or dramatic Persons; nor melt into pity, by feeling their Sufferings. All *Dramatic* therefore, as well as *Epic* Persons, ought to have the *Manners*; that is, their Discourse ought to discover their Inclinations, on what Resolutions they will certainly pursue. The *Manners* therefore shou'd have four Qualities; they must be, (1) *Good*; (2) *Like*; (3) *Convenient*; (4) *Equal*. *Good* is when they are mark'd; that is, when the Discourse of the Persons makes us clearly and distinctly see their Inclinations, and what good or evil Resolutions they are certain to take. *Like* relates only to known and publick Persons, whose Characters are in History, with which the Poetic Characters must agree; that is, the Poet must not give a Person any Quality contrary to any that History has given him. *Convenient*, that is, these must be agreeable to the *Age, Sex, Climate, Rank, and Condition* of the Person that has them.

*Respicere Exemplar Vitæ, Morumq; jubebo
Doctum Imitatorem, verasque hinc ducere voces.*

Thus *Horace* advises to study Mankind, and from the Observation of them to draw the Proprieties of Characters or Manners. But a thorow Consideration of Ethicks, will be a very great help to the Observation: for when you have once got the true Knowledge of the various Habits of the Mind in their just Order, and the nature of their several Blendings, Mixtures, and Composition; you will with much greater ease make an advantage of your Study of Men, in regard to that, of which we are now discoursing.

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As to the *Likeness* you must remember, that the evil Qualities, given by History to Princes and Great Men, ought to be omitted by the Poet, if they are contrary to the Character of a Prince, &c. but the Virtues opposite to those known Vices, ought not to be impos'd.

Equal, that is, Constant and Consistent.

Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet. Hor.

But if any Character be of *unequal Manners*, as in Nature, so in Poetry, which is an Imitation of Nature, the Variety and Inequality of the Manners must be *equal*. The *Fearful* must not be *Brave*, nor the *Brave*, *Fearful*; the *Avaricious* must not be *Generous*, and the like.

The Manners therefore of the principal Persons at least ought to be so clearly and fully mark'd, as to distinguish them from all other Men: for Nature has made as great a Distinction between every individual Man by the Turn of his Mind, as by the Form of his Countenance. In this *Shakespeare* has excell'd all the Poets; for he has not only distinguish'd his principal Persons, but there is scarce a Messenger comes in, but is visibly different from all the rest of the Persons in the Play. So that you need not to mention the Name of the Person that speaks, when you read the Play; their Manners will sufficiently inform you who it is speaks; whereas in our modern Poets, if the Name of the Person speaking be not read, you can never by what he says, distinguish one from the other.

But besides these four Qualities of the *Manners*, there is a fifth essential to their Beauty, *viz.* that they be *necessary*: that is, that no vicious or base Quality or Inclination ought to be given to any Poetic Person, unless it appear to be absolutely necessary and requisite for the carrying on of the Action.

To make this a little plainer — There are three sorts of Qualities compose the Character of a Hero. *First*, Such as are absolutely necessary for the *Fable* and *Action*; and those are most to appear, and evidently prevail above the rest, so that the Hero is to be known and distinguish'd by them. The *Second* are to imbellish the first, and the *Third* are to sustain

both: but an Example will explain this. The first of these in *Aeneas* is the transcendent Goodness of his Nature: The second, that beautifies this, is his solid Piety, and entire Resignation to the Will of the Gods: The third, that sustains both, is an *Heroic Fortitude*, which is absolutely necessary to the carrying on of any great Design. Thus in *Ulysses* we find Dissimulation set off by Prudence, and sustain'd by Valour: In *Achilles*, Rage set off by a noble Vehemence, and sustain'd by a wonderful Courage. This first Quality, as *Goodness* in *Aeneas*, is to appear thro his whole Character; *Rage* thro *Achilles*, and Dissimulation thro *Ulysses*.

Having thus run thro the *Manners*, as briefly as I cou'd to give the Reader any just Idea of their Nature; I shall now conclude my Discourse on the several sorts of *Discoveries*, because, well manag'd, they add a wonderful Beauty to the Piece; tho it is a Beauty indeed almost entirely unknown to our Stage.

The first Sort of *Discovery* is, by certain Marks in the Body, either natural, or accidental, as some Families have Marks peculiar to them; as the Founders of *Thebes* and their Issue had a Lance naturally in their Bodies. Accidental, as the Wound *Ulysses* had formerly receiv'd in his Thigh by a Boar in *Parnassus*: Or Tokens, such as the Casket of *Ion*, which makes the Discovery of his Mother *Crensa*, whom he was going to kill. Tho this be the least beautiful and artful *Discovery*, yet it may be more or less artfully manag'd, as that of *Ulysses* is in the *Odysses*, where the Nurse washing his Feet, discovers the Wound, and by that *Ulysses*; but when he is oblig'd to shew it to the Shepherds, to confirm them that he was *Ulysses*, it is less artificial.

The second Sort of *Discovery*, and that likewise unartful, is when it is made by certain Tokens; as when *Orestes* had come to the knowledge of his Sister *Iphigenia*, by a Letter which she gave *Pylades* to carry to *Orestes* at *Argos*, and told him the Contents by word of mouth, lest the Letter should be lost; he discovers himself to her by mentioning her working a fine piece of Tapestry, that was in her Apartment, and the Lance of *Pelops*, &c. for these Tokens are no great matter of Invention, since it might have made them twenty other ways.

The third Sort of *Discoveries* is what is made by Remembrance; that is, when the Sight or Hearing of any thing makes us remember our Misfortunes, &c. as when *Ulysses* heard *Demodocus* sing his Actions at *Troy*, the memory struck him, and drew Tears from him; which discover'd him to *Alcinous*.

The fourth Sort of *Discoveries* are made by Reasoning. Thus *Iphigenia* argues in the *Cæphores* of *Æschylus*; *Hither is a Man come like me; No body is like me but Orestes, it must therefore be Orestes*. That of *Polyides* is beautiful and pathetic; for in the *Iphigenia* of that Poet (as we have it in *Aristotle*) *Orestes* kneeling at the Altar, and just opening his Bosom to receive the sacred Knife cries out, *'Tis not sufficient that my Sister has been sacrific'd to Diana, but I must be so too*.

The finest Sort is that which rises from the Subject, or the Incidents of the Fable; as that of *Oedipus* from his excessive Curiosity; and the Letter of *Iphigenia*, for it was very natural that she should write to her Brother.

Having thus consider'd the two main Points of the Theory, I shall say a word or two of the Practice. as the Duke of *Buckingham* has observ'd, the first business of a Tragic Poet, is to draw a plan of his Design; and having plac'd it on a just Light, and in one View, he may best judge of its Probability. But then he must consider, that in this Plan must first be drawn the *Fable* in general, before he thinks of the *Episodes* that particularize and circumstantiate it. I'll give you that which is drawn up by *Aristotle* himself, because it may have the greater Authority with you—

A young Princess is plac'd on the Altar to be sacrific'd, disappears of a sudden from the Eyes of the Spectators, and is carry'd into another Country, where the Custom is to sacrifice Strangers to the Guardian Goddesses of that Country: They make her Priestesses of that Temple. Some years after, the Brother of that Princess arrives at the same Place, in obedience to an Oracle; he is no sooner arriv'd, but taken, and as he is going to be sacrific'd, the Discovery is made that he is Brother to the Priestesses, which saves his Life.

This is the general and universal Fable without Names, and which may yet receive any Names the Poet pleases; who,

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who, adding the *Episodes* circumstantiates, and makes it particular; as the adding the Madness of *Orestes*, and the like, makes it proper to that Story.

When the Poet comes to write and work up his Scenes, *Aristotle* advises, which *Otway's* Practice confirms, that he shou'd put himself into the same Passion he writes, and imitate the Gestures, and Actions of those whom he makes to speak.

The Poet ought to take care in the unravelling the Plot, in which many miscarry: the Plot is all the Play from the Beginning to the Discovery or Unravelling, which is best towards the last Scene of the Play; for if the Unravelling be in the fourth Act, the rest must be dull and heavy. But when the *Peripetie* and Discovery come together, and all at the End of the Play, the Audience go away with Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Having said so much of the *Fable, Incidents, Manners, &c.* I shall add a word or two on the *Sentiments*; in which we must follow the Advice of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

- ‘ Nay more, for they must look within, to find
- ‘ Those secret Turns of Nature in the Mind.’

But then the Poet must not be content to look into his Mind, to see what he himself shou'd think on such an Occasion, but he must put himself into the Passion, Quality and Temper of the Character he is to draw; that is, he must assume the Manners he gives his Dramatic Person, and then see what Sentiments or Thoughts such an Occasion, Passion, or the like, will produce. And the Poet must change his Person, as a different Person, and Character speaks: or he will make all speak alike, without any distinction of Character. *Gassarel* gives you an Account of *Campanella*, which will illustrate this Place. He says, ‘ That going to see him when in the Inquisition, he found him making several odd Faces, which he took to be the Effect of the Pains he had endur'd there; but on his asking *Gassarel* what sort of Man such a Cardinal was, and enquiring into his Features, he found that *Campanella* was framing himself by the force of Imagination to the Likeness of the

‘ Cardinal

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Cardinal, to know what Answer he shou'd have to a Letter he had sent him.

Now if the forming our outward Figure cou'd be of such Use, as to make us think like another, certainly when the Imagination proceeds by its own Strength and Force to liken the Soul as well as the Body, it must have a wonderful Effect: yet this cannot be done but by a great Genius.

I shall say no more of the Sentiments here, because they are to be learn'd from the Art of Rhetoric more than that of Poetry. For the Sentiments being all that make up the Discourse, they consist in proving, refuting, exciting and expressing the Passions, as Pity, Anger, Fear, and all the others; to raise, or debase the Value of any thing. The Reasons of Poets and Orators are the same when they would make things appear worthy of Pity, or terrible, or great, or probable; tho some things are render'd so by Art, and others by their own Nature.

The Diction or Language is that which next comes under our Consideration; which, tho made so considerable a Part by our modern Play-wrights, (who indeed have little else to value themselves upon) was by *Aristotle* thought of the least Importance; tho it is Confess'd, when the Elocution is proper and elegant, and varies as it ought, it gives a great and very advantageous Beauty to a Play. The *Fable*, the *Manners*, and the *Sentiments* are without doubt the most considerable; for, as *Aristotle* observes, a Tragedy may be perfect without the Assistance of Elocution: for the Subject may be well manag'd, the *Manners* well mark'd, and the Sentiments may be just and fine, tho ill express'd. An ill Elocution renders the Discourse flat, but that destroys not the Beauty of the other Parts. Besides, a Tragedy may be written in Prose as well as Verse; that is, those other three Parts may be as well express'd in Prose as Verse; but Verse is made use of, because more harmonious, and by consequence more agreeable.

But as we err as much in this part of Tragedy, as in the other three, it wou'd be necessary to give some Rules of Distinction on this Head: but that I have not room to do in this place; and propriety and Elegance of Diction must be learn'd from Grammar and Rhetoric. However, I will not

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pass this entirely in silence, but shall lay down two or three Rules which are absolutely necessary to give any true Beauty to a Dramatic Diction.

Some have been betray'd by their Ignorance of Art and Nature to imagine, that because the Style of *Milton's Paradise Lost* is admirable in the *Epic Poem*, it will be so in *Tragedy*; not considering that *Milton* himself has vary'd his Style mightily in his *Sampson Agonistes*, from that of his *Paradise*. And Mr. *Dryden's* Criticism is very just, in his Epistle to the Marquis of *Normandy*, (the late Duke of *Buckingham*) before the *Æneis*; where quoting from *Segrais* and *Bossu*—*That the Style of an Heroic Poem ought to be more lofty than that of the Drama*——‘ The Critic is in the right, says he, for the Reason already urg'd. The Work of *Tragedy* is on the Passions in Dialogue: both of them abhor strong Metaphors, in which the *Epopee* delights; a Poet cannot speak too plainly on the Stage, &c.’

And *Boileau*, a judicious Critic, as well as Poet, has Words to this effect——‘ Would you deserve the Applause of the Public? In writing, diversify your Style incessantly: too equal, and too uniform a Manner shines to no purpose, and inclines us to sleep. Rarely are those Authors read, who are born to plague us, and who appear always whining in the same ingrateful Tone. Happy the Man, who can so command his Voice, as to pass without any Constraint from that which is *Grave*, to that which is *Moving*; and from that which is *Pleasant*, to that which is *Severe*, and *Solemn*.’ Every Passion has its proper way of speaking, which a Man of Genius will easily derive from the very Nature of the Passion he writes. *Anger* is proud, and utters haughty words, but speaks in words less fierce and fiery when it debates: *Grief* is more humble, and speaks a Language like it self, dejected, plain and sorrowful.

Projicit Ampullas, & sesqui pedalia Verba,

As *Horace* justly observes. From these few Observations it is evident how far from fine Language some of our Poets are, who have had Success even for that alone, in spite of all the

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the Absurdities of the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments; tho in reality they were no more excellent in this, than in those.

Thus have we seen that Tragedy is an Imitation of an *Action* of a just Extent, i. e. that has a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*, and which shall produce *Pity*, and *Terror*. But this *Action* not being to be perform'd or represented without human Agents in that *Action*, it necessarily brings in an Under-Imitation of those Men in that *Action*; that is, of their Manners, as they contribute to that *Action*: and this makes a Necessity of imitating the Men that are introduc'd in the Drama.

We must not expect many Instances of *Shakespear's* Perfection in the Fable, tho perhaps we may find some extraordinary Stroaks that way likewise; but the Beauties of the Manners we shall find every where, as I shall shew in my Examen of his Plays.

It may perhaps be expected, that I should say something of *Comedy*. But I have insensibly swell'd this Discourse to a greater Bulk than I at first design'd; so that I shall only say in general, that *Comedy* participates in many things of the Rules of *Tragedy*: that is, it is an Imitation both of *Action* and *Manners*; but those must both have a great deal of the *Ridiculum* in them, and indeed Humour is the Characteristic of this Poem, without which a *Comedy* looses its Name; as we have many of late who fall from the *Ridiculum* into a mere Dialogue, distinguish'd only by a pert sort of Chit-Chat, and little Aims at Wit. *Ben Johnson* is our best Pattern, and has given us this Advantage, that tho the *English* Stage has scarce yet been acquainted with the Shadow of *Tragedy*, yet we have excell'd all the Antients in *Comedy*.

There is no Man has had more of this *Vis Comica* than our *Shakespear* in particular Characters; and in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has given us a Play that wants but little of a perfect Regularity. *Comedy* in *England* has met with the Fate of *Tragedy* in *Athens*, for that only has yet been cultivated; whereas the polite *Athenians* took first care of *Tragedy*, and it was late e'er the Magistrates took
any

any notice of *Comedy*, or thought it worthy their Inspection.

All Arts indeed improve as they find Encouragement; our Statesmen have never yet thought it worth their while to rescue the Drama from the Hands of the Ignorant, and the Benefit of private Persons, under which Load of Obstacles it can never rise to any Perfection; and place such Men in the Management of it, as may turn to the Advantage of the Public. Whether this be any Proof of their good Politics or not, I shall not here determine; but I am sure, that very politic Nations, that is, the *Greeks* and the *Romans*, had far other Sentiments.

This naturally leads me to the Rise of the Stage in *Greece*, where it was entirely rais'd by *Tragedy*. For *Thespis* first made a moving Stage for that Poem, tho it was not then, as it is now, pure and unmix'd: for the ill Subjects that *Thespis* chose, threw him upon a sort of *Tragi-Comedy*; which Error *Æschylus* corrected, by chusing only noble Subjects, and an exalted Style, that being before too burlesque. So that as far as we may guess, the Plays of *Thespis* were not unlike some of those of our *Shakespeare*. For it was some time before the Stage came to its Magnificence and Purity, even in *Greece* it self, at least in *Comedy*: For the People are generally the same in all Countries, and obstinately retain licentious and obscene things; and it is the Property of Roughness and Barbarism to give place to Politeness with a great deal of difficulty. Nay *Sophocles* was the first that purg'd *Tragedy* it self entirely, and brought it to its true Majesty and Gravity. For, as *Dacier* observes, the Changes that *Tragedy* and *Comedy* underwent, were brought about by little and little, because it was impossible to discover what was proper for them at once; and new Graces were added to them, as the Nature of these Poems came better to be understood.

'Tis true, that the Idea of *Tragedy* was taken from the *Iliads* and *Odysseys* of *Homer*; and of *Comedy* from his Poem call'd *Margites*: but that was after these Poems had been in use in a ruder manner than indeed *Homer* inspir'd the Improvers and Reformers of the Stage with this noble Idea. *Tragedy*
truly

truly had a very advantageous Rise in Greece, falling immediately under the Inspection of the Magistrate, being founded on Religion: and this carry'd it so soon to Perfection to which it wou'd never have arriv'd, had it been in the hands of private Persons, and mercenary Players, ignorant of its Beauties and Defects, and whose Thoughts reach no farther than what they are us'd to; which turning to a tolerable Advantage to their Pockets, they believe there is no greater Perfection. But Athens was too wise, too polite a State to let that fade, and remain uselets in the hands of the Ignorant, which, by the care of the wise and knowing, might be turn'd to the *Public Advantage*, and *Glory*.

Tragedy, as I have said, had the Advantage of being grafted on the *Goat-song*, or *Vintage-song*, in the Honour of *Bacchus*; which, being a Recitation only, *Thespis* first made a Stage, and introduc'd one *Actor*. *Æschylus* added a second *Actor*, and fix'd his Stage, and adorn'd it in a more magnificent manner; but then the same Ornaments serv'd all Plays. *Sophocles* added a third *Actor*, and vary'd the Ornaments, and brought *Tragedy* to Perfection, and into such Esteem with the *Athenians*, that they spent more in the Decorations of the Theatre, than in all their *Persian Wars*; nay the Money appropriated to that use was look'd on as so sacred, that *Demosthenes*, with Difficulty and a great deal of Art, attempted to alienate some of it to the Defence of Greece against *Philip of Macedon*.

The Alterations that were made in this Poem in so little a time, were almost in every Part of it; in the very Numbers as well as in the Subject, Manners, and Diction: For the first Verse of the earliest Tragedies were *Tetrameters*, or a sort of Burlesque, and fit for Countrymens Songs, and not unlike our *Doggerel*. But on the reforming the Stage, it was turn'd into *Trimeter Iambics*: For, as *Dacier* from *Aristotle* observes, those Numbers were fitted for *Tragedy*, which were most like our common Discourse, and consequently it was *Trimeter Iambics*, for that was most us'd in familiar Conversation: and *Tragedy*, says he, being an Imitation, ought to admit nothing but what is easy and natural.

But as this seems to relate chiefly to the *Greek* and *Latin* Diction, so it will not be amiss to give you something like it
in

48 *An Essay on the Art, Rise,*

in the *English*, at the Rise of the Drama here. I shall take the Examples of both from *Shakeſpear* alone, to ſhow this Error mended by himſelf, and brought to ſuch a Perfection, that the higheſt Praise is to imitate his Stile.

What they call'd their *Tetrameters* may be answer'd by the *Doggerel* in the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Love's Labour Loſt*.

Bal. Good Meat, Sir, is common, that every Churle affords.

E. Ant. And Welcome more common, for that's nothing but Words.

S. Drom. Either get thee from the Door, or ſit down at the Hatch:

Doſt thou conjure for Wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch Store?

When one is one too many, go get thee from the Door.

But leſt this ſhould be thought paſſable in the Mouths of the *Dromios*, and their Maſters, we ſhall ſee, in thoſe of Lords and Princes, in *Love's Labour Loſt*; firſt *Boyet*, of the Retinue of the Princeſs of *France*, and the Princeſs herſelf.

Princeſs. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Maria one of the } Two hot Sheeps, Marry, and
Ladies of Honour. } therefore not Ships.

Boyet. No Sheep, ſweet Lamb, unleſs we feed on your Lips.

Princeſs. Good Wits will be jangling, but Genteels agree--
The civil War of Wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre*, and his Book-men, for here 'tis abus'd.

In ſhort, theſe falſe Numbers and Rhimes are almoſt thro' the whole Play; which muſt confirm any one, that this was one of his firſt. But that Verſe, which answers both the *Latin* and the *Greek* is our *Blank Verſe*, which generally conſiſts of *Iambics*, and ſo fit for the *Drama*, that tho

and Progress of the Stage, &c. 49

tho Mr. Dryden had once brought rhiming on the Stage so much into fashion, that he told us plainly in one of his Prefaces, that we shou'd scarce see a Play take in this Age without it; yet as soon as *The Rehearsal* was acted, that violent and unnatural Mode vanish'd, and *Blank Verse* resum'd its place. A thousand beautiful Examples of this Verse might be taken out of *Shakespear*, there scarce being a Play of his which will not furnish us with many; I shall satisfy my self here with an Instance or two out of the *Much Adoe about Nothing*.

And bid her steal into the pleas'd Bower,
Where Honey-Suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter; like Favourites
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride,
Against that Power that made it, &c.
The pleasantest Angling is to see the Fish
Cut with their Golden Oars the Silver Stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous Bait.

Comedy, on the other hand, lay long uncultivated in private Hands, among the Mob or Country Fellows, without any regard of the Government; till at last *Epicharmus* and some others taking the Idea from the *Margites* of *Homer*, and having purg'd the Country Railleries from their Licentiousness, the Magistrates of *Athens* took it into their Consideration, that it might be of use to the State in the Hands, and under the Management of the Publick. And thus by the Encouragement and Inspection of the Government, the Drama of both kinds arriv'd to Perfection in not many Years after their Appearance in the World.

But it was not so in *Rome*, it was in the 399th Year of the City, when any thing like a Stage got into *Rome*; and tho it was introduc'd to appease a great Plague, which cou'd not be averted by any other Propitiation, yet they being originally perform'd by Strangers, the *Romans* had little regard to them. For on this Occasion they sent for Players out of *Etruria*, which in their Language they call *Hister*, from whence the *Romans* call'd their Actors *Histriones*. Nor did

did these make use of any Verse, but danc'd to the Tunes of their Pipes, with Measures not indecent, after the *Thuscan* manner. The young Sparks began to imitate them by rallying one another in undigested Verses. With their Voices their Motions agreed; so that the Matter was receiv'd, and by often Repetition came into a Mode. But the Players did not, as in the *Fescennine* Verses, rally one another with extempore Verses; but representing Pastorals, call'd Satires with Vocal Music, set to the Instrumental, and a regular Action, perform'd their Parts. But *Livius Andronicus*, a Greek by Nation, was the first (some Years after this) who ventur'd to mingle a Fable with these Songs, acting himself in these Performances, as then all the Poets did. This *Livy* tells us, and the same we find in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. 2. Cap 4. ' From which we see, from what small Beginnings the Scenic Plays arose: First, Players were sent for out of *Etruria*, who danc'd without either Verse or Piper: After this, rude and unpolish'd Verse came in, and Motions something agreeable to the Voice; but at last all things were improv'd by Art.' Tho these two Accounts do not agree in every Particular, we easily see the low Rise of the Stage in this City; which tho brought in at first for the appeasing a raging Pestilence, yet the Players, who belong'd to the Drama, had their Names put out of the List of their Tribe, some say by way of Disgrace, and were never permitted to have the Honour to go to the Wars, but on the greatest Extremity; yet this might be in respect to their Preservation, as the *Athenians* made a Law when *Eupolis* was kill'd in a Sea-Fight, that Poets shou'd go no more to the Wars. But be this as it will; yet in time, when it had work'd it self out of the Dreggs of the People, the State took notice of it, and no Play was permitted to be acted, which was not approv'd by the *Ædile*, who had the same Care of the Stage in Rome, as the *Choragus* had in *Athens*; *Agrippa* was *Ædile* in Rome, and the great *Themistocles* was *Choragus* in *Athens*.

But notwithstanding the *Ædiles* took Care at last of the Roman Stage, yet that never came the Excellence of that of *Athens*; at least if we may judge of their Tragedies by those

those of *Seneca*, which are in nothing comparable to those of the Greek Poets. The *Medea* of *Ovid*, (had it been extant,) might perhaps have shown us something more perfect, for he was much better qualify'd for that, than the Philosopher.

In *England* Plays begun at the very bottom of the People, and mounted by degrees to the State we now see them in, the yet imperfect Diversion of Ladies, and Men of the first Quality. Queen *Elizabeth* first distinguish'd *Actors*, from *Strollers* and *Vagabonds*, by making them Gentlemen of her Bed-Chamber, as some say, at least her Domestic Servants: and then it was that *Shakespear* ennobled the rude Scene, giving it a Grace, which it knew not before, and sufficient to please so wise and good a Princess. But the Glory of giving it Perfection, yet remains for a no less excellent King; and the Muses have reason to hope, that He, that is so universal a Patron of Liberty, will not leave them in their old Bondage. For while the Poet's Success depends so much upon the injudicious Taste of the Managers, and the Whim of the unjudging Town, it is impossible that this glorious Art can ever be brought to that Excellence to which it arriv'd in *Greece*; Opinion or Chance, and the Address of the Players having given many of our modern Tragedies a sort of temporary Success. But because in a little time these Plays, which were cry'd up without Merit, lose ground, and grow neglected, some of our Play-wrights have pretended that our Taste of Tragedy is lost, and that the Best will not do. But certainly that is a very ill Argument, for we see that *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserv'd*, and good Tragedies, increase in Esteem, and bring as good Audiences as any Comedies. But the same Argument will hold against Comedies; for after Opinion or Whim have given them a sort of Run at their first Appearance, they flag in a little time for want of innate Merit, and sink, so that in a year or two they will not bring ten Pounds. And tho an ingenious Gentleman has told us, that Tragi-Comedies will do better than Tragedies, I must say that the same Reason will hold against them; for I know scarce one of them, except *Shakespear's*, that bring any great Audiences.

But

But I am confident, had we good Tragedies written, according to the Art I have laid down, and that they had fair Play at first from the Managers, the Diversion is so noble and great, they wou'd find another sort of Success than our Trifles have met with, and last for ever. At least we have Reason to think so, for all that we have yet seen to the contrary in Experience.

Thus have I given my Thoughts on *Shakespeare*, laid down the Rules of true judging and judicious Writing, and given a View of the Rise and Progress of the *Drama* in *Greece*, *Rome*, and *England*; from whence it is plain, that the only way to make the Stage flourish, is to put it into the Hands of the Magistrate, and the Management of Men of Learning and Genius; which wou'd once again bring this admirable Art to its antient Perfection.





An Explanation of the Old Words us'd by
SHAKESPEAR in his Works.

A

A *Cknown.* known, acknowledged, &c.
Agnize. acknowledge, confess, avow, &c.
Argosies. Ships, &c.
Aroint. avant. be gone, stand off, &c.
Assubjugate. subdue, &c.

B

Ballow. Pole, long Stick, Quarter-staff, &c.
Betrim. adorns, decks, &c.
Bevel. crooked, awry.
Beteem. to bring forth, or breed.
Befmirch'd. daub'd, &c.
Biggen. a Child's Coit, or Quoif.
Bisson-Rheum. blind Rheum.
Blenches. Faults.
To Blench. sin, fear.
Blood-bolter'd. smear'd with dry Blood.
Bourn. Limits, Bounds, &c.

Bosky. fat, swell'd, &c.
Busky. id, or woody.
Braid. trim, finical, wove, &c.
Brach. a kind of Hound, &c.
A Broch. a Buckle, Bracelet, Noose, Spit, &c.

C

Cleeps. calls, names, &c.
Copsemate. Companion.
Congest. heap'd together.
Cautless. incautious.
Canary'd to it. danc'd to it, or was joyful at it.
To Carol. to sing.
A Caller. a Whore.
Cesi. a Tax.
Clake or *Clack.* to make an ingratelul Noise, &c.
Congreeing. for agreeing, &c.
Cleap. haunt, attend, brood on, &c.
Clinguant. sounding, &c.
The Cranks. Offices.

E

Costard.

Costard. Head, or Block-head.

Cringes. Hinges.

Chusherel. Whore-master, Debauchee, &c.

D

Dank. moist, raw, &c.

Dowle A Feather, or rather the single Particles of the Down.

To Dasse. to baffle, banter, cheat, &c.

Dulcet. sweet.

Down-gyved. turn'd or ty'd down with Fetters.

Dearn. Solitude, &c.

Dumps. Melancholy, fix'd Sadness, &c.

E

Eld. Age, Antiquity, Forefathers, old Times, &c.

Empleached. bound together, interwove, &c.

Empatron'd. got a Patron.

Enseoffed himself. took possession of the Inheritance, &c.

Exusficate. blown.

F

Feyzon. Plenty, Abundance, Strength, Heart-Juice, Moisture, &c.

Fends. defends, guards, &c.

Famoused. made famous.

Frampol'd. troublesome, uneasy, &c.

Foining Fence. masterly Defence.

Flourites or *Flourets.* small Flower, or Beds of Flowers.

Franklin. a Freeman, or Gentleman, &c.

To Fatigate. to tire, weary, &c.

Foemen. Enemies.

Fineless. without End.

G

Guerdon'd. pay'd, rewarded with, given to, &c.

Gawds. Bawbles, gawdy Things, or ridiculous Jest, &c.

To Gleeke. Jeer, &c.

Glyke. id.

Geck, or *Gull.* to cheat, defraud, &c.

The Gest. a Bed, Couch, &c.

Grimmalls. a Ring of two Rounds.

Garish. gay, glaring, &c.

Gleeful. merry, laughing, &c.

God-eyl'd us. God defend or do us good.

Gouts of Blood. great Drops of Blood.

To Gibber. to flout, chatter, &c.

Gasted. frightened.

To Gallow. to fright.

Gastness. Fright:
Graff. Graft, &c.
Gosemore. a little light
Down, that flies about in
the Air, by every Wind
blown about.

H

Hied, or *Hyed.* made haste
to.
Hests. commands.
Hent. took hold of.
Hight. call'd.
Hested. as *tender-hested*, ten-
derly dispos'd, &c.
Harried. daunted, scolded at,
frighted, handed so
roughly.

I

Intendment. Intention.
Ingirts. surrounds.
An Incony Wit. a mimick-
ing Wit, &c.
Imboost him. noos'd him, cir-
cumvented him, &c.
Immoment. of no value.

K

Kam. awry, quite from the
Matter. *Clean Kam.* quite
from the purpose.

L

Lush. Luxury, Lewdness,
&c.

Lass-lorn. depriv'd or deser-
ted by his Lass or Mi-
stres.

Leaman. a Gallant, Stallion,
&c.

Lover'd. have a Lover.

Lither-Sky. lower, lazy,
plain.

Liesest. Dearest, &c.

M

Moody, or *Mood.* angry, and
Anger, &c.

Meed. Reward.

Murky. obscure, dark, &c.

A Maund. a Basket, Scrip,
&c.

Murk. dark, &c.

To Mell. to meddle with, or
mingle, &c.

Manakin. a little Man.

Mammering. Muttering.

N

Nill. will not.

Nole. an Asses Nole. Asses
Head and Neck.

Nay Wool. a Word of In-
famy or Contempt.

O

Orts. Scraps, Leavings,
&c.

Orgillous. proud.

Ourshutt. Escape.

P

Palmers. Pilgrims, &c.
Poleclipt. clipt in the Head.
Phraseless Hand. a Hand
 whose Beauty no Phrase
 can exprels.

A Priser, one that fights
 Prizes, or wrestles for
 Prizes, &c.

Pight upon or over. *Pight*
 to do it, prop'd, settled,
 cast, &c.

Palliamment. a Garment,
 Robe, &c.

To Palter. to trifle, banter,
 &c.

Paragon, Peer or Equal.

Pammelled me. follow'd, at-
 tended me, &c.

Q

Quern. Churn.

Quarrellous. quarrelsome,
 full of Complaint, &c.

A Quintine. a Measure.

R

Rank. full, a River rank, full.
Recketh, or wrecketh. va-
 lues, thinks, reflects.

Rigol. a Clavicord, or what
 makes merry, diverts,
 &c.

Recheate. a manner of blow-
 ing the Horn to call the
 Dogstogether

Rebato. or Head-dress.

Rest. bereft, depriv'd of, &c.
Raide. dress'd.

Roisting. bullying, noisy, &c.

Ribald. crows, noisy, impu-
 dent, &c.

Ronyon. a Rake, &c.

The Romage of the Land,
 Disturbances, &c.

To Reverb. repeat, return,
 reply, &c.

To Renege. to deny.

Riggish, rampant, ruttish,
 &c.

S

Sneap'd Birds. beak'd, bill'd,
 &c.

Siege. Excrement.

Suggested. tempted, pro-
 voked, prompted.

Sea-Marge. a Cliff, or the
 Banks of the Sea.

Stell'd. stor'd, contain'd.

To Shrive. to meet, revel,
 confess, or hear ones Con-
 fession, list'd in a Roll, &c.

Smoog'd. smoak'd.

Sheen. Shine.

To Square. to quarrel, &c.

Saws. Maxims, Proverbs,
 Sayings, &c.

A Bed-Swarver. one incon-
 stant to his Bed, a Rover,
 a Debauchee, &c.

Scath. Mischief, Loss,
 Wrong, Harm, Prejudice,
 &c.

Scroyls. Corsairs.

To *Sker* or *Skir*. to glide or
move swiftly.

Soilure. a Blot.

To *Scale* a thing. to weigh
it in Scales, &c.

To *Sowle*. to lugg one by the
Ears.

Shrift. Confession, &c.

Siar. Decay.

To *Sag*. to waver, be dis-
may'd, &c.

Scar. Care, or Value, &c.

T

To *Trash*. to lop, &c.

Teen. Pain, Anguish, Wrath,
Anger, &c.

Totter'd. shaken, tottering,
weak, tumbling, &c.

To *Tar*. to set on, provoke,
&c.

Trenchant Sword. the Sword
that cuts a gap, or wounds,
indenture, &c.

Tricksey. brisk, active, nim-
ble, &c.

Thewes. Sinews, or Modes,
Manners, Customs, &c.

U

Umber'd Face. a Face. smeer'd
with *Umber*, or a yellow-
ish Face./

Unhosted. without the Sacra-
ment.

Unknell'd. without the Pas-
sing-Bell going for a dying
Man.

Unhoused. free, unconfin'd,
&c.

Unkin'd. without Children.

W

Welkin. the Heavens, Sky,
&c.

Whileare. lately.

Wend. go.

Wrecks. thinks of, cares for
or values.

Withers. the Shoulders of a
Horse.

Wother. Merit, Beauty, &c.
With a *Winnion*. with a Ven-
geance, &c.

Y

Ycliped. call'd.





V E N U S

A N D

ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministret aqua.*

Ovid. Amor. l. 1. El. 15.





To the Right Honourable.

Henry Wriothesly,

Earl of Southampton,

A N D

Baron of Tichfield.

Right Honourable,

I Know not how I shall offend, in
Dedicating my unpolished
Lines to your Lordship; nor
how the World will censure
me, for chusing so strong a Prop to sup-
port so weak a Burden: Only if your
Honour

Epistle Dedicatory.

*Honour seem but pleased, I account my
self highly praised, and vow to take ad-
vantage of all idle Hours, till I have
honoured you with some graver Labour.
But if the first Heir of my Invention
prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had
so noble a Godfather, and never after
ear so barren a Land, for fear it yield
me still so bad a Harvest. I leave it
to your honourable Survey, and your Honour
to your Heart's Content ; which I wish
may always answer your own Wish, and
the World's hopeful Expectation.*

Your Honour's in all Duty,

W. SHAKESPEAR.



Venus and Adonis.



V E N as the Sun, with purple-colour'd
Face,
Had ta'en his last Leave of the weeping
Morn,
Rose-check'd *Adonis* hied him to the
Chafe:
Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laugh'd
to scorn.

Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd Suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my self! (thus she began)
The Fields sweet Flower! sweet above compare!
Strain to all Nymphs! more lovely than a Man!
More white and red, than Doves or Roses are!
Nature, that made thee, with her self at strife,
Saith, that the World hath ending with thy Life.

Vouchsafe thou Wonder! to alight thy Steed,
And rein his proud Head to the Saddle-Bow;
If thou wilt deign this Favour, for thy Meed,
A thousand honey Secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where Serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with Kisses.

And

And yet not cloy thy Lips with loathed Satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their Plenty;
 Making them red and pale with fresh Variety:
 Ten Kisses short as one, one long as twenty.

A Summer's Day will seem an Hour but short,
 Being waisted in such Time-beguiling Sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating Palm,
 The President of Pith and Livelihood,
 And trembling in her Passion calls its Balm;
 Earth's Sovereign Salve to do a Goddess good.
 Being so enrag'd, Desire doth lend her Force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his Horse.

Over one Arm the lusty Courser's Rein,
 Under the other was the tender Boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull Disdain,
 With leaden Appetite, unapt to toy.
 She red and hot, as Coals of glowing Fire;
 He red for Shame, but frosty in Desire.

The studded Bridle, on a ragged Bough,
 Nimbly she tastens (O how quick is Love!)
 The Steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the Rider she begins to prove.
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in Strength, tho not in Lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their Elbows and their Hips:
 Now doth she stroke his Cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his Lips:
 And kissing speaks, with lustful Language broken,
 If thou wilt chide, thy Lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful Shame; she with her Tears,
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his Cheeks:
 Then with her windy Sighs, and golden Hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.

He says she is immodest, blames her misfs;
What follows more, she smothers with a Kiss.

Even as an empty Eagle, sharp by Faste,
Tires with her Beak on Feathers, Flesh and Bone,
Shaking her Wings, devouring all in Haste,
Till either Gorge be stuf, or Prey be gone:
Even so she kist his Brow, his Cheek, his Chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her Face:
She feedeth on the Steam, as on a Prey,
And calls it heav'nly Moisture! Air of Grace!
Wishing her Cheeks were Gardens full of Flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling Showers.

Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,
So fasten'd in her Arms *Adonis* lies:
Pure Shame and aw'd Resistance made him fret,
Which bred more Beauty in his angry Eyes.
Rain added to a River that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the Bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats:
For to a pretty Ear she tunes her Tale.
Still he is sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson Shame, and Anger ashy Pale.
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her Breast is better'd with a more Delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chuse but love,
And by her fair immortal Hand she swears,
From his soft Bosom never to remove,
Till he take Truce with her contending Tears;
Which long have rain'd, making her Cheeks all wet,
And one sweet Kiss shall pay this countless Debt.

Upon

Upon this Promise did he raise his Chin,
 Like a Dive-dapper peering thro a Wave,
 Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when his Lips were ready for his Pay,
 He winks and turns his Lips another Way.

Never did Passenger, in Summer's Heat,
 More thirst for Drink, than she for this good Turn ;
 Her Help she sees, but Help she cannot get,
 She baths in Water, yet in Fire must burn.
 Oh Pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted Boy !
 'Tis but a Kifs I beg, why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
 Ev'n by the stern and direful God of War,
 Whose sinewy Neck in Battel ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every Jar :
 Yet hath he been my Captive and my Slave,
 And begg'd for that, which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hung his Lance,
 His batter'd Shield, his uncontrolled Crest ;
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest ;
 Scorning his churlish Drum, and Ensign red,
 Making my Arms his Field, his Tent my Bed.

Thus he, that over-ru'd, I over-sway'd ;
 Leading him Prisoner in a red-Rose Chain.
 Strong temper'd Steel, his stronger Strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy Disdain.
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy Might,
 For mastering her, that foil'd the God of Fight !

Touch but my Lips with those fair Lips of thine,
 (Tho mine be not so fair, yet they are red)
 The Kifs shall be thine own, as well, as mine ;
 What see'st thou on the Ground ? Hold up thy Head :

Look in mine Eye-balls, where thy Beauty lies,
Then why not Lips on Lips, since Eyes on Eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kifs? Then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the Day seem Night,
Love keeps his Revels, where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our Sport is not in sight.
These blue-vein'd Violets, whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, upon thy tempting Lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted:
Make use of Time, let not Advantage slip,
Beauty within it self would not be wasted.
Fair Flowers, that are not gather'd in their Prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in Voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking Juice:
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee,
But, having no Defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou can'st not see one Wrinkle in my Brow,
Mine Eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My Beauty, as the Spring, doth yearly grow;
My Flesh as soft and plump, my Marrow burning;
My smooth moist Hand, were it with thy Hand felt,
Would in thy Palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine Ear,
Or, like a Fairy, trip upon the Green;
Or, like a Nymph, with long dishevel'd Hair,
Dance on the Sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a Spirit all compact of Fire,
Not gross to sink; but light, and will aspire.

Witness

Witness this Primrose Bank, whereon I lie,
 The forceless Flowers, like sturdy Trees, support me:
 Two strengthless Doves will draw me thro' the Sky
 From Morn till Night, even where I list to sport me.
 Is Love so light, sweet Boy, and may it be,
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is 'hine own Heart to thine own Face affected?
 Can thy right Hand seize Love upon thy left?
 Then wooe thy self, be of thy self rejected,
 Steal thine own Freedom, and complain of Theft.
Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,
 And dy'd to kiss his Shadow in the Brook.

Torches are made to light, Jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh Beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their Smell, and sappy Plants to bear;
 Things growing to themselves are Growth's Abuse:
 Seeds spring from Seeds, and Beauty breedeth Beauty;
 Thou wert begot, to get it is thy Duty.

Upon the Earth's Increase why shouldst thou feed,
 Unless the Earth with thy Increase be fed?
 By Law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thy self art dead:
 And so in spite of Death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy Likeness still is left alive.

By this the Love-sick Queen began to sweat,
 For where they lay, the Shadow had forsook them;
 And *Titan*, tired in the Mid-day Heat,
 With burning Eye did hotly overlook them:
 Wishing *Adonis* had his Team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by *Venus* Side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy Spright,
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking Eye,
 His low'ring Brows o'erwhelming his fair Sight,
 Like misty Vapours, when they blot the Sky;

Souring his Cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of Love,
The Sun doth burn my Face, I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth *Venus*) young, and so unkind!
What bare Excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh Celestial Breath, whose gentle Wind
Shall cool the Heat of this descending Sun.
I'll make a Shadow for thee of my Hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my Tears.

The Sun that shines from Heaven shines but warm,
And, loe, I lie between the Sun and thee!
The Heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine Eye darts forth the Fire that burneth me.
And, were I not immortal, Life were done,
Between this Heav'nly, and this Earthly Sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as Steel?
Nay more than Flint, for Stone at Rain relenteth:
Art thou a Woman's Son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of Love tormenteth?
Oh! had thy Mother born so bad a Mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great Danger dwells upon my Suit?
What were thy Lips the worse for one poor Kiss!
Speak fair: but speak fair Words, or elle be mute.
Give me one Kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for Int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless Picture, cold and senseless Stone,
Well-painted Idol, Image dull and dead;
Statue contenting but the Eye alone,
Thing like a Man, but of no Woman bred.
Thou art no Man, tho of a Man's Complection,
For Men will kiss even by their own Direction.

F

This

This said, Impatience choaks her pleading Tongue,
 And swelling Passion doth provoke a Pause;
 Red Cheeks and fiery Eyes blaze forth her Wrong,
 Being Judge in Love, she cannot right her Cause.

And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her Sobs do her *Intendments* break.

Sometimes she shakes ~~her~~ Head, and then his Hand:
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the Ground;
 Sometimes her Arms infold him like a Band;
 She would, he will not in her Arms be bound;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her Lilly Fingers one in one.

Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the Circuit of this Ivory Pale,
 I'll be the Park, and thou shalt be my Deer,
 Feed where thou wilt, on Mountain, or in Dale.
 Graze on my Lips; and if those Hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant Fountains lie.

Within this Limit is Relief enough,
 Sweet bottom Grass, and high delightful Plain,
 Round rising Hillocks, Brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from Tempest and from Rain.
 Then be my Deer, since I am such a Park,
 No Dog shall rouse thee, tho a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles, as in Disdain,
 That in each Cheek appears a pretty Dimple;
 Love made those Hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a Tomb so simple:
 Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
 Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These loving Caves, these round enchanted Pits,
 Open'd their Mouths to swallow *Venus* liking:
 Being mad before, how doth she now for Wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?

Poor Queen of Love, in thine own Law forlorn,
To love a Cheek, that smiles at thee with Scorn.

Now which Way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her Words are done, her Woes the more increasing:
The Time is spent, her Object will away,
And from her twining Arms doth urge releasing:
Pity she cries, some Favour, some Remorse!
Away he springs, and hasteth to his Horse.

But, lo! from forth a Copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling Courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd Steed, being ty'd unto a Tree,
Breaketh his Rein, and to her strait goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven Girts he breaks asunder;
The bearing Earth with his hard Hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow Womb resound's like Heaven's Thunder:
The Iron Bit he crushes 'tween his Teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His Ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging Mane
Upon his compass'd Crest now stands an end:
His Nostrils drink the Air, and forth again,
As from a Furnace, Vapours doth he lend:
His Eye, which glisters scornfully like Fire,
Shews his hot Courage, and his high Desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the Steps,
With gentle Majesty, and modest Pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my Strength is try'd:
And thus I do to captivate the Eye
Of the fair Breeder, that is standing by.

What recketh he his Rider's angry Stir,
 His flatt'ring *Holla*, or *his Stand*, I say?
 What cares he now for Curb, or pricking Spur?
 For rich Caparisons, or Trappings gay?
 He sees his Love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud Sight agrees.

Look when a Painter wou'd surpass the Life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd Steed,
 His Art, with Nature's Workmanship at Strife,
 As if the Dead the Living should exceed:
 So did his Horse excel a common one
 In Shape, in Courage, Colour, Pace, and Bone.

Round-hooft, short-jointed, Fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad Breast, full Eyes, small Head, and Nostril wide,
 High Crest, short Ears, strait Legs, and passing strong,
 Thin Mane, thick Tail, broad Buttock, tender Hide.
 Look what a Horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud Rider on so proud a Back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a Feather.
 To bid the Wind abase he now prepares,
 And where he run, or fly, they knew not whither.
 For thro his Mane and Tail the high Wind sings,
 Fanning the Hairs, which heave like feather'd Wings.

He looks upon his Love, and neighs unto her;
 She answers him, as if she knew his Mind.
 Being proud, as Females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward Strangeness, seems unkind,
 Spurns at his Love, and scorns the Heat he feels,
 Beating his kind Embracements with her Heels.

Then, like a melancholy Male-content,
 He veils his Tail; that like a falling Plume
 Cool Shadow to his melting Buttocks lent;
 He stamps, and bites the poor Flies in his Fume:

His Love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his Fury was asswag'd.

His testy Master goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd Breeder full of Fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the Horse, and lett *Adonis* there.
As they were mad, unto the Wood they hie them,
Out-stripping Crows, that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly Beast.
And now the happy Season once more fits,
That Love-sick *Love*, by pleading may be blest.
For Lovers say, the Heart hath treble Wrong,
When it is barr'd the Aidance of the Tongue.

An Oven that is stop'd, or River staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more Rage:
So of concealed Sorrow may be said;
Free Vent of Words *Love's* Fire doth oft assuage:
But when the Heart's Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate in his Suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying Coal revives with Wind;
And with his Bonnet hides his angry Brow,
Looks on the dull Earth with disturbed Mind;
Taking no notice, that she is so nigh,
For all afcance he holds her in his Eye.

O! what a Sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward Boy;
To note the fighting Conflict of her hue,
How White and Red each other did destroy!
But now her Cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth Fire, as Lightning from the Sky.

Now was she just before him, as he sat,
 And like a lowly Lover down she kneels;
 With one fair Hand she heaveth up his Hat,
 Her other tender Hand his fair Cheeks feels:
 Histender Cheeks, receive her soft Hand's Print,
 As apt, as new-fallen Snow takes any Dint.

O! what a War of Looks was then between them!
 Her Eyes Petitioners to his Eyes suing;
 His Eyes saw her Eyes, as they had not seen them;
 Her Eyes woo'd still, his Eyes disdain'd the Wooing:
 And all this dumb Play had his Acts made plain
 With Tears, which Chorus-like her Eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the Hand,
 A Lilly prison'd in a Jail of Snow;
 Or Ivory in an Alabaster Band,
 So white a Friend ingirts so white a Foe!
 This beauteous Combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Shew'd like to Silver Doves, that sit a Billing.

Once more the Engine of her Thoughts began,
 O fairest Mover on this mortal Round!
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a Man,
 My Heart all whole as thine, thy Heart my Wound.
 For one sweet Look my Help I would assure thee,
 Tho nothing but my Body's Bane would cure thee.

Give me my Hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it?
 Give me thy Heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
 O! give it me, lest thy hard Heart do steel it;
 And being steel'd, soft Sighs can never grave it:
 Then Love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because *Adonis* Heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My Day's Delight is past, my Horse is gone,
 And 'tis your Fault I am bereft him so:
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.

For all my Mind, my Thought, my busy Care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus she replies: Thy Palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm Approach of sweet Desire:
Affection is a Coal, that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd, it will set the Heart on Fire.
The Sea hath Bounds, but deep Desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel, tho thy Horse be gone.

How like a Jade he stood, ty'd to a Tree,
Servilely mastred with a leathern Rein!
But when he saw his Love, his Youth's fair Fee,
He held such petty Bondage in Disdain;
Throwing the base Thong from his bending Crest,
Enfranchising his Mouth, his Back, his Breast.

Who sees his true Love in her naked Bed,
Teaching the Sheets a whiter Hue than white,
But when his glutton Eyes so full hath fed,
His other Agents aim at like Delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the Fire, the Weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy Courser, gentle Boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented Joy;
Tho I were dumb, yet his Proceedings teach thee,
O! learn to love, the Lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again,

I know not Love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a Boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My Love to Love, is Love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a Life in Death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in a Breath.

Who wears a Garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
 Who plucks the Bud before one Leaf put forth?
 If springing Things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their Prime, Prove nothing worth.
 The Colt that's back'd, and burden'd being young,
 Loseth his Pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my Hand with wringing. Let us part,
 And leave this idle Theme, this bootless Chat;
 Remove your Siege from my unyielding Heart,
 To Love's Alarm it will not ope the Gate.
 Dismiss your Vows, your feigned Tears, your Flatt'ry;
 For where a Heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What, can'st thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou a Tongue?
 O! would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy Mermaid's Voice hath done me double Wrong!
 I had my Load before, now press'd with bearing.
 Melodious Discord, heavenly Tune harsh-sounding!
 Earth's deep sweet Musick! and Heart's deep fore-woun-
 [ding!]

Had I no Eyes, but Ears, my Ears would love
 That inward Beauty, and invisible:
 Or were I deaf, thy outward Parts would move
 Each Part of me, that were but sensible.
 Thoneither Eyes, nor Ears, to hear, nor see,
 Yet should I be in Love, by touching thee.

Say, that the Sense of Reason were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch;
 And nothing but the very Smell were left me,
 Yet would my Love to thee be still as much:
 For from the Stillatory of thy Face excelling
 Comes Breath perfum'd, that breedeth Love by Smelling.

But oh! what Banquet wert thou to the Taste,
 Being Nurse and Feeder of the other four!
 Would they not wish the Feast should ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the Door?

Left Jealousy, that sour unwelcome Guest
Should by his stealing in, disturb the Feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,
Which to his Speech did Honey Passage yield;
Like a red Morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
Wreck to the Scamen, Tempest to the Field,
Sorrow to Shepherds, Woe unto the Birds,
Guilt and foul Flaws to Herdmen, and to Herds.

This ill Prefage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the Wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the Wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the Berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly Bullet of a Gun,
His Meaning struck her, e'er his Words begun.

And at his Look she flatly falleth down;
For Looks kill Love, and Love by Looks reviveth:
A Smile recures the wounding of a Frown,
But blessed Bankrupt, that by Love so thriveth!
The silly Boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale Cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in Amaze brake off his late Intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the Wit, that can so well defend her:
For on the Grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his Breath breathed Life in her again.

He wrings her Nose, he strikes her on the Cheeks,
He bends her Fingers, holds her Pulses hard.
He chafes her Lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the Hurt, that his Unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her, and she by her good Will,
Would never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The Night of Sorrow now is turn'd to Day,
 Her two blue Windows faintly she up-heaveth;
 Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh Array
 He cheers the Morn, and all the World relieveth:
 And as the bright Sun glorifies the Sky,
 So is her Face illumin'd with her Eye.

Whose Beams upon his hairless Face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
 Were never four such Lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his Brows repine.
 But hers, which thro the crystal Tears gave Light,
 Shone like the Moon in water seen, by Night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in Earth, or Heaven!
 Or in the Ocean drench'd! or in the Fire!
 What Hour is this? or Morn, or weary Even?
 Do I delight to die? or Life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's Annoy:
 But now I dy'd, and Death was lively Joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
 Thy Eyes, shrewd Tutor, that hard Heart of thine
 Has taught them scornful Tricks, and such Disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor Heart of mine:
 And these mine Eyes, true Leaders to their Queen,
 But for thy piteous Lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this Cure!
 O never let their crimson Liveries wear!
 And as they last, their Verdure still endure,
 To drive Infection from the dangerous Year!
 That the Star-gazers having writ on Death,
 May say, the Plague is banish'd by thy Breath.

Pure Lips! sweet Seals! in my soft Lips imprinted,
 What Bargains may I make still to be sealing?
 To sell my self, I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good Dealing:

Which

Which Purchase if thou make, for fear of Slips,
Set thy Seal manual on my wax-red Lips.

A thousand Kisses buys my Heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
What is ten hundred Kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for Non-payment that the Debt should double,
Is twenty hundred Kisses such a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any Love you owe me,
Measure my Strangeness with my unripe Years,
Before I know my self, seek not to know me.
No Fisher but the ungrown Fry forbears;
The mellow Plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the World's Comforter with weary Gate,
His Day's hot Task hath ended in the West!
The Owl (Night's Herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
The Sheep are gone to Fold, Birds to their Nest:
The cole-black Clouds, that shadow Heaven's Light,
Do summon us to part, and bid Good-night.

Now let me say Good-night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall have a Kiss.
Good-night (quoth she) and e'er he says adieu,
The honey Fee of parting tendred is.
Her Arms do lend his Neck a sweet Embrace,
Incorp'rate then they seem, Face grows to Face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly Moisture, that sweet Coral Mouth,
Whose precious Taste her thirsty Lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on Drowth:
He with her Plenty press'd, she faint with Dearth,
Their Lipps together glu'd, fall to the Earth.

Now

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding Prey,
 And Glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
 Her Lipps are Conquerors, his Lipps obey,
 Paying what Ransom the Insulter willeth:
 Whose Vultur Thought doth pitch the Prize so high,
 That she will draw his Lipps rich Treasure dry.

And having felt the Sweetness of the Spoil,
 With blindfold Fury she begins to forage;
 Her Face doth reek and smoke, her Blood doth boil,
 And careleis Lust stirs up a desperate Courage:
 Planting Oblivion, beating Reason back;
 Forgetting Shame's pure Blush, and Honour's Wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild Bird being tam'd with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the froward Infant still'd with dandling;
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What Wax so frozen, but dissolves with tempting
 And yields at last to every light Impression?
 Things out of Hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in Love, whose Leave exceeds Commission.
 Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd Coward,
 But then wooes best, when most his Choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!
 Such Nectar from his Lipps she had not suckt:
 Foul Words and Frowns must not repel a Lover,
 What tho' the Rose have Pricks; yet it is pluckt.
 Were Beauty under twenty Locks kept fast,
 Yet Love breaks thro, and picks them all at last.

For Pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor Fool prays her, that he may depart.
 She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her Heart,

The which by *Cupid's* Bow she doth protest,
He carries thence engaged in his Breast.

Sweet Boy, she says, this Night I'll waste in Sorrow,
For my sick Heart commands mine Eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's Master, shall we meet to Morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the Match?
He tells her no, to Morrow he intends
To hunt the Boar with certain of his Friends.

The Boar (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like Lawn being spread upon the blushing Rose,
Usurps her Checks, she trembles at his Tale,
And on his Neck her yoking Arms she throws,
She sinketh down still hanging on his Neck,
He on her Belly falls, she on her Back.

Now is she in the very Lifts of Love,
Her Champion mounted for the hot Encounter.
All is imaginary, she doth prove,
He will not manage her altho he mount her:
That worse than *Tantalus* is her Annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lack her Joy.

Even as poor Birds deceiv'd with painted Grapes,
Do surfeit by the Eye, and pine the Maw;
Even so she languisheth in her Mishaps,
As those poor Birds, that helpless Berries saw,
The warm Effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual Kissing.

But all in vain, good Queen, it will not be,
She hath assay'd, as much as may be prov'd,
Her Pleading hath deserved a greater Fee,
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd!
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,
You have no Reason to with-hold me so.

Thou

Thou had'st been gone (quoth she) sweet Boy, e'er this;
 But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the Boar.
 O! be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
 With Javelins Point a Churlish Swine to gore,
 Whose Tusshes never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal Butcher, bent to kill.

On his Bow-back he hath a Battel set
 Of bristly Pikes, that ever threat his Foes;
 His Eyes, like Glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,
 His Snout digs Sepulchres where e'er he goes;
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his Way;
 And whom he strikes, his crooked Tusshes slay.

His brawny Sides with hairy Bristles armed,
 Are better Proof, than thy Spears Point can enter;
 His short thick Neck cannot be easily harmed,
 Being ireful, on the Lion he will venture.
 The thorny Brambles, and embracing Bushes,
 As fearful of him part, through whom he rushes,

Alas! he nought esteems that Face of thine,
 To which Love's Eye pays tributary Gazes;
 Nor thy soft Hand, sweet Lipps, and Christal Eyne,
 Whose full Perfection all the World amazes;
 But having thee at Vantage (wondrous Dread!)
 Would root these Beauties, as he roots the Mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome Cabin still!
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul Fiends.
 Come not within his Danger by thy Will,
 They, that thrive well, take Counsel of their Friends.
 When thou didst name the Boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy Fortune, and my Joynts did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my Face? Was it not white?
 Saw'st thou not Signs of Fear lurk in mine Eye?
 Grew I not faint? And fell I not down right?
 Within my Bosom, whereon thou dost lie,

My boding Heart pants, beats, and takes no Rest,
But like an Earth-quake shakes thee on my Breast.

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's Centinel;
Gives false Alarms, suggesteth Mutiny,
And in a peaceful Hour doth cry, kill, kill,
Distempring gentle Love with his Desire,
As Air and Water doth abate the Fire.

This four Informer, this bate-breeding Spy,
This Canker, that eats up Love's tender Spring,
This Carry-tale, Dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true News, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my Heart, and whispers in mine Ear,
That if I love thee, I thy Death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine Eye
The Picture of an angry chafing Boar,
Under whose sharp Fangs, on his Back doth lie
An Image like thy self, all stain'd with Gore;
Whose Blood upon the fresh Flowers being shed,
Doth make 'em drop with Grief, and hang the Head.

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed?
That trembling at th' Imagination,
The Thought of it doth make my faint Heart bleed,
And Fear doth teach it Divination.
I prophecy thy Death, my living Sorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying Hare;
Or at the Fox, which lives by Subtilty;
Or at the Roe, which no Encounter dare,
Pursue these fearful Creatures o'er the Downs,
And on thy well-breath'd Horse keep with thy Hounds.

And

And when thou hast on Foot the purblind Hare,
 Mark the poor Wretch, to overshut his Troubles,
 How he out-runs the Wind, and with what Care,
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand Doubles.

The many Umlits through the which he goes,
 Are like a Labyfynth t' amaze his Foes.

Sometime he runs among the Flock of Sheep,
 To make the cunning Hounds mistake their Smell;
 And sometime, where Earth-delving Conies keep,
 To stop the loud Pursuers in their Yell;

And sometime forteth with a Herd of Deer:
 Danger deviseth Shifts, Wit waits on Fear.

For there his Smell with others being mingled,
 The hot-scent-snuffing Hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous Cry, till they have singled,
 With much ado, the cold Fault cleanly out:

Then do they spend their Mouths; *Eccho* replies,
 As if another Chase were in the Skies.

By this peor *Watt* far off, upon a Hill,
 Stands on his hinder Legs with list'ning Ear,
 To hearken if his Foes pursue him still:
 Anon their loud Alarums he doth hear,

And now his Griefs may be compared well
 To one fore sick, that hears the passing Bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled Wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the Way.
 Each envious Brier his weary Legs doth scratch,
 Each Shadow makes him stop, each Murmur stay.

For Misery is trodden on by many;
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
 To make thee hate the hunting of the Boar,
 Unlike my self, thou hear'st me moralize,

Applying this, to that, and so, to so;
For Love can comment upon every Woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the Story aptly ends:
The Night is spent. Why, what of that? (quoth she)
I am (quoth he) expected of my Friends.
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In Night (quoth she) Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
The Earth in Love with thee thy Footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a Kiss.
Rich Preys make rich Men Thieves, so do thy Lips
Make modest *Dian* cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a Kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark Night I perceive the Reason,
Cynthia for Shame obscures her Silver Shrine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of *Treason*,
For stealing Moulds from Heaven, that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high Heaven's Despite,
To shame the Sun by Day, and her by Night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious Workmanship of Nature;
To mingle Beauty with Infirmities,
And pure Perfection with impure Defecture;
Making it subject to the Tyranny
Of sad Mischances, and much Misery.

As burning Fever, Agues pale and Faint,
Life-poisoning Pestilence, and Frenzies Woad,
The Marrow-eating Sickness, whose Attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the Blood:
Surfeits, Imposthumes, Grief, and damn'd Despair,
Swear Nature's Death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these Maladies,
 But in one Minute's Sight brings Beauty under :
 Both Favour, Savour, Hue and Qualities,
 Whereat th' imperial Gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain Snow melts with the Mid-day Sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless Chastity,
 Love-lacking *Vestals*, and self-loving *Nuns*,
 Thus on the Earth would breed a Scarcity,
 And barren Dearth of Daughters and of Sons,
 Be prodigal. The Lamp that burns by Night,
 Dries up his Oil, to lend the World his Light.

What is thy Body, but a swallowing Grave,
 Seeming to bury that Posterity,
 Which by the Rights of Time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in their Obscurity ?
 If so, the World will hold thee in Disdain,
 Sith in thy Pride so fair a Hope is slain.

So in thy self, thy self art made away,
 A Mischief worse, than civil home-bred Strife,
 Or theirs, whose desperate Hands themselves do slay,
 Or Butchers Sire, that raves his Son of Life.
 Foul-cankering Rust the hidden Treasure frets ;
 But Gold, that's put to Use, more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled Theam ;
 The Kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the Stream.
 For by this black-fac'd Night, Desires foul Nurse,
 Your Treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If Love hath lent you twenty thousand Tongues,
 And every Tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids Songs,
 Yet from mine Ear the tempting Tune is blown.

For know, my Heart stands armed in my Ear,
And will not let a false Sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving Harmony should run
Into the quiet Closure of my Breast;
And then my little Heart were quite undone,
In his Bed-chamber to be barr'd of Rest.

No, Lady, no, my Heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The Path is smooth, that leadeth unto Danger.
I hate not Love, but your Device in Love,
That lends Embracements unto every Stranger.
You do it for Increase. O strange Excuse!
When Reason is the Bawd to Lust's Abuse.

Call it not Love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurps his Name;
Under whose simple Semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh Beauty, blotting it with Blame:
Which the hot Tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As Caterpillars do the tender Leaves.

Love comforteth like Sun-shine after Rain;
But Lust's Effect is Tempest after Sun:
Love's gentle Spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's Winter comes, e'er Summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; Lust like a Glutton dies:
Love is all Truth, Lust full of forged Lyes.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The Text is old, the Orator too green:
Therefore in Sadness now I will away,
My Face is full of Shame, my Heart of Teen:
Mine Ears, that to your wanton Calls attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet Embrace
Of those fair Arms, which bound him to her Breast:
And homeward thro the dark Lanes runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look how a bright Star shooteth from the Sky,
So glides he in the Night from *Venus*' Eye.

Which after him she darts, as One on shore
Gazing upon a late embarked Friend,
Till the wild Waves will have him seen no more,
Whose Ridges with the meeting Clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy Night,
Fold in the Object, that did feed her Sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as One that unaware
Hath dropt a precious Jewel in the Flood;
Or astonish'd, as Night-Wanderers often are,
Their Light blown out in some mistrustful Wood:
E'en so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair Discovery of her Way.

And now she beats her Heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour Caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal Repetition of her Moans:
Passion on Passion deeply is redoubled.

Ay me! she cries, and twenty times, Woe! Woe!
And twenty *Eccho*'s twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing Note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful Ditty:
How Love makes young Men thrall, and old Men dote;
How Love is wise in Folly, Foolish witty:
Her heavy Anthem still concludes in Woe!
And still the Choir of *Eccho*'s answers so.

Her Song was tedious, and out-wore the Night,
For Lovers Hours are long, tho seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
In such-like Circumstance, with such-like Sport.

Their

Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,
End without Audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the Night withal,
But idle Sounds, resembling Parasites?
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering every Call,
Soothing the Humour of fantastic Wits.

She said, 'tis so: They answer all, 'tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe! here the gentle Lark, weary of Rest,
From his moist Cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the Morning, from whose Silver Breast
The Sun ariseth in his Majesty:

Who doth the World so gloriously behold,
The Cedar-Tops and Hills seem burnish'd Gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair Good-morrow:

O! thou clear God, and Patron of all Light!
From whom each Lamp, and shining Star doth borrow
The beauteous Influence, that makes him bright:

There lives a Son, that suck'd an earthly Mother,
May lend thee Light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasted to a Myrtle Grove,
Musing the Morning is so much o'er-worn;
And yet she hears no Tidings of her Love:
She hearkens for his Hounds, and for his Horn,
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the Cry.

And as she runs, the Bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the Neck, some kiss her Face,
Some twine about her Thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict Embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling Dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her Fawn, hid in some Brake.

By this, she hears the Hounds are at a Bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an Adder,
 Wreath'd up in fatal Folds, just in his way,
 The Fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
 E'en so the timorous Yelping of the Hounds,
 Appalls her Senses, and her Sp'rits confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle Chase,
 But the blunt Boar, rough Bear, or Lion proud;
 Because the Cry remaineth in one Place,
 Where fearfully the Dogs exclaim aloud:
 Finding their Enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain Curt'sy, who shall cope him first.

This dismal Cry rings sadly in her Ear,
 Thro which it enters, to surprize her Heart;
 Who overcome by Doubt, and bloodless Fear,
 With cold pale Weakness numbs each feeling Part:
 Like Soldiers, when their Captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the Field.

Thus stands she in a trembling Extasy,
 Till cheering up her Senses fore dismay'd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless Fantasy:
 And childish Error, that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
 And with that Word, she spy'd the hunted Boar.

Whose frothy Mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like Milk and Blood being mingled both together,
 A second Fear thro all her Sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the Boar for Murder.

A thousand Spleens bear her a thousand ways,
 She treads the Paths that she untreads again;
 Her more than Haste is marred with Delays:
 Like the Proceedings of a drunken Brain,

Full of Respect, yet not at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a Brake she finds an Hound,
And asks the weary Caitiff for his Master;
And there another licking of his Wound,
'Gainst venom'd Sores the only soveraign Plaister:
And here she meets another sadly scolding,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding Noise,
Another flap-mouth'd Mourner black and grim,
Against the Welkin vollies out his Voice;
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud Tails to the Ground below,
Shaking their scratcht Ears, bleeding as they go.

Look! how the World's poor People are amaz'd
At Apparitions, Signs, and Prodigies;
Whereon with fearful Eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful Prophecies:
So she, at these sad Signs, draws up her Breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

Hard-favour'd Tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful Divorce of Love (thus chides she Death)
Grim-grinning Ghost, Earth's Worm, what dost thou mean?
To stifle Beauty, and to steal his Breath?
Who when he liv'd, his Breath and Beauty set
Gloss on the Rose, Smell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be
Seeing his Beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
O! yes, it may; thou hast no Eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy Mark is feeble Age; but thy false Dart,
Mistakes that Aim, and cleaves an Infant's Heart.

Had'st thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy Power had lost his Power.
 The Destinies will curse thee for this Stroke,
 They bid thee crop a Weed, thou pluck'st a Flower:
 Love's golden Arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's *Ebon-Dart* to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink Tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
 What may a heavy Groan advantage thee?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those Eyes, that taught all other Eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal Vigour,
 Since her best Work is ruin'd with thy Rigour.

Here overcome, as One full of Despair,
 She veil'd her Eye-lids, which like Sluices stopt
 The crystal Tide, that from her two Cheeks fair
 In the sweet Channel of her Bosom drop'd.
 But thro the Flood-Gates breaks the silver Rain,
 And with his strong Course opens them again.

O! how her Eyes and Tears did lend, and borrow!
 Her Eyes seen in her Tears, Tears in her Eyes;
 Both Crystals, where they view'd each other's Sorrow:
 Sorrow, that friendly Sighs fought still to dry.
 But like a stormy Day, now Wind, now Rain;
 Sighs dry her Cheeks, Tears make them wet again.

Variable Passions throng her constant Woe,
 As striving which should best become her Grief:
 All entertain'd, each Passion labours so,
 That every present Sorrow seemeth Chief.
 But none is best, then join they all together,
 Like many Clouds consulting for foul Weather.

By this, far off she hears some Huntsman hollow:
 A Nurse's Song ne'er pleas'd her Babe so well.
 The dire Imagination she did follow,
 This Sound of Hope doth labour to expell:

For now reviving Joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis*' Voice.

Whereat her Tears began to turn their Tide,
Being prison'd in her Eye, like Pearls in Glasse:
Yet sometimes falls an Orient Drop beside,
Which her Cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul Face of the fluttish Ground,
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing Love! how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too Credulous!
Thy Weal, and Woe are both of them Extremes,
Despair and Hope make thee ridiculous!
The one doth flatter thee, in Thoughts unlikely,
With likely Thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the Web that she had wrought,
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame:
It was not she that call'd him all to nought,
Now she adds Honour to his hateful Name:
She'cleeps him King of Graves, and Grave for Kings,
Imperial Supreme of Mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death! I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of Fear,
When as I met the Boar that bloody Beast,
Which knows no Pity, but is still severe.
Then, gentle Shadow! (Truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my Love's Decease.

'Tis not my Fault: the Boar provok'd my Tongue:
Be wreak'd on him (invisible Commander!)
'Tis he, foul Creature, that hath done thee Wrong,
I did but act, he's Author of thy Slander.
Grief hath two Tongues, and never Woman yet
Cou'd rule them both without Ten Women's Wit.

Thus

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,
 Her rash Suspect she doth extenuate;
 And that his Beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate:
 Tells him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, and Stories,
 His Victories, his Triumphs, and his Glories.

O *Jove*! quoth she, how much a Fool was I,
 To be of such a weak and silly Mind?
 To wail his Death, who lives, and must not die,
 Till mutual Overthrow of mortal Kind!
 For he being dead, with him is Beauty slain,
 And Beauty dead, black *Chaos* comes again.

Fye! fye! fond Love, thou art so full of Fear,
 As one with Treasure laden, hem'd with Thieves;
 Trifles (unwitnessed with Eye, or Ear)
 Thy Coward Heart, with false bethinking grieves.
 Even at this word she hears a merry Horn,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As Faulcon to the Lure, away she flies:
 The Grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul Boar's Conquest on her fair Delight.
 Which seen, her Eyes as murder'd with the View,
 Like Stars asham'd of Day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the Snail, whose tender Horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly Cave with Pain,
 And there, all smother'd up, in Shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing, to creep forth again:
 So at his bloody View her Eyes are fled,
 Into the deep dark Cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their Office and their Light
 To the disposing of her troubled Brain:
 Who bids them still consort with ugly Night,
 And never wound the Heart with Looks again:

Who like a King perplexed in his Throne,
By their Suggestion gives a deadly Groan.

Whereat each Tributary Subject quakes,
As when the Wind imprison'd in the Ground,
Struggling for Passage, Earth's Foundation shakes,
Which with cold Terrors doth Mens Minds confound,
This Mutiny each Part doth so surprize,
That from their dark Beds once more leap her Eyes.

And, being open'd threw unwilling Sight
Upon the wide Wound, that the Boar had trench'd
In his soft Flank; whose wonted Lilly white
With purple Tears, that his Wound wept, was drench'd.
No Flower was nigh, no Grass, Herb, Leaf, or Weed,
But stole his Blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn Sympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
Over one Shoulder doth she hang her Head;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her Voice is stop'd, her Joints forget to bow,
Her Eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his Hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her Sight dazling, makes the Wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling Eye,
That makes more Gashes where no Breach should be:
His Face seems twain. each several Limb is doubled,
For oft the Eye mistakes, the Brain being troubled.

My Tongue cannot express my Grief for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead!
My Sighs are blown away, my salt Tears gone,
Mine Eyes are turn'd to Fire, my Heart to Lead:
Heavy Heart's-Lead melt at mine Eyes as Fire,
So shall I die by Drops of hot Desire.



Alas!

Alas! poor World, what Treasure hast thou lost!
 What Face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
 Whose Tongue is Musick now? what canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
 The Flowers are sweet, their Colours fresh and trim,
 But true sweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or Veil, henceforth no Creature wear;
 Nor Sun, nor Wind will ever strive to kiss you:
 Having no *Fair* to lose, you need not fear;
 The Sun doth scorn you, and the Wind doth hiss you.
 But when *Adonis* liv'd, Sun and sharp Air
 Lurk'd like two Thieves, to rob him of his *Fair*.

And therefore wou'd he put his Bonnet on,
 Under whose Brim the gaudy Sun wou'd peep;
 The Wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone
 Play with his Locks, then wou'd *Adonis* weep:
 And strait in Pity of his tender Years,
 They both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his Tears.

To see his Face the Lion walks along
 Behind some Hedge, because he wou'd not fear him;
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The Tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
 If he had spoke, the Wolf wou'd leave his Prey,
 And never fright the silly Lamb that Day.

When he beheld his Shadow in a Brook,
 There Fishes spread on it their Golden Gills:
 When he was by, the Birds such Pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their Bills
 Would bring him Mulberries, and ripe red Cherries;
 He fed them with his Sight, they him with Berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted Boar,
 Whose downward Eye still looketh for a Grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous Livery that he wore;
 Witness the Entertainment that he gave.

If he did see his Face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* slain,
He ran upon the Boar with his sharp Spear,
Who wou'd not whet his Teeth at him again,
But by a Kiss thought to persuade him there :
And nuzzling in his Flank, the loving Swine
Sheath'd unaware his Tusk in his soft Groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him, I should have kill'd him first.
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My Mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.
With this she falleth in the Place she stood,
And stains her Face with his congealed Blood.

She looks upon his Lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the Hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his Ear a heavy Tale,
As if he heard the woful Words she told :
She lifts the Coffer-lids that close his Eyes,
Where, lo! two Lamps burnt out in Darkness lies.

Two Glasses where her self her self beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their Virtue lost, wherein they late excel'd,
And every Beauty robb'd of his Effect.
Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is my Spight,
That, you being dead, the Day shou'd yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow, on Love, hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with Jealousy,
Find sweet Beginning, but unfavoury End,
Ne'er settled equally too high, or low;
That all Love's Pleasures shall not match his Woe.

It

It shall be fickle, false, and full of Fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-while,
 The Bottom Poison, and the Top o'er-straw'd
 With Sweets, that shall the sharpest Sight beguile.
 The strongest Body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the Wise dumb, and teach the Fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of Riot,
 Teaching decrepit Age to tread the Measures;
 The staring Ruffian shall it keep in Quiet,
 Pluck down the Rich, enrich the Poor with Treasures;
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the Young Old, the Old become a Child.

It shall suspect, where is no Cause of Fear;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just:
 Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
 Put Fear to Valour, Courage to the Coward.

It shall be the Cause of War and dire Events,
 And set Dissention 'twixt the Son and Sire;
 Subject and servile to all Discontents,
 As dry combustible Matter is to Fire.
 Sith in his Prime, Death doth my Love destroy,
 They that love best, their Love shall not enjoy.

By this, the Boy that by her Side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a Vapour from her Sight,
 And in his Blood, that on the Ground lay spill'd,
 A *Purple Flower* sprung up chequer'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale Cheeks, and the Blood,
 Which in round Drops upon their Whiteness stood.

She bows her Head the new-sprung Flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her *Adonis'* Breath:
 And says, within her Bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is rest from her by Death:

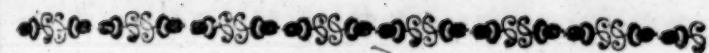
She cropsthe Sta'k, and in the Breach appears
Green dropping Sap, which she compares to Tears.

Poor Flower! (quoth she) this was thy Father's Guise,
(Sweet Issue of a more sweet-smelling Sire)
For every little Grief to wet his Eyes,
To grow unto himself was his Desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know it is as good
To wither in my Breast, as in his Blood.

Here was thy Father's Bed, here is my Breast,
Thou art the next of Blood, and 'tis thy Right;
Low in this hollow Cradle take thy Rest,
My throbbing Heart shall rock thee Day and Night:
There shall not be one Minute of an Hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet Love's Flower.

Thus weary of the World, away she hies,
And yokes her silver Doves, by whose swift Aid,
Their Mistress mounted, thro the empty Skies
In her light Chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their Course to *Paphos*, where their Queen
Means to immure her self, and not be seen.

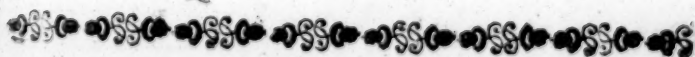




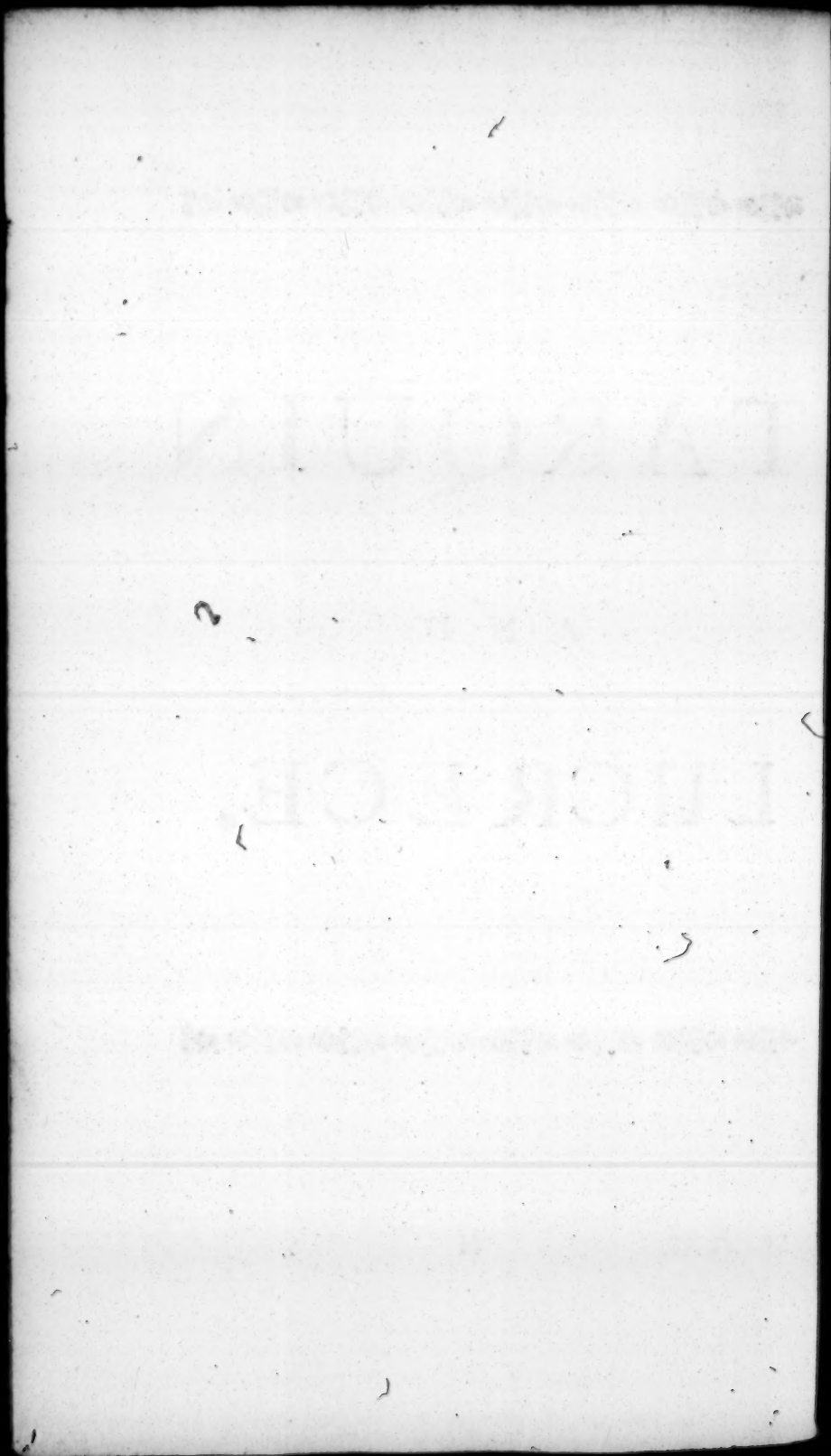
TARQUIN

A N D

LUCRECE.



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To the Right Honourable

Henry Wriothesly,

Earl of Southampton,

AND

Baron of Tichfield.

Right Honourable,

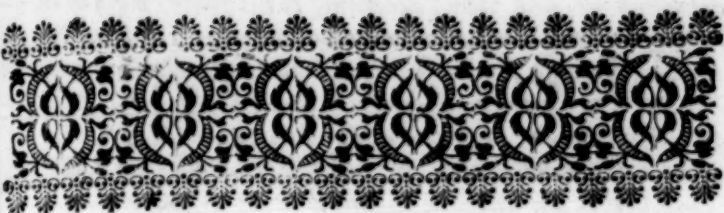
THE Love I dedicate to your
Lordship, is without end :
whereof this Pamphlet, with-
out beginning, is but a super-
fluous Moiety. The Warrant I have of
your Honourable Disposition, not the
H 2 Worth

Epistle Dedicatory.

*Worth of my untutor'd Lines, makes it
assur'd of Acceptance. What I have done
is yours, what I have to do is yours, being
part in all I have devoted yours. Were
my Worth greater, my Duty should shew
greater: mean time, as it is, it is
bound to your Lordship: To whom I wish
long Life, still lengthen'd with all
Happiness.*

Your Lordship's in all Duty,

W. SHAKESPEAR.



THE ARGUMENT.

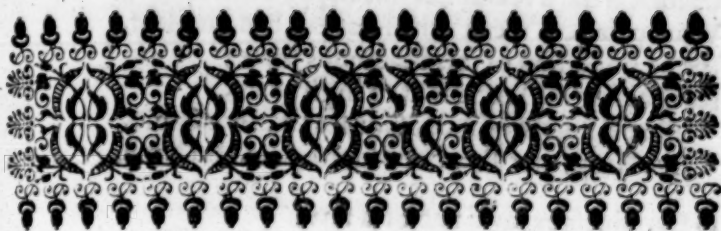
LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive Pride surnam'd Superbus) after he had caus'd his Father-in-Law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murder'd, and contrary to the Roman Laws and Customs, not requiring or staying for the People's Suffrages, had possess'd himself of the Kingdom; went, accompany'd with his Sons, and other Noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which Siege, the principal Men of the Army meeting one Evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the King's Son, in their Discourses after Supper, every one commended the Virtue of his own Wife; among whom Colatinus extoll'd the incomparable Chastity of his Wife Lucrece. In that pleasant Humour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden Arrival, to make Trial of that which every one had before avouch'd, only Colatinus finds his Wife (tho it were late in the Night) spinning amongst her Maids, the other Ladies were found all Dancing and Revelling, or in several Disports. Whereupon the Noblemen yielded Colatinus the Victory, and his Wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflam'd with Lucrece's Beauty, yet smothering his Passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the Camp; from whence he shortly after privily with-

THE ARGUMENT.

drew himself, and was (according to his State) Royally entertained, and lodg'd by Lucrece at Colatium. The same Night, he treacherously scaling into her Chamber, violently ravish'd her; and early in the Morning speeded away. Lucrece, in this lamentable Plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her Father, another to the Camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompany'd with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attir'd in a mourning Habit, demanded the Cause of her Sorrow. She first taking an Oath of them for her Revenge, reveal'd the Actor, and whole matter of his Dealing, and withal suddenly stabb'd her self. Which done, with one Consent, they all vow'd to root out the whole hated Family of the Tarquins: And bearing the dead Body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the People with the Doer, and Manner of the vile Deed; with a bitter Invective against the Tyranny of the King; where-with the People were so mov'd, that with one Consent, and a general Acclamation, the Tarquins were all Exil'd, and the State-Government chang'd, from Kings, to Consuls.



Tarquin



Tarquin and Lucrece.



R O M the besieg'd *Ardea* all in Post,
 Born by the trustless Wings of false Desire,
 Lust-breathing *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman*
 Host,
 And to *Colatium* bears the lightless Fire,
 Which in pale Embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing Flames, the
 Waste
 Of *Colatine's* fair Love, *Lucrece* the
 chaste.

Haply that Name of Chaste unhaply set,
 This bateless Edge on his keen Appetite :
 When *Colatine* unwisely did not let
 To praise the clear unmatched Red and White;
 Which triumph'd in that Sky of his Delight;
 Where mortal Star, as bright as Heaven's Beauties,
 With pure Aspects did him peculiar Duties.

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For he the Night before, in *Tarquin's* Tent,
 Unlock'd the Treasure of his happy State :
 What prizeless Wealth the Heavens had him lent,
 In the Possession of his beauteous Mate ;
 Reckoning his Fortune at so high a rate,
 That Kings might be espoused to more Fame,
 But King, nor Prince to such a peerless Dame.

O Happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
 And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done!
 As is the Morning's silver melting Dew,
 Against the golden Splendor of the Sun :
 A Date expir'd and cancel'd e'er begun.
 Honour and Beauty in the Owner's Arms,
 Are weakly *fortrest* from a World of Harms.

Beauty it self doth of it self persuade
 The Eyes of Men without an Orator ;
 What needed then Apologies be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is *Colatine* the Publisher
 Of that rich Jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish Cares, because it is his own ?

Perchance his Boast of *Lucrece's* Sov'reignty,
 Suggested this proud Issue of a King ;
 For by our Ears our Hearts oft tainted be.
 Perchance, that Envy of so rich a thing
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd Thoughts, that meaner Men should want
 The Golden Hap, which their Superiors want.

But some untimely Thought did instigate
 His all too-timeless speed, if none of those.
 His Honour, his Affairs, his Friends, his State,
 Neglected all, with swift Intent he goes
 To quench the Coal, which in his Liver glows.
 O! rash false Heat wrapt in repentant Cold!
 Thy hasty Spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When

When at *Colatium* this false Lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* Dame,
Within whose Face, Beauty, and Virtue striv'd,
Which of them both should underprop her Fame.
When Virtue brag'd, Beauty would blush for Shame;
When Beauty boasted Blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver White.

But Beauty, in that White intituled,
From *Venus* Doves, doth challenge that fair Field;
Then Virtue claims from Beauty Beauty's Red,
Which Virtue gave the golden Age to guild
Her silver Cheeks, and call'd it then her Shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the Fight,
When Shame assail'd, the Red should fence the White.

This Heraldry in *Lucrece*' Face was seen,
Argu'd by Beauty's Red, and Virtue's White;
Of either's Colour was the other Queen,
Proving from World's Minority their Right;
Yet their Ambition makes them still to fight:
The Sov'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's Seat.

This silent War of Lillies and of Roses,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair Face's Field,
In their pure Ranks his Traitor Eye incloses,
Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
The Coward Captive vanquished doth yield
To those two Armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph o're so false a Foe.

Now thinks he, that her Husband's shallow Tongue,
The niggard Prodigal, that prais'd her so,
In that high Task hath done her Beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren Skill to show.
Therefore that Praise, which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with Surmise,
In silent Wonder of still gazing Eyes.

This

This earthly Saint, adored by this Devil,
Little suspected the false Worshipper.

' For Thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of Evil,
' Birds never lim'd, no secret Bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good Cheer,
And reverend Welcome to her Princely Guest,
Whose inward Ill no outward Harm express.

For that he colour'd with his high Estate,
Hiding base Sin in Pleats of Majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much Wonder of his Eye :
Which having all, all could not satisfy ;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his Store,
That cloy'd with much, he pincheth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger- Eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling Looks ; -
Nor read the subtle shining Secreties
Writ in the glassy Margents of such Books.
She touch'd no unknown Baits, nor fear'd no Hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton Sight
More than his Eyes were open'd to the Light.

He stories to her Ears her Husband's Fame,
Won in the Fields of fruitful *Italy* ;
And decks with Praises *Colatine's* high Name,
Made glorious by his manly Chivalry,
With bruised Arms and Wreaths of Victory.
Her Joy with heav'd-up Hand she doth express,
And wordless, so greets Heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes Excuses for his being there ;
No cloudy Show of stormy blustering Weather,
Doth yet in his fair *Welkin* once appear,
Till fable Night, sad Source of Dread and Fear,
Upon the World dim Darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty Prison shuts the Day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his Bed,
Intending Weariness with heavy Sprite;
For after Supper long he questioned
With modest *Lucrece*, and wore out the Night.
Now leaden Slumber with Life's Strength doth fight,
And every one to Rest themselves betake,
Save Thieves, and Cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which, doth *Tarquin* lie revolving
The sundry Dangers of his Will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his Will resolving,
Tho weak-built Hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffick oft for gaining:
And when great Treasure is the Meed propos'd,
Tho Death be *Adjunct*, there's no Death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are of Gain so fond,
That oft they have not that, which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it from their Bond,
And so by hoping more, they have but less;
Or gaining more, the Profit of Excess
Is but to surfeit, and such Grievs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich, Gain.

The Aim of all, is but to nurse the Life
With Honour, Wealth and Ease in waining Age:
And in this Aim there is such thwarting Strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As Life for Honour, in fell Battels rage,
Honour for Wealth, and oft that Wealth doth cost
The Death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave'to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul Infirmity,
In having much, torments us with Defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The Thing we have, and, all for want of Wit,
Make something, nothing by augmenting it.

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Such Hazard now must doting *Tarquin* make,
 Pawning his Honour to obtain his Lust :
 And for himself, himself he must forsake ;
 Then where is Truth, if there be no Self-Trust ?
 When shall he think to find a Stranger just,
 When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
 To stand'rous Tongues the wretched hateful Lays?

Now stole upon the Time the Dead of Night,
 When heavy Sleep had clos'd up mortal Eyes ;
 No comfortable Star did lend his Light,
 No Noise but Owls, and Wolves Death-boding Cries :
 Now serves the Season, that they may surprize
 The silly Lambs ; pure Thoughts are dead and still
 Whilst Lust and Murder wakes to stain, and kill.

And now this lustful Lord leapt from him Bed,
 Throwing his Mantle rudely o'er his Arm,
 Is madly tost between Desire and Dread ;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm :
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with Lust's foul Charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainsick rude Desire.

His Fauchion on a Flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold Stone Sparks of Fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen Torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be Load-star to his lustful Eye,
 And to the Flame thus speaks advisedly ;
 ' As from this cold Flint I enforc'd this Fire,
 ' So *Lucrece* must I force to my Desire.

Here pale with Fear, he doth premeditate
 The Dangers of his loathsome Enterprize ;
 And in his inward Mind he doth debate
 What following Sorrow may on this arise :
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked Armour of still slaughter'd Lust,
 And justly thus controuls his Thoughts unjust.

' Fair Torch burn out thy Light, and lend it not
 ' To darken her, whose Light excelleth thine :
 ' And die unhallow'd Thoughts, before you blot
 ' With your Uncleanness, that which is Divine.
 ' Offer pure Incenie to so pure a Shrine :
 ' Let fair Humanity abhor the Deed,
 ' That spots and stains Love's modest snow-white Weed.

' O Shame to Knighthood, and to shining Arms!
 ' O foul Dishonour to my Household's Grave!
 ' O impious Act, including all foul Harms
 ' A martial Man to be soft Fancy's Slave!
 ' True Valour still a true Respect should have.
 ' Then my Digression is so vile, so base,
 ' That it will live engraven in my Face.

' Yes, tho I die, the Scandal will survive,
 ' And be an Eye-fore in my Golden Coat :
 ' Some loathsome Dash the Herald will contrive,
 ' To cipher me how fondly I did dote :
 ' That my Posterity shamed with the Note,
 ' Shall curse my Bones, and hold it for no Sin,
 ' To wish that I their Father had not been.

' What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
 ' A Dream, a Breath, a Froth of fleeting Joy.
 ' Who buys a Minute's Mirth, to wail a Week ?
 ' Or sells Eternity, to get a Toy ?
 ' For one sweet Grape, who will the Vine destroy ?
 ' Or what fond Beggar, but to touch the Crown,
 ' Would with the Scepter strait be stricken down ?

' If *Colatinus* dream of my Intent,
 ' Will he not wake, and in a desperate Rage
 ' Post hither, this vile Purpose to prevent ?
 ' This Siege that hath ingirt his Marriage,
 ' This Blur to Youth, this Sorrow to the Sage,
 ' This dying Virtue, this surviving Shame,
 ' Whose Crime will bear an ever-during Blame.

- O what Excuse can my Invention make,
- When thou shalt charge me with so black a Deed!
- Will not my Tongue be mute, my frail Joints shake?
- Mine Eyes forgo their Light, my false Heart bleed?
- The Guilt being great, the Fear doth still exceed,
- And extreme Fear can neither fight nor fly,
- But Coward-like with trembling Terror die.

- Had *Colatinus* kill'd my Son or Sire,
- Or lain in ambush to betray my life;
- Or were he not my dear Friend, this Desire
- Might have excuse to work upon his Wife,
- As in Revenge or Quital of such Strife:
- But as he is my Kinsman, my dear Friend,
- The Shame and Fault finds no Excuse, nor End.

- Shameful it is, if once the Fact be known;
- Hateful it is; there is no Hate in loving.
- I'll beg her Love; but she is not her own:
- The worst is but Denial, and reproving.
- My Will is strong, past Reason's weak removing.
- Who fears a Sentence, or an old Man's Saw,
- Shall by a painted Cloath be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he Disputation,
 'Tween frozen Conscience, and hot-burning Will;
 And with good Thoughts makes Dispensation,
 Urging the worse Sense for Vantage still:
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure Effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shews like a virtuous Deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the Hand,
 And gaz'd for Tidings in my eager Eyes,
 Fearing some bad News from the warlike Band,
 Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies,
 O how her Fear did make her Colour rise!
 First, red as Roses, that on Lawn we lay,
 Then white as Lawn, the Roses took away.

And now her Hand in my Hand being lock'd,
 Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal Fear:
 Which strook her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her Husband's Welfare she did hear;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a Chear,
 That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the Flood.

Why hunt I then for Colour, or Excuses?
 All Orators are dumb, when Beauty pleads.
 Poor Wretches have remorse in poor Abuses;
 Love thrives not in the Heart, that Shadows dreads.
 Affect on is my Captain, and he leads;
 And when his gaudy Banner is display'd,
 The Coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish Fear avant! Debating die!
 Respect and Reason wait on wrinkled Age!
 My Heart shall never countermand mine Eye,
 Sad Pause, and deep Regard befits the Sage;
 My part is Youth, and beats them from the Stage.
 Desire my Pilot is, Beauty my Prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such Treasure lies?

As Corn o'er-grown by Weeds, so heedful Fear
 Is almost cloak'd by unresisted Lust.
 Away he steals with open list'ning Ear,
 Full of foul Hope, and full of fond Mistrust:
 Both which, as Servitors to the Unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite Persuasion,
 That now he vows a League, and now Invasion.

Within his Thought her heavenly Image sits,
 And in the self-same Seat sits *Colatine*:
 That Eye which looks on her, confounds his Wits;
 That Eye which him beholds, as more Divine,
 Unto a View so false will not incline:
 But with a pure *Appeal* seeks to the Heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worse part.

And

And therein heartens up his servile Powers,
 Who flatter'd by their Leaders jocund show,
 Stuffup his Lust, as Minutes fill up Hours;
 And as their Captain so their Pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish Tribute, than they owe.
 By reprobate Desire thus madly led,
 The *Roman* Lord doth march to *Lucrece*' Bed.

The Locks between her Chamber and his Will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, recites his Ward;
 But as they open, they all rate his Ill,
 Which drives the creeping Thief to some Regard:
 The Threshold grates the Door to have him heard;
 Night-wandering Weezels shreek to see him there,
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his Fear.

As each unwilling Portal yields him way,
 Thro little Vents and Crannies of the Place,
 The Wind wars with his Torch to make him stay,
 And blows the Smoak of it into his Face,
 Extinguishing his Conduct in this Case.
 But his hot Heart, which fond Desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another Wind that fires the Torch.

And being lighted by the Light, he spies
Lucrecia's Glove, wherein the Needle sticks;
 He takes it from the Rushes where it lies,
 And griping it, the Needle his Finger pricks:
 As who should say, this Glove to wantun Tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
 Thou seest our Mistress' Ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor Forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst Sense construes their Denial:
 The Doors, the Wind, the Glove, that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental Things of Trial,
 Or as those Bars, which stop the hourly Dial;
 Which with a lingring Stay his Course doth let,
 Till every Minute pays the Hour his Debt.

So, so, quoth he, these Lets attend the Time,
 Like little Frosts, that sometime threat the Spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the Prime,
 And give the sneaped Birds more Cause to sing,
 Pain pays the Income of each precious thing;
 Huge Rocks, high Winds, strong Pirates, Shelves and
 The Merchant fears, e'er rich at home he lands. [Sands.

Now is he come unto the Chamber-Door,
 That shuts him from the Heaven of his Thought,
 Which with a yielding Latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
 So from himself Impiety hath wrought;
 That for his Prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the Heavens should countenance his Sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful Prayer,
 Having solicited th' Eternal Power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair Fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the Hour;
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must devour!
 The Powers to whom I pray, abhor this Fact,
 How can they then assist me in the Act?

Then Love and Fortune be my Gods, my Guide,
 My Will is back'd with Resolution:
 Thoughts are but Dreams till their Effects be try'd,
 Black Sin is cleared with Absolution;
 Against Love's Fire, Fear's Frost hath Dissolution.
 The Eye of Heaven is out, and misty Night
 Covers the Shame, that follows sweet Delight.

This said, the guilty Hand pluck'd up the Latch,
 And with his Knee the Door he opens wide;
 The Dove sleeps fast, that this Night-Owl will catch;
 Thus Treason works e'er Traitors be espy'd.
 Who sees the lurking Serpent, steps aside;
 But she sound-sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the Mercy of his mortal Sting.

Into the Chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained Bed :
 The Curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy Eye-balls in his Head,
 By their high Treason in his Heart misled ;
 Which gives the Watch-word to his Hand too soon,
 To draw the Cloud that hides the silver Moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed Sun,
 Rushing from forth a Cloud, bereaves our Sight ;
 Even so the Curtain drawn, his Eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater Light :
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
 That dazleth them, or else some Shame suppos'd ;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves inclos'd.

O had they in that darksome Prison died !
 Then had they seen the Period of their Ill ;
 Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece*' Side,
 In his clear Bed might have reposed still.
 But they must ope, this blessed League to kill ;
 And holy-thoughted *Lucrece*, to their Sight
 Must sell her Joy, her Life, her World's Delight.

Her lilly Hand her rosy Cheek lies under,
 Cozening the Pillow of a lawful Kiss ;
 Which therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either Side to want his Bliss :
 Between whose Hills, her Head intombed is ;
 Where like a virtuous Monument she lies,
 To be admir'd of leud unhallow'd Eyes.

Without the Bed her other fair Hand was,
 On the green Coverlet, whose perfect White
 Shew'd like an *April* Daizy on the Grass,
 With pearly Sweat, resembling Dew of Night.
 Her Eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their Light,
 And canopy'd in Darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the Day.

Her Hair like golden Threads play'd with her Breath;
O modest wantons! wanton Modesty!
Shewing Life's Triumph in the Map of Death,
And Death's dim Look in Life's Mortality.
Each in her Sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no Strife,
But that Life liv'd in Death, and Death in Life.

Her Breasts like Ivory Globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden Worlds unconquered,
Save of their Lord, no bearing Yoke they knew,
And him by Oath they truly honoured.
These Worlds in *Tarquin*, new Ambition bred,
Who like a foul Usurper went about,
From this fair Throne to have the Owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his Will his wilful Eye he tir'd.
With more than Admiration he admir'd
Her Azure Veins, her Alabaster Skin,
Her Coral Lips, her Snow-white dimpled Chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth o'er his Prey,
Sharp Hunger by the Conquest satisfy'd:
So o'er this sleeping Sou' doth *Tarquin* stay,
His Rage of Lust by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not supprest; for standing by her Side,
His Eye which late this Mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater Uproar tempts his Veins.

And they, like straggling Slaves for Pillage fighting,
Obdurate Vassals, sell Exploits effecting,
In bloody Death and Ravishment delighting,
Nor Childrens Tears, nor Mothers Groans respecting,
Swell in their Pride, the Onset still expecting.
Anon his beating Heart alarum striking,
Gives the hot Charge, and bids them do their Liking.

His drumming Heart cheers up his burning Eye;
 His Eye commends the leading to his Hand;
 His Hand, as proud of such a Dignity,
 Smoaking with Pride, march'd on to make his Stand
 On her bare Breasts, the Heart of all her Land;
 Whose Ranks of blue Veins, as his Hand did scale,
 Left their round Turrets destitute and pale.

They must'ring to the quiet Cabinet,
 Where their dear Governess and Lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with Confusion of their Cries.
 She much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up Eyes;
 Who peeping forth, this Tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming Torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of Night,
 Forth from dull Sleep by dreadful Fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly Sprite,
 Whose grim Aspect sets every Joint a shaking,
 What Terror 'tis? but she in worser taking,
 From Sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The Sight, which makes supposed Terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand Fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd Bird she trembling lies:
 She dares not look, yet winking there appear
 Quick-shifting Anticks ugly in her Eyes,
 Such Shadows are the weak Brain's Forgeries;
 Who angry that the Eyes fly from their Lights,
 In Darknests daunts them with more dreadful Sights.

His Hand, that yet remains upon her Breast,
 (Rude Ram! to batter such an Ivory Wall)
 May feel her Heart (poor Citizen!) distressed,
 Wounding it self to Death, rise up, and fall,
 Beating her Bulk, that his Hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more Rage, and lesser Pity,
 To make the Breach, and enter this sweet City.

First like a Trumpet doth his Tongue begin
To sound a Parley to his heartless Foe,
Who o'er the white Sheet peers her whiter Chin,
The Reason of this Alarum to know,
Which he by dumb Demeanor seeks to show;
But she with vehement Prayers urgeth still,
Under what Colour he commits this Ill.

Thus he replies: The Colour in thy Face,
That ev'n for Anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the Red-Rose blush at her own Disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving Tale.
Under that Colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd Fort, the Fault is thine,
For those thine Eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy Beauty hath insnar'd thee to this Night,
Where thou with Patience must my Will abide;
My Will, that marks thee for my Earth's Delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my Might.
But as Reproot and Reason beat it dead,
By thy bright Beauty it was newly bred.

I see what Crosses my Attempts will bring;
I know what Thorns the growing Rose defends;
I think the Honey guarded with a Sting.
All this before-hand Counsel comprehends;
But Will is deaf, and hears no heedful Friends.
Only he hath an Eye to gaze on Beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst Law, or Duty.

I have debated even in my Soul,
What Wrong, what Shame, what Sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can Affection's Course controul,
Or stop the headlong Fury of his Speed.
I know repentant Tears insue the Deed,
Reproach, Disdain, and deadly Enmity;
Yet strive I to imbrace mine Infamy.

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This said, he shakes aloft his *Roman* Blade,
Which like a Faulcon tow'ring in the Skies,
Coucheth the Fowl below with his Wings Shade,
Whose crooked Beak threats, if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting Fauchion liés
Harmless *Lucretia*, marking what he tells,
With trembling Fear, as Fowls hear Faulcon's Bells.

Lucrece quoth he, this Night I must enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then Force must work my way ;
For in thy Bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless Slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine Honour with thy Life's Decay ;
And in thy dead Arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy surviving Husband shall remain
The scornful Mark of every open Eye ;
Thy Kinsmen hang their Heads at this Disdain,
Thy Issue blur'd with nameless Bastardy ;
And thou the Author of their Obloquy,
Shalt have thy Trespas cited up in Rhimes,
And sung by Children in succeeding Times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret Friend,
The Fault unknown is, as a Thought unacted ;
A little Harm done to a great good End
For lawful Policy remains enacted.
The poisonous Simple sometimes is compacted
In purest Compounds ; being so apply'd,
His Venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy Husband, and thy Children's sake,
Tender my Suit, bequeth not to their Lot
The Shame, that from them no Device can take,
The Blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish Wipe, or Birth-hour's Blot :
For Marks describ'd in Mens Nativity,
Are Nature's Faults, not their own Infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead-killing Eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a Pause;
While she, the Picture of true Piety,
Like a white Hind beneath the Gripe's sharp Claws,
Pleads in a Wilderness, where are no Laws,
To the rough Beast, that knows no gentle Right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul Appetite.

As when a black-fac'd Cloud the World does threat,
In his dim Mist th' aspiring Mountain hiding,
From Earth's dark Womb some gentle Gust does get,
Which blow these pitchy Vapours from their bidding,
Hindring their present Fall by this dividing.
So his unhallow'd haste her Words delays,
And moody *Pluto* winks while *Orpheus* plays.

Like foul night-waking *Cat* he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast Foot the weak *Mouſe* panteth;
Her sad Behaviour feeds his Vulture Folly,
A swallowing Gulf, that e'en in Plenty wanteth.
His Ear her Prayers admits, but his Heart granteth
No penetrable Entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden Lust, tho Marble wears with raining.

Her Pity-pleading Eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless Wrinkles of his Face;
Her modest Eloquence with Sighs is mix'd,
Which to her Oratory adds more Grace.
She puts the Period often from his Place,
And midst the Sentence so her Accent breaks,
That 'twice she doth begin, e'er once she speaks.

She conjures him, By high Almighty *Jove*;
By Knighthood, Gentry, and sweet Friendship's Oath;
By her untimely Tears, her Husband's Love;
By holy human Law, and common Troth;
By Heaven and Earth, and all the Power of both:
That to his borrow'd Bed he make retire,
And stoop to Honour, not to foul Desire,

Quoth she, reward not Hospitality
 With such black Payment as thou hast pretended;
 Mud not the Fountain that gave Drink to thee,
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
 End thy ill Aim, before thy Shoot be ended.
 He is no Wood-man that doth bend his Bow,
 To strike a poor unseasonable Doe.

My Husband is thy Friend, for his sake spare me;
 Thy self art mighty, for thy own sake leave me;
 My self a Weakling do not then insnare me;
 Thou look'st not like Deceit, do not deceive me;
 My Sighs like Whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever Man was mov'd with Woman's Moans,
 Be moved with my Tears, my Sighs, my Groans.

All which together, like a troubled Ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening Heart,
 To soften it with their continual Motion;
 For Stones dissolv'd to Water do convert.
 O! if no harder than a Stone thou art,
 Melt at my Tears, and be compassionate!
 Soft Pity enters at an Iron Gate.

In *Tarquin's* Likeness I did entertain thee,
 Hast thou put on his Shape to do him shame?
 To all the Host of Heaven I complain me;
 Thou wrong'st his Honour, wound'st his Princely Name:
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;
 For Kings, like Gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy Shame be seeded in thine Age,
 When thus thy Vices bud before thy Spring?
 If in thy Hope thou dar'st do such Outrage,
 What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a King?
 O! be remembred, no outrageous thing
 From Vassal Actors can be wip'd away,
 Then Kings Misdeeds cannot be hid in Clay.

This Deed shall make thee only lov'd for Fear,
 But happy Monarchs still are fear'd for Love:
 With foul Offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like Offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy Will remove.
 For Princes are the Glas, the School, the Book,
 Where Subjects Eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the School where Lust shall learn?
 Must he in thee read Lectures of such Shame?
 Wilt thou be Glas, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for Sin, Warrant for Blame?
 To privilege Dishonour in thy Name,
 Thou back'st Reproach against long-living Laud,
 And mak'st fair Reputation but a Bawd.

Hast thou commanded? by Him that gave it thee
 From a pure Heart command thy rebel Will:
 Draw not thy Sword to guard Iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that Brood to kill.
 Thy Princely Office how canst thou fulfil,
 When pattern'd by thy Fault, foul Sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Think but how vile a Spectacle it were,
 To view thy present Trespas in another:
 Mens Faults do seldom to themselves appear,
 Their own Transgressions partially they smother:
 This Guilt would seem death-worthy in thy Brother.
 O! how are they wrapt in with Infamies,
 That from their own Misdeeds askaunce their Eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up Hands appeal,
 Not to seducing Lust's outrageous Fire;
 I sue for exil'd Majesty's Repeal,
 Let him return and flattering Thoughts retire.
 His true Respect will prison false Desire,
 And wipe the dim Mist from thy doting Eyne,
 That thou shalt see thy State, and pity mine.

Have

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled Tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this Let;
 Small Lights are soon blown out, huge Fires abide,
 And with the Wind in greater Fury fret:
 The petty Streams that pay a daily Debt
 To their salt Sovereign with their fresh false haste,
 Add to his Flow, but alter not the Taste.

Thou art (quoth she) a Sea, a Sovereign King,
 And lo! there falls into thy boundless Flood
 Black Lust, Dishonour, Shame, Milgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the Ocean of thy Blood.
 If all these petty Ills should change thy Good,
 Thy Sea within a puddle Womb is burs'd,
 And not the Puddle in thy Sea dispers'd.

So shall these Slaves be King, and thou their Slave;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Thou their fair Life, and they thy fouler Grave;
 Thou loathed in thy Shame, they in thy Pride:
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The Cedar stoops not to the base Shrub's Foot,
 But low Shrubs wither at the Cedar's Root.

So lett thy Thoughts low Vassals to thy State,—
 No more, quoth he, by Heav'n I will not hear thee:
 Yield to my Love; if not, enforced Hate,
 Instead of Love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base Bed of some Rascal Groom,
 To be thy Partner in this shameful Doom.

This said, he sets his Foot upon the Light,
 For Light and Lust are deadly Enemies:
 Shame folded up in blind concealing Night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The Wolf has seiz'd his Prey, the poor Lamb cries,
 Till with her own white Fleece her Voice controul'd,
 Intombs her Outcry in her Lips sweet Fold.

For with the nightly Linnen that she wears,
He pens her piteous Clamours in her Head,
Cooling his hot Face in the chastest Tears,
That ever modest Eyes with Sorrow shed.
O that foul Lust should stain so pure a Bed!
The Spots whereof, could Weeping purify,
Her Tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than Life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced League doth force a further Strife,
This momentary Joy breeds Months of Pain,
This hot Desire converts to cold Disdain.
Pure Chastity is rifled of her Store.
And Lust the Thief far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawk,
Unapt for tender Smell, or speedy Flight,
Make slow Pursuit, or altogether balk
The Prey wherein by Nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking *Tarquin* fears this Night;
His Taste delicious, in Digestion souring,
Devours his Will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper Sin, than bottomless Conceit
Can comprehend in still Imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his Receipt,
E'er he can see his own Abomination.
While Lust is in his Pride, no Exclamation
Can curb his Heat, or rein his rash Desire,
Till, like a Jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd Cheek,
With heavy Eye, knit Brow, and strengthless Pace,
Feeble Desire all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a Bankrupt Beggar wails his Case:
The Flesh being proud, Desire does fight with Grace.
For there it revels and when that decays,
The guilty Rebel for Remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of *Rome*,
 Who this Accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
 For now against himself he sounds this Doom,
 That thro the length of time he stands disgrac'd:
 Besides, his Soul's fair Temple is defac'd;
 To whose weak Ruins muster Troops of Cares,
 To ask the spotted Princess how she fares.

She says, her Subjects with foul Insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated Wall,
 And by their mortal Fault brought in subjection
 Her Immortality, and made her thrall
 To living Death, and Pain perpetual:
 Which in her Prescience she controul'd still,
 But her Foresight could not fore-stall their Will.

E'en in this Thought thro the dark Night he stealeth,
 A Captive Victor, that hath lost in Gain:
 Bearing away the Wound, that nothing healeth,
 The Scar that will, despite of Cure, remain:
 Leaving his Spoil perplex'd in greater Pain.
 She bears the Load of Lust he left behind,
 And he the Burden of a guilty Mind.

He like a thievish Dog creeps sadly thence,
 She like a weary'd Lamb lies panting there:
 He scowls and hates himself for his Offence,
 She desperate, with her Nails her Flesh doth tear:
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty Fear;
 She stays exclaiming on the direful Night,
 He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd Delight.

He thence departs a heavy Convertite;
 She there remains a hopeless Cast away:
 He in his speed looks for the Morning-Light;
 She prays she never may behold the Day:
 For Day (quoth she) Night-Scapes doth open lay;
 And my true Eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloake Offences with a cunning Brow.

They think not but that every Eye can see
The same Disgrace, which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in Darkness lie,
To have their unseen Sin remain untold.
For they their Guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like Water that doth eat in Steel,
Upon their Cheeks what helpless Shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against Repose and Rest,
And bids her Eyes hereafter still be blind:
She wakes her Heart, by beating on her Breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer Chest to close so pure a Mind.
Frantick with Grief thus breathes she forth her Spight
Against the unseen Secrecy of Night.

O Comfort-killing Night! Image of Hell!
Dim Register! and Notary of Shame!
Black Stage for Tragedies and Murders fell!
Vast Sin-concealing *Chaos*! Nurse of Blame!
Blind muffled Bawd! dark Harbour of Defame!
Grim Cave of Death! whispering Conspirator
With close-tongued Treason, and the Ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless Crime,
Must'ring thy Mists to meet the Eastern Light,
Make war against proportion'd Course of time:
Or if thou wilt permit the Sun to climb
His wonted height, yet e'er he go to bed,
Knit poisonous Clouds about his golden Head.

With rotten Damps ravish the Morning Air,
Let their exhal'd unwholesome Breaths make sick
The Life of Purity, the supreme Fair,
E'er he arrive his weary Noon-tide Prick:
And let thy misty Vapours march so thick,
That in their smoaky Ranks his smother'd Light
May set at Noon, and make perpetual Night.

Were

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Were *Tarquin* Night, as he is but Night's Child;
 The silver-shining Queen him would disdain;
 Her twinkling Handmaids too (by him defil'd)
 Thro Night's black Bosom should not peep again,
 So should I have Copartners in my Pain:
 And Fellowship in Woe doth Woe assuage,
 As Palmers that make short their Pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to blush with me?
 To cross their Arms, and hang their Heads with mine;
 To mask their Brows, and hide their Infamy.
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine;
 Seasoning the Earth with Showers of Silver Brine;
 Mingling my Talk with Tears, my Grief with Groans,
 Poor wasting Monuments of lasting Moans.

O Night! thou Furnace of foul-recking Smoke!
 Let not the jealous Day behold that Face,
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding Cloke
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with Disgrace.
 Keep still Possession of thy gloomy Place,
 That all the Faults, which in thy Reign are made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy Shade.

Make me not Object to the Tell-tale Day;
 The Light shall shew character'd in my Brow,
 The Story of sweet Chastity's Decay,
 The Impious Breach of holy Wedlock's Vow.
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned Books,
 Will quote my loathsome Trespas in my Looks.

The Nurse, to still her Child, will tell my Story,
 And fright her crying Babe with *Tarquin's* Name:
 The Orator, to deck his Oratory,
 Will couple my Reproach to *Tarquin's* Shame.
 Feast-finding Minstrels, tuning my Defame,
 Will tye the Hearers to attend each Line,
 How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my good Name, that senseless Reputation,
For *Colatine's* dear Love be kept unspotted;
If that be made a Theme for Disputation,
The Branches of another Root are rotted,
And undeserv'd Reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, e'er this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseen Shame! invisible Disgrace!
O unfelt Sore! crest-wounding private Scar!
Reproach is stamp't in *Colatinus'* Face,
And *Tarquin's* Eye may read the Mote afar,
How he in Peace is wounded, not in War.
Alas! how many bear such shameful Blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows?

If, *Colatine*, thine Honour lay in me,
From me, by strong Assault, it is bereft:
My Honey lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Have no Perfection of my Summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious Theft:
In thy weak Hive a wandering Wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the Honey which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy Honour's Wreck?
Yet for thy Honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been Dishonour to disdain him.
Besides, of Weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of Virtue: O unlook'd for Evil!
When Virtue is profan'd in such a Devil!

Why should the Worm intrude the maiden Bud?
Or hateful Cuckows hatch in Sparrows Nests?
Or Toads infect fair Founts with venom Mud?
Or Tyrant Folly lurk in gentle Breasts?
Or Kings be Breakers of their own Benefits?
But no Perfection is so absolute,
That some Impurity doth not pollute.

The aged Man, that coffers up his Gold,
 Is plagu'd with Cramps, and Gouts, and painful Fits;
 And scarce hath Eyes his Treasure to behold:
 But still like pining *Tantalus* he sits,
 And useles bansthe Harvest of his Wits.
 Having no other Pleasure of his Gain,
 But Torment, that it cannot cure his Pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his Young,
 Who in their Pride do presently abuse it:
 Their Father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursed blessed Fortune long.
 The Sweets we wish for turn to loathed Sours,
 E'en in the Moment that we call them ours.

Unruly Blasts wait on the tender Spring;
 Unwholesom Weeds take root with precious Flowers;
 The Adder hisseth where the sweet Birds sing;
 What Vertue breeds, Iniquity devours:
 We have no good, that we can say is ours;
 But ill-annexed Opportunity,
 Or kills his Life, or else his Quality.

O! *Opportunity!* thy Guilt is great;
 'Tis thou, that execut'st the Traitor's Treason:
 Thou set'st the Wolf where he the Lamb may get;
 Whoever plots the Sin, thou point'st the Season:
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at Right, at Law, at Reason;
 And in thy shady Ce'l, where none may spy her,
 Sits Sin to seize the Souls, that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the Vestal violate her Oath;
 Thou blow'st the Fire when Temperance is thaw'd:
 Thou smother'st Honesty, thou murder'st Troth;
 Thou foul Abettor, thou notorious Baw'd!
 Thou plantest Scandal, and displacest Laud:
 Thou Ravisher, thou Traitor, thou false Thief!
 Thy Hony turns to Gall, thy Joy to Grief.

Thy secret Pleasure turns to open Shame;
 Thy private Feasting to a publick Fast;
 Thy smothering Titles to a ragged Name;
 Thy sugar'd Tongue to bitter Worm-wood Taste;
 Thy violent Vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such Numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble Suppliant's Friend,
 And bring him where his Suit may be obtain'd?
 When wilt thou sort an Hour great Strifes to end?
 Or free that Soul, which Wretchedness hath chain'd?
 Give Physick to the sick, Ease to the pain'd?
 The Poor, Lame, Blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee?
 But they ne'er met with Opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Physician sleeps;
 The Orphan pines while the Oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the Widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while Infection breeds:
 Thou grant'st no Time for charitable Deeds.
 Wrath, Envy, Treason, Rape, and Murder rages;
 Thy heinous Hours wait on them, as their Pages,

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
 A thousand Crosses keep them from thy Aid;
 They buy thy Help: but Sin ne'er gives a Fee;
 He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid,
 As well to hear, as grant what he hath said:
 My *Colatine* would else have come to me,
 When *Tarquin* did; but he was staid by Thee,

Guilty thou art of Murder, and of Theft;
 Guilty of Perjury, and Subornation;
 Guilty of Treason, Forgery and Shift;
 Guilty of Incest, that Abomination;
 An Accessary by thine Inclination
 To all Sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the Creation to the General Doom,

Mishapen *Time*, Copesemate of ugly Night;
 Swift subtil Post, Carrier of grisly Care;
 Eater of Youth, false Slave to false Delight,
 Bale Watch of Woes, Sin's Pack-horse, Vertue's Snare!
 Thou nurfest all, and murderest all that are.

O! hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my Death, since of my Crime.

Why hath thy Servant *Opportunity*
 Betray'd the Hours, thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancel'd my Fortunes, and in chained me
 To endless Date of never-ending Woes?
 Time's Office is to find the Hate of Foes,
 To eat up Error by Opinion bred;
 Not spend the Dowry of a lawful Bed.

Time's Glory is to calm contending Kings;
 To unmask Falshood, and bring Truth to light;
 To stamp the Seal of Time on aged things;
 To wake the Morn, and centinel the Night;
 To wrong the Wronger till he render Right;
 To ruinate proud Buildings with thy Hours,
 And smear with Dust their glittering golden Towers:

To fill With Worm-holes stately Monuments;
 To feed Oblivion with Decay of things;
 To blot old Books, and alter their Contents;
 To pluck the Quills from antient Ravens Wings;
 To dry the old Oak's Sap, and cherish Springs;
 To spoil Antiquities of hammer'd Steel,
 And turn the giddy Round of Fortune's Wheel:

To shew the Beldame Daughters of her Daughter;
 To make the Child a Man, the Man a Child;
 To slay the Tyger, that doth live by Slaughter;
 To tame the Unicorn, and Lion wild;
 To mock the Subtle, in themselves beguill'd;
 To chear the Plowman with increaseful Crops,
 And waste huge Stones with little Water-drops.

Why work'st thou Mischief in thy Pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring Minute in an Age,
Would purchaseth thee a thousand thousand Friends;
Lending him Wit, that to bad Debtors lends.
O! this dread Night! would'st thou one Hour come back,
I could prevent this Storm, and shun this Wrack.

Thou ceaseless Lucky to Eternity,
With some Mischance cross *Tarquin* in his Flight;
Devise Extremes beyond Extremity,
To make him curse this curst criminal Night:
Let ghastly Shadows his lewd Eyes affright;
And the dire Thought of his committed Evil
Shape every Bush a hideous shapeless Devil.

Disturb his Hours of Rest with restless Trances;
Afflict him in his Bed with bedrid Groans:
Let there bechance him pitiful Mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his Moans:
Stone him with harden'd Hearts harder than Stones;
And let mild Women to him lose their Mildness;
Wilder to him than Tygers in their Wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled Hair;
Let him have time against himself to rave;
Let him have time of time's Help to despair;
Let him have time to live a loathed Slave;
Let him have time a Beggar's Orbs to crave,
And time to see one, that by Alms does live,
Disdain to him disdain'd Scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his Friends his Foes,
And merry Fools, to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow Time goes,
In time of Sorrow; and how swift and short
His time of Folly, and his time of Sport:
And ever let his unrecalling Time
Have time to wail th' abusing of his Time.

O! Time! thou Tutor both to Good, and Bad!
 Teach me to curse him, that thou taught'st this Ill;
 At his own Shadow let the Thief run mad,
 Himself, himself seek every Hour to kill:
 Such wretched Hands such wretched Blood should spill!
 For who so base would such an Office have,
 As slanderous Deaths-man to so base a Slave?

The baser is he coming from a King,
 To shame his Hope with Deeds degenerate;
 The mightier Man, the mightier is the Thing,
 That makes him honour'd or begets him Hate:
 For greatest Scandal waits on greatest State.
 The Moon being clouded presently is mist;
 But little Stars may hide them, when they list,

The Crow may bathe his cole-black Wings in Mire,
 And unperceiv'd fly with the Filth away;
 But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
 The Stain upon his silver Down will stay.
 Poor Grooms are fightless Night, Kings glorious Day.
 Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
 But Eagles gaz'd upon with every Eye.

Oh! idle Words, Servants to shallow Fools!
 Unprofitable Sounds, weak Arbitrators!
 Busy your selves in skill-contending Schools;
 Debate, where Leisure serves, with dull Debators:
 To trembling Clients be their Mediators:
 For me I force not Argument a straw,
 Since that my Case is past all Help of Law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 At Time, at *Tarquin*, and unsearchful Night!
 In vain I cavil with mine Infamy,
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd Despight:
 This helpless Smoke of Words doth me no Right.
 The Remedy indeed to do me good,
 Is to let forth my foul defiled Blood.

Poor Hand! why quiver'st thou at this Decree?
Honour thy self to rid me of this Shame:
For if I die, my Honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my Defame;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal Dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked Foe,
Kill both thy self, and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled Couch she starts,
To find some desperate Instrument of Death;
But this no Slaughter-house, no Tool imparts,
To make more Vent for Passage of her Breath,
Which thronging thro her Lips so vanisheth,
As Smoke from *Ætna*, that in Air consumes,
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes,

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless Life:
I fear'd by *Tarquin's* Fauchion to be slain;
Yet for the self-same Purpose seek a Knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal Wife;
So am I now: Oh no! that cannot be;
Of that true Type hath *Tarquin* rissled me.

Oh! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this Spot by Death (at least) I give
A Badge of Fame to Slander's Livery,
A dying Life to living Infamy.
Poor helpless Help, the Treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless Casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear *Colatine*! thou shalt not know
The stained Taste of violated Troth:
I will not wrong thy true Affection so,
To flatter thee with an intringed Oath:
This bastard Grass shall never come to Growth.
He shall not boast, who did thy Stock pollute,
That thou art doating Father of his Fruit.

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Nor shall he smile at Thee in secret Thought,
Nor laugh with his Companions at thy State:
But thou shalt know thy Interest was not bought,
Basely with Gold, but stoln from forth thy Gate.
For me, I am the Mistress of my Fate,
And with my Trespasse never will dispense,
Till Life to Death acquit my first Offence.

I will not poison Thee with my Attaint,
Nor fold my Fault in cleanly coin'd Excuses;
My sable Ground of Sin I will not paint,
To hide the Truth of this false Night's Abuses:
My Tongue shall utter all; mine Eyes, like Sluices,
As from a Mountain Spring that feeds a Dale,
Shall gush pure Streams to purge my impure Tale.

By this lamenting *Philomel* had ended
The well-tun'd Warble of her Nightly Sorrow;
And solemn Night with slow sad Gate descended
To ugly Hell; when lo! the blushing Morrow
Lends Light to all fair Eyes, that Light would borrow:
But cloudy *Lucrece* shames her self to see,
And therefore still in Night would cloister'd be.

Revealing Day through every Cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks, O! Eye of Eyes!
Why pry'st thou thro my Window? Leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling Beams Eyes that are sleeping.
Brand not my Forehead with thy piercing Light;
For Day hath nought to do what's done by Night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.
True Grief is fond, and testy as a Child,
Who way-ward once, his Mood with nought agrees.
Old Woes, not infant Sorrow's bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild
Like an unpractis'd Swimmer plunging still,
With too much Labour drowns for want of Skill.

So she deep-trenched in a Sea of Care,
Holds Disputation with each thing she views;
And to her self all Sorrow doth compare,
No Object but her Passions Strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.
Sometimes her Grief is dumb, and hath no Words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much Talk affords.

The little Birds, that tune their Mornings Joy,
Make her Moans mad with their sweet Melody.
For Mirth doth search the Bottom of Annoy?
Sad Souls are slain in merry Company;
Grief best is pleas'd with Grief's Society.
True Sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
When with like Semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double Death to drown in ken of Shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding Food:
To see the Salve doth make the Wound ake more;
Great Grief grieves most at that will do it good;
Deep Woes roll forward like a gentle Flood,
Which, being stoppt, the bounding Banks o'erflows:
Grief dallied with, nor Law, nor Limit knows.

You mocking Birds, quoth she, your Tunes intomb
Within your hollow swelling feather'd Breasts;
And in my hearing be you ever dumb;
My restless Discord loves no Stops nor Rests:
A woeful Hostess brooks not merry Guests.
Relish your nimble Notes to pleasing Ears,
Distress likes Dumps, when Time is kept with Tears.

Come *Philomel* that sing'st of Ravishment,
Make thy sad Grove in my dishevel'd Hair:
As the dank Earth weeps at thy Languishment,
So I at each sad Strain will strain my Tear,
And with deep Groans the *Diapason* bear.
For Burden-wise I'll hum on *Tarquin* still,
While thou on *Tereus* descant'st better Skill.

And while against a Thorn thou bear'st thy Part,
 To keep thy sharp Woes waking; wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my Heart
 Will fix a sharp Knife, to affright mine Eye,
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These Means; as Frets upon an Instrument,
 Shall tune our Heartstrings to true Languishment.

And for, poor Bird, thou sing'st not in the Day,
 As shaming any Eye should thee behold;
 Some dark deep Defart seated from the Way,
 That knows not parching Heat, nor freezing Cold,
 We will find out; and there we will unfold
 To Creatures stern, sad Tunes to change their Kinds:
 Since Men prove Beasts, let Beasts bear gentle Minds.

As the poor frightened Deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly;
 Or one incompast with a winding Maze,
 That cannot tread the Way out readily:
 So with her self is she in mutiny,
 To live or die, which of the twain were better,
 When Life is sham'd, and Death reproaches Debtor.

To kill my self, quoth she, alack! what were it,
 But with my Body my poor Soul's Pollution?
 They that lose half, with greater Patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in Confusion.
 That Mother tries a merciless Conclusion,
 Who having two sweet Babes, when Death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be Nurse to none.

My Body, or my Soul, which was the dearer,
 When the one pure, the other made divine?
 Whose Love of either to my self was nearer,
 When both were kept from Heaven, and *Colatime*?
 Ay me! the Bark peal'd from the lofty Pine,
 His Leaves will wither, and his Sap decay;
 So must my Soul, her Bark being peal'd away.

Her House is sack'd, her Quiet interrupted;
 Her Mansion batter'd by the Enemy;
 Her sacred Temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly ingirt with daring Infamy.
 Then let it not be call'd Impiety,
 If in this blemish'd Fort I make some Hole,
 Thro which I may convey this troubled Soul.

Yet die I will not, till my *Colatine*
 Have heard the Cause of my untimely Death;
 That he may vow, in that sad Hour of mine,
 Revenge on him, that made me stop my Breath.
 My stained Blood to *Tarquin* I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
 And as his due, writ in my Testament.

My Honour I'll bequeath unto the Knife,
 That wounds my Body so dishonoured:
 'Tis Honour to deprive dishonour'd Life;
 The one will live, the other being dead:
 So of Shame's Ashes shall my Fame be bred.
 For in my Death I'll order shameful Scorn;
 My Shame so dead, my Honour is new born.

Dear Lord of that dear Jewel I have lost!
 What Legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
 My Resolution, Love, shall be thy Boast,
 By whose Example thou reveng'd may'st be:
 How *Tarquin* must be us'd, read it in mine.
 Myself thy Friend, will kill my self thy Foe;
 And for my sake serve thou false *Tarquin* so.

This brief Abridgment of my Will I make:
 My Soul and Body to the Skies, and Ground;
 My Resolution (Husband) do you take;
 My Honour be the Knife's, that makes my Wound;
 My Shame be his, that did my Fame confound;
 And all my Fame that lives, disburied be
 To those that live, and think no Shame of me.

When

Her

When *Colatine* shall oversee this Will,
 How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it?
 My Blood shall wash the Slander of mine Ill;
 My Life's foul Deed, my Life's fair End shall free it.
 Faint not, faint Heart, but stoutly say, so be it;
 Yeild to my Hand, and that shall conquer thee;
 Thou dead, that dies, and both shall Victors be.

This Plot of Death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish Pearl from her bright Eyes;
 With untun'd Tongue she hoarsly call'd her Maid,
 Whose swift Obedience to her Mistress hies;
 For fleet-wing'd Duty with Thought's Feathers flies,
 Poor *Lucrece*'s Cheeks unto her Maid seem so,
 As Winter Meads, when Sun does melt their Snow.

Her Mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft slow Tongue, true Marks of Modesty;
 And sorts a sad Look to her Lady's Sorrow,
 (For why, her Face wore Sorrow's Livery)
 But durst not ask of her audaciously,
 Why her two Suns were cloud-eclipsed so;
 Nor why her fair Cheeks over-wash'd with Woe.

But as the Earth doth weep, the Sun being set,
 Each Flower moisten'd like a melting Eye:
 E'en so the Maid with swelling Drops'gan wet
 Her circled Eyne, enforc'd by Sympathy
 Of those Fair Suns, set in her Mistress' Sky;
 Who in a salt-wav'd Ocean quench their Light,
 Which makes the Maid weep like the dewy Night.

A pretty while these pretty Creatures stand,
 Like Ivory Conduits Coral Cisterns filling:
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
 No Cause, but Company, of her Drops spilling;
 Their gentle Sex to weep are often willing;
 Grieving themselves to ghes at other Smarts;
 And then they drown their Eyes, or break their Hearts.

For Men have marble, Women waxen Minds,
And therefore they are form'd as Marble will:
The Weak oppress, th' Impression of strange Kinds
Is form'd in them by Force, by Fraud, or Skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their Ill;
No more than Wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp't the Semblance of a Devil.

Their Smoothness, like an even Champain Plain,
Lays open all the little Worms that creep.
In Men, as in a rough-grown Grove remain
Cave-keeping Evils, that obscurely sleep;
Thro' Christal Walls each little Mote will peep.
Tho' Men can cover Crimes with bold stern Looks,
Poor Womens Faces are their own Faults Books.

No Man inveighs against the wither'd Flower,
But chides rough Winter, that the Flower has kill'd:
Not that's devour'd, but that, which doth devour,
Is worthy Blame: O let it not be held
Poor Womens Faults; that they are so fulfill'd
With Mens Abuses; those proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-made Women Tenants to their Shame.

The Precedent whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Assail'd by Night with Circumstances strong
Of present Death and Shame that might ensue,
By that her Death to do her Husband Wrong;
Such danger to Resistance did belong,
The dying Fear thro' all her Body spread,
And who cannot abuse a Body dead?

By this mild Patience did fair *Lucrece* speak
To the poor Counterfeit of her Complaining.
My Girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those Tears from thee, that down thy Cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for Grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle Wench, it small avails my Mood;
If Tears cou'd help, mine own would do me good,

But

But tell me, Girl, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deep Groan) *Tarquin* from hence?
 Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the Maid)
 The more to blame my sluggish Negligence:
 Yet with the Fault I thus far can dispense;
 My self was stirring e'er the break of Day,
 And e'er I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your Maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your Heaviness.
 O peace! (quoth *Lucrece* if it should be told,
 The Repetition cannot make it less;
 For more it is than I can well express:
 And that deep Torture may be call'd a Hell,
 When more is felt, than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither Paper, Ink, and Pen;
 Yet save that Labour, for I have them here:
 (What should I say?) one of my Husband's Men
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
 A Letter to my Lord, my Love, my Dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The Cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her Maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the Paper with her Quill;
 Conceit and Grief an eager Combat fight,
 What Wit sets down is blotted still with Will;
 This is too curious good, this blunt and ill:
 Much like a Preis of People at a Door,
 Throng her Inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou, worthy Lord
 Of that unworthy Wife, that greeteth thee;
 Health to thy Person, next vouchsafe t' afford
 (If ever, Love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come, and visit me.
 So I commend me from our House in Grief;
 My Woes are tedious, tho' my Words are brief.

Here folds she up the Tenor of her Woe,
 Her certain Sorrow writ uncertainly :
 By this short Schedule *Colatine* may know
 Her Grief but not her Grief's true Quality;
 She dares not therefore make Discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross Abuse,
 E'er she with Blood had stain'd her strain'd Excuse.

Besides, the Life and Feeling of her Passion
 She hords, to spend when he is by to hear her;
 When Sighs, and Groans, and Tears may grace the fashion
 Of her Disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that Suspicion, which the World might bear her :
 To shun this Blot she wou'd not blot the Letter
 With Words, till Action might become them better.

To see sad Sight moves more, than hear them told;
 For then the Eye interprets to the Ear
 The heavy Motion, that it doth behold:
 When every Part a Part of Woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a Part of Sorrow that we hear.
 Deep Sounds make lesser Noise, than shallow Fords;
 And Sorrow ebbs being blown with Wind of Words.

Her Letter now is seal'd and on it writ,
 At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than Haste;
 The Post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd Groom to hie as fast,
 Aslagging Souls before the Northern Blast.
 Speed more than Speed, but dull and slow she deems;
 Extremity still urgeth such Extremes.

The homely Villain curtsies to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast Eye,
 Receives the Scroll without or Yea, or No,
 For outward bashful Innocence doth flie.
 But they, whose Guilt within their Bosoms lie,
 Imagine every Eye beholds their Blame;
 For *Lucrece* thought he blush'd to see her Shame.

When,

When, silly Groom (God wot) it was Defect
 Of Spirit, Life, and bold Audacity;
 Such harmless Creatures have a true Respect
 To talk in Deeds, while others faucily
 Promise more Speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so this Pattern of the worn-out Age
 Pawn'd honest Looks, but laid no Words to gage.

His kindled Duty kindled her Mistrust,
 That two red Fires in both their Faces blaz'd.
 She thought he blush'd as knowing *Tarquin's* Lust,
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
 Her earnest Eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the Blood his Cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some Blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous Vassal scarce is gone;
 The weary Time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;
 So Woe hath wearied Woe, Moan tired Moan,
 That she her Complaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for Means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a Piece
 Of skilful Painting made for *Priam's* Troy;
 Before the which is drawn the Power of *Greece*,
 For *Helen's* Rape the City to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing *Ilion* with Annoy;
 Which the conceited Painter drew so proud,
 As Heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the Turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable Objects there,
 In scorn of Nature, Art gavelifeless Life:
 Many a dire Drop seem'd a weeping Tear
 Shed for the slaughter'd Husband by the Wife.
 The red Blood reek'd to shew the Painter's Strife,
 And dying Eyes gleam'd forth their ashy Lights,
 Like dying Coals burnt out in tedious Nights.

There

There might you see the labouring Pioneer
Begrim'd with Sweat, and smeared all with Dust;
And from the Towers of *Troy* there wou'd appear
The very Eyes of Men thro' Loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the *Greeks* with little Lust.

Such sweet observance in this Work was had,
That one might see those far-off Eyes look sad.

In great Commanders, Grace and Majesty
You might behold triumphing in their Faces:
In Youth Quick-bearing and Dexterity:
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale Cowards marching on with trembling Paces;
Which heartless Peasants did so well resemble,
That one wou'd swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In *Ajax*, and *Ulysses*, O! what Art
Of Physiognomy might one behold!
The Face of either cipher'd either's Heart;
Their Face, their Manners, most expressly told.
In *Ajax*' Eyes blunt Rage and Rigor roll'd.
But the mild Glance that the *Ulysses* sent,
Shew'd deep Regard, and smiling Government.

There pleading might you see grave *Nestor* stand,
As 'twere encouraging the *Greeks* to fight,
Making such sober Actions with his Hand,
That it beguil'd Attention, charm'd the Sight:
In Speech it seem'd, his Beard all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his Lips did fly
Thin winding Breath, which purld up to the Sky.

About him were a Press of gaping Faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound Advice;
All jointly listning, but with several Graces,
As if some Mermaid did their Ears entice;
Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.
The Scalps of many almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the Mind.

Here

Here one Man's Hand lean'd on another's Head,
 His Nose being shadow'd by his Neighbour's Ear;
 Here one being throng'd bears back all swollen and red;
 Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
 And in their Rage, (such Signs of Rage they bear,)
 As but for loss of *Nestor's* Golden Words,
 It seems they would debate with angry Swords.

For much imaginary Work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact so kind,
 That for *Achilles'* Image stood his Spear,
 Grip'd in an armed Hand, himself behind
 Was left unseen, save in the Eye of Mind;
 A Hand, a Foot, a Face, a Leg, a Head,
 Stood for the whole to be Imagined.

And from the Walls of strong-besieged *Troy*,
 When their brave Hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to Field,
 Stood many *Trojan* Mothers, sharing Joy
 To see their youthful Sons bright Weapons wield;
 And to their Hope they such odd Action yield,
 That thro' their Light Joy seemed to appear,
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy Fear.

And from the Strond of *Dardan*, where they fought,
 To *Simois'* reedy Banks, the red Blood ran;
 Whose Waves to imitate the Battel fought
 With swelling Ridges; and their Ranks began
 To break upon the galled Shore, and then
 Retire again, till meeting greater Ranks
 They join, and shoot their Fome at *Simois'* Banks.

To this well-painted Piece is *Lucrece* come
 To find a Face where all Distress is stell'd.
 Many she sees, where Cares have carved some,
 But none where all Distress and Dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing *Hecuba* beheld,
 Staring on *Priam's* Wounds with her old Eyes,
 Who bleeding under *Pirrhus'* proud Foot lies.

In her the Painter had anatomiz'd
Time's Ruin, Beauty's Wrack, and grim Cares Reign;
Her Cheeks with Chops and Wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no Semblance did remain;
Her blue Blood chang'd to black in every Vein.

Wanting the Spring, that those shrunk Pipes had fed,
Shew'd Life imprison'd in a Body dead.

On this sad Shadow *Lucrece* spends her Eyes,
And shapes her Sorrow to the Beldam's Woes;
Who nothing wants to answer her but Cries,
And bitter Words to ban her cruel Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore *Lucrece* swears he did her Wrong,
To give her so much Grief, and not a Tongue.

Poor Instrument (quoth she) without a Sound!
I'll tune thy Woes with my lamenting Tongue;
And drop sweet Balm in *Priam's* painted Wound,
And rail on *Pyrrhus*, that hath done him Wrong,
And with my Tears quench *Troy*, that burns so long;
And with my Knife scratch out the angry Eyes
Of all the *Greeks*, that are thine Enemies.

Shew me this Strumpet, that began this Stir,
That with my Nails her Beauty I may tear.
Thy Heat of Lust, fond *Paris*, did incur
This Load of Wrath, that burning *Troy* did bear;
Thy Eye kindled the Fire that burneth here:
And here in *Troy*, for Trespas of thine Eye,
The Sire, the Son, the Dame, and Daughter die.

Why should the private Pleasure of some one
Become the publick Plague of many more?
Let Sin alone committed, light alone
Upon his Head, that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless Souls be freed from guilty Woe.
For one's Offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private Sin in General?

L

Lo!

Lo! here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies!
 Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds!
 Here Friend by Friend in bloody Channel lies!
 And Friend to Friend gives unadvised Wounds!
 And one Man's Lust these many Lives confounds!
 Had doting *Priam* check'd his Son's Desire,
Troy had been bright with Fame, and not with Fire.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troy's* painted Woes:
 For Sorrow, like a heavy hanging Bell,
 Once set a ringing, with his own Weight goes;
 Then little Strength rings out the doleful Knell.
 So *Lucrece* let a work, sad Tales doth tell
 To pencil'd Pensiveness, and colour'd Sorrow;
 She lends them Words, and she their Looks doth borrow.

She throws her Eyes about the painted Round,
 And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
 At last she sees a wretched Image bound,
 That piteous Looks to *Phrygian* Shepherds lent;
 His Face, tho full of Cares, yet shew'd Content.
 Onward to *Troy* with these blunt Swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his Woes.

In him the Painter labour'd with his Skill,
 To hide Deceit, and give the harmless Show,
 An humble Gate, Calm Looks, Eyes wailing still,
 A Brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome Woe;
 Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 That blushing Red no guilty Instance gave,
 Nor ashy Pale, the Fair that false Hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed Devil,
 He entertain'd a Show so seeming just;
 And therein so inscon'd this secret Evil,
 That Jealousy it self could not mistrust,
 False creeping Craft and Perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a Day such black-fac'd Storms,
 Or blot with Hell-born Sin such Saint-like Forms.

The

Tarquin and Lucrece. . 151

The well-skill'd Woman this wild Imagedrew
 For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting Story
 The credulous old *Priam* after flew ;
 Whose Words like Wild-fire burnt the shining Glory
 Of rich-built *Iliou*, that the Skies were sorry.
 And little Stars shot from their fixed Places,
 When their Glasse fell wherein they view'd their Faces.

This Picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the Painter for his wondrous Skill:
 Saying, some Shape in *Sinon's* was abus'd,
 So fair a Form loe'd not a Mind so ill.
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such Signs of Truth in his plain Face she spied,
 That she concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much Guile,
 She would have said, can lurk in such a Look ;
 But *Tarquin's* Shape came in her Mind the while,
 And from her Tongue, *can lurk*, from *cannot*, took :
 It cannot be, she in that Sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus, It *cannot* be I find,
 But such a Face should bear a wicked Mind.

For e'en as subtle *Sinon* here is painted,
 So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
 (As if with Grief or Travel he had fainted)
 To me came *Tarquin* armed, so beguil'd
 With outward Honesty, but yet defil'd
 With inward Vice ; as *Priam* him did cherish,
 So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Look, look how listning *Priam* wets his Eyes
 To see those borrow'd Tears, that *Sinon* sheds !
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
 For every Tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds :
 His Eyes drop Fire, no Water thence proceeds.
 Those round clear Pearls of his that move thy Pity,
 Are Balls of quenchless Fire to burn thy City.

The

Such Devils steal Effects from lightless Hell;
 For *Simon* in his Fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold hot-burning Fire doth dwell;
 These Contraries such Unity do hold,
 Only to flatter Fools and make them bold:
 So *Priam's* Trust false *Simon's* Tears doth flatter,
 That he finds Means to burn his *Troy* with Water.

Here all inrag'd such Passion her assails,
 That Patience is quite beaten from her Breast;
 She tears the senseless *Simon* with her Nails,
 Comparing him to that unhappy Guest,
 Whose Deed hath made her self, her self detest.
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er,
 Fool! fool! quoth she, his Wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the Current of her Sorrow,
 And Time doth weary Time with her Complaining.
 She looks for Night, and then she longs for Morrow,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
 Short time seems long, in Sorrows sharp sustaining.
 Tho Woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
 And they that watch, see Time how flow it creeps.

Which all this Time hath over-slipt her Thought,
 That she with painted Images hath spent,
 Being from the feeling of her own Grief brought,
 By deep surmise of others Detriment,
 Loosing her Woes in shews of Discontent.
 It eateth some, tho none it ever cur'd,
 To think their Dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful Messenger comes back,
 Brings home his Lord, and other Company;
 Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning Black,
 And round-about her tear-distained Eye
 Blue Circles stream'd, like Rainbows in the Sky.
 These Watergalls in her dim Element,
 Foretell new Storms to those already spent.

Which

Which when her sad-beholding Husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
 Her Eyes, tho sod in Tears, look red, and raw,
 Her lively Colour kill'd with deadly Cares.
 He has no Power to ask her how she fares;
 But stood like old Acquaintance in a Trance,
 Met far from Home, wondring each other's Chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless Hand,
 And thus begins: What uncouth ill Event
 Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet Love! what Spite hath thy fair Colour spent?
 Why art thou thus attir'd in Discontent?
 Unmask, dear Dear! this moody Heaviness,
 And tell thy Grief that we may give Redress.

Threetimes with Sighs she gives her Sorrow Fire,
 E'er once she can discharge one Word of Woe:
 At length address'd, to answer his Desire,
 She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her Honour is ta'en Prisoner by the Foe;
 While *Colatine* and his consoorted Lords
 With sad Attention long to hear her Words.

And now this pale Swan, in her wat'ry Nest,
 Begins the sad Dirge of her certain Ending.
 Few Words, quoth she, shall fit the Treaspassbest,
 Wherein no Excuse can give the Fault amending;
 In me more Woesthan Words are now depending:
 And my Laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired Tongue.

Then be this all the Task it hath to say,
 Dear Husband, in the Interest of thy Bed
 A Stranger came, and on that Pillow lay,
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary Head;
 And what Wrong else may be imagined
 By foul Inforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas! thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadful Dead of dark Midnight,
 With shining Fauchion in my Chamber came
 A creeping Creature with a flaming Light,
 And softly cry'd, Awake thou *Roman* Dame!
 And entertain my Love else lasting Shame
 On thee and thine this Night I will inflict,
 If thou my Love's Desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd Groom of thine, quoth he,
 Unless thou yoke thy Liking to my Will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome Act of Lust; and so did kill
 The Leachers in their Deed: this Act will be
 My Fame and thy perpetual Infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my Heart he sets his Sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another Word:
 So should my Shame still rest upon Record,
 And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*,
 Th' Adult'rate Death of *Lucrece*, and her Groom.

Mine Enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
 (And far the weaker with so strong a Fear)
 My bloody Judge forbade my Tongue to speak:
 No rightful Plea might plead for Justice there:
 His scarlet Lust came Evidence to swear,
 That my poor Beauty had purloin'd his Eyes;
 And when the Judge is robb'd, the Prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own Excuse,
 Or, at the least this Refuge let me find;
 Tho' my gross Blood be stain'd with this Abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my Mind:
 That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
 To accessary Yieldings; but still pure,
 Doth in her poison'd Closet yet indure:

Lo! here the hopeless Merchant of this Loss,
With Head inclin'd, and Voice damm'd up with Woe,
With sad set Eyes, and wretched Arms across,
From Lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The Grief away, that stops his Answer so,
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his Breath drinks up again.

Asthro' an Arch the violent roaring Tide
Out-runs the Eye, that doth behold his Haste;
Yet in the *Eddie* boundeth in his Pride
Back to the Strait, that forc'd him on so fast,
In Rage sent out, recall'd in Rage being past:
Even so his Sighs, his Sorrows make a Saw,
To push Grief on, and back the same Grief draw.

Which speechless Woe of his, Poor She attendeth,
And his untimely Frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear Lord! thy Sorrow to my Sorrow lendeth
Another Power, no Flood my Raining slacketh;
My Woe too sensible, thy Passion maketh
More feeling painful; let it then suffice
To drown one Woe, one Pair of weeping Eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she, that was thy *Lucrece*—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my Foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the Help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late; yet let the Traitor die;
For sparing Justice feeds Iniquity.

But e'er I name him, you fair Lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those, that came with *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable Faiths to me,
With swift Pursuit to venge this Wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair Design,
To chase Injustice with revengeful Arms;
Knights by their Oaths should right poor Ladies Harms.

At this Request, with noble Disposition,
 Each present Lord began to promise Aid,
 As bound in Knighthood to her Imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful Foe bewray'd:
 But she that yet her sad Task hath not said,
 The Protestation stops. O speak! quoth she,
 How may this forced Stain be wip'd from me?

What is the Quality of my Offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful Circumstances?
 May my pure Mind with the foul Act dispence,
 My low declined Honour to advance?
 May any Terms acquit me from this Chance?
 The poison'd Fountain clears it self again;
 And why not I from this compelled Stain?

With this they all at once began to say,
 Her Body's Stain the Mind untainted clears;
 While with a joyless Smile she turns away
 The Face, that Map, which deep impression bears
 Of hard Misfortune carved in with Tears.
 No, no, quoth she, no Dame hereafter living,
 By my Excuse shall claim Excuses giving.

Here with a Sigh, as if her Heart would break,
 She throws forth *Tarquin's* Name. He, he, she says:
 But more than he, her poor Tongue could not speak,
 Till after many Accents and Delays,
 Untimely Breathings, sick and short Affays,
 She utters this, He, he, fair Lord, 'tis He
 That guides this Hand to give this Wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless Breast
 A harmful Knife, that thence her Soul unsheathed;
 That Blow did bail it from the deep Unrest
 Of that polluted Prison where it breathed:
 Her contrite Sighs unto the Clouds bequeathed
 Her winged Spright, and thro' her Wounds doth fly
 Life's lasting Date from cancel'd Destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly Deed,
 Stood *Colatine* and all his Lordly Crew,
 Till *Lucrece*' Father, that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd Body threw:
 And from the purple Fountain *Brutus* drew
 The murd'rous Knife, and as it left the Place,
 Her Blood in pure Revenge held it in Chase.

And bubbling from her Breast, it doth divide
 In two slow Rivers, that the crimson Blood
 Circles her Body in on every Side,
 Who like a late sack'd Island vastly stood
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful Flood.
 Some of her Blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false *Tarquin* stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed Face
 Of that black Blood, a watry Rigol goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted Place;
 And ever since, as pitying *Lucrece*' Woes,
 Corrupted Blood some wat'ry Token shows,
 And Blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter! dear Daughter! old *Lucretius* cries,
 That Life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd;
 If in the Child the Father's Image lies,
 Where shall I live, now *Lucrece* is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
 If Children prædecease Progenitors,
 We are their Off-spring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken Glass! I often did behold
 In thy sweet Semblance my old Age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh Mirror, dim and cold,
 Shews me a bare-bon'd Death by Time out-worn.
 O! from my Cheeks my Image thou hast torn!
 And shiver'd all the Beauty from my Glass,
 That I no more can see, what once I was.

O! Time, cease thou thy Course, and haste no longer,
 If thou surcease to be, that should survive:
 Shall rotten Death make Conquest of the Stronger,
 And leave the faltring feeble Souls alive?
 The old Beesdie, the young possess the Hive:
 Then live sweet *Lucrece*, live again, and see
 Thy Father die, and not thy *Father* thee.

By this starts *Colatine* as from a Dream,
 And bids *Lucretius* give his Sorrow place;
 And then in Clay-cold *Lucrece*' bleeding Stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale Fear in his Face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a Space;
 Till manly Shame bids him possess his Breath,
 And live to be revenged on her Death.

The deep Vexation of his inward Soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb Arrest upon his Tongue:
 Who made that Sorrow should his use controul,
 Or keep him from heart-easing Words so long
 He 'gins to talk; but thro' his Lips do throng
 Weak Words, so thick come in his poor Heart's Aid,
 That no Man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
 But thro' his Teeth, as if his Name he tore.
 This windy Tempest, till it blow up Rain,
 Held back his Sorrow's Tide to make it more.
 At last it rains, and busy Winds give o'er:
 Then Son and Father weep with equal Strife,
 Who should weep most for Daughter, or for Wife,

The one doth call her his, the other his;
 Yet neither may possess the Claim they lay.
 The Father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
 Replies her Husband; do not take away
 My Sorrow's Interest; let no Mourner say,
 He weeps for her; for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by *Colatine*.

O! quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that Life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Woe! woe! quoth *Colatine*, she was my Wife,
I own'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My Daughter and *my Wife* with Clamours fill'd
The disperst Air, who holding *Lucrece*' Life,
Answer'd their Cries *my Daughter*, and *my Wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the Knife from *Lucrece*' Side,
Seeing such Emulation in their Woe,
Began to cloath his Wit in State and Pride,
Burying in *Lucrece*' Wound his Folly's Show:
He with the *Romans* was esteemed so,
As silly jeering *Idiots* are with Kings,
For sportive Words, and uttering foolish Things.

But now he throws that shallow Habit by,
Wherein true Policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid Wits advisedly,
To check the Tears in *Colatinus*' Eyes.
Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, arise;
Let my unfounded Self, suppos'd a Fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd Wit to School.

Why *Colatine*, is Woe the Cure for Woe?
Do Wounds help Wounds, or Grief help grievous Deeds?
Is it Revenge to give thy self a Blow
For his foul Act, by whom thy fair Wife bleeds?
Such childish Humour from weak Minds proceeds.
Thy wretched Wife mistook the matter so,
To slay her self, that should have slain her Foe.

Couragious *Roman*! do not steep thy Heart
In such lamenting Dew of Lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy Part,
To rouse our *Roman* Gods with Invocations,
That they will suffer these Abominations
(Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgrac'd)
By our strong Arms from forth her fair Streets chas'd.
Now

Now by the Capitol, that we adore!
 And by this chaste Blood so unjustly stain'd!
 By Heaven's fair Sun, that breeds the fat Earth's Store!
 By all our Country's Rites in *Rome* maintain'd,
 And by chaste *Lucrece*' Soul, that late complain'd
 Her Wrongs to us, and by this bloody Knife!
 We will revenge the Death of this true Wife.

This said, he stroke his Hand upon his Breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal Knife to end his Vow;
 And to his Protestation urg'd the rest,
 Who wondring at him did his Words allow:
 Then jointly to the ground their Knees they bow,
 And that deep Vow which *Brutus* made before,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised Doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
 To shew the bleeding Body throughout *Rome*,
 And so to publish *Tarquin*'s foul Offence,
 Which being done, with speedy Diligence,
 The *Romans* plausibly did give consent
 To *Tarquin*'s everlasting Banishment.

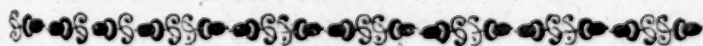




P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.



The Glory of Beauty.



H wherefore with Infection shou'd he
live,
And with his Presence grace Impiety?
That Sin by him advantage shou'd at-
chieve,
And lace it self with his Society?
Why shou'd false Painting imitate his
Cheek,

And steal dead seeing of his living hew?
Why shou'd poor Beauty indirectly seek
Roses of Shadow, since his Rose is true?

Why

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Why shou'd he live, now Nature Bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of Blood to blush through lively Veins?
For she hath no Exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his Gains.
O! him she stores, to show what Wealth she had,
In Days long since, before these last so bad.

Thus is his Cheek the Map of Days out-worn,
When Beauty liv'd and dy'd as Flowers do now;
Before these bastard Signs of Fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living Brow.
Before the Golden Tresses of the Dead,
The Right of Sepulchers, were shorn away,
To live a second Life on second Head,
E'er Beauty's dead Fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique Hours are seen,
Without all Ornament, it self, and true,
Making no Summer of another's Green,
Robbing no old to dress his Beauty new;
And him as for a Map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what Beauty was of yore.

Those Parts of thee that the World's Eye doth view,
Want nothing, that the thought of Hearts can mend:
All Tongues (the Voice of Souls) give thee that End,
Uttering bare Truth, even so as Foes commend,
Their outward thus with outward Praise is crown'd:
But those same Tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other Accents do this Praise confound
By seeing farther than the Eye hath shown.
They look into the Beauty of thy Mind,
And that in ghes they measure by thy Deeds,
Then churls their Thoughts (altho their Eyes were kind)
To thy fair Flower add the rank Smell of Weeds.
But why? thy Odor matcheth not thy show,
The Toil is this, that thou dost common grow.

Injurious

Injurious Time.

L I K E as the Waves make towards the pibled Shore,
 So do our Minutes hasten to their End.
 Each changing Place, with that which goes before,
 In sequent Toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity once in the Main of Light,
 Crawles to Maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked Eclipses 'gainst his Glory fight,
 And Time that gave, doth now his Gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the Flourish set on Youth,
 And delves the Parallels in Beauty's Brow,
 Feeds on the Rarities of Nature's Truth,
 And nothing stands but for his Sithe to mow.
 And yet to Times in hope my Verse shall stand,
 Praising thy Worth, despite his cruel Hand.

Against my Love shall be as I am now,
 With Time's injurious Hand crush'd and o'er-worn,
 When Hours have drain'd his Blood and fill'd his Brow
 With Lines and Wrinkles, when his youthful Morn
 Hath travail'd on to Age's steepy Night,
 And all those Beauties, whereof now he's King,
 Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of Sight,
 Stealing away the Treasure of his Spring.
 For such a Time do I now fortify,
 Against confounding Age's cruel Knife,
 That he shall never cut from Memory
 My sweet Love's Beauty, tho my Lover's Life.
 His Beauty shall in these black Lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

When I have seen by Time's fell Hand defac'd
 The rich proud Cost of out-worn buried Age;
 When sometimes lofty Towers I see down raz'd,
 And Brass eternal Slave to mortal Rage;
 When I have seen the hungry Ocean gain
 Advantage on the Kingdom of the Shoar,
 And the firm Soil win of the watry Main,

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Increasing Store with Loss, and Loss with Store;
When I have seen such Interchange of State,
Or State it self confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,
That Time will come and take my Love away.
This Thought is as a Death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to loose.

Since Brass, nor Stone, nor Earth, nor boundless Sea,
But sad Mortality o'er-sways their Power,
How with this Rage shall Beauty hold a Plea,
Whose Action is no stronger than a Flower?
O! how shall Summer's hungry Breath hold out,
Against the wrackful Siege of battering Days,
When Rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor Gates of Steel so strong, but Time decays?
O! fearful Meditation, where a-lack
Shall Time's best Jewel from Time's Chest lie hid?
Or what strong Hand can hold this swift Foot back,
Or who his Spoil on Beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this Miracle have might,
That in black Ink my Love may still shine bright.

Tyr'd with all these for restless Death I cry,
As to behold Desert a Beggar born,
And needy Nothing trim'd in Jolity,
And purest Faith unhappily forsworn,
And guilded Honour shamefully misplac'd,
And Maiden Virtue rudely Strumpeted,
And right Perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And Strength by limping Sway disabled,
And Art made Tongue-ty'd by Authority,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling Skill,
And simple Truth miscall'd Simplicity,
And Captive good attending Captain Ill.
Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die, I leave my Love alone.

True

True Admiration.

WHAT is your Substance? whereof are you made,
That Millions of strange Shadows on you tend?
Since every one, hath every one, one Shade,
And you but one, can every Shadow lend;
Describe *Adonis*, and the Counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you,
On *Helen's* Check all Art of Beauty set,
And you in *Grecian* Tires are painted new.
Speak of the Spring and Foyzen of the Year,
The one doth shadow of your Beauty show,
The other as your Bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed Shape we know.
In all external Grace you have some Part,
But you like none, none you for constant Heart.

O! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet Ornament which Truth doth give?
The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet Odour, which doth in it live.
The Canker-blooms have full as deep a Die,
As the perfumed Tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such Thorns, and play as wantonly,
When Summer's breath their masked Buds discloses,
But for their Vertue's only in their show,
They live unmov'd, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves: Sweet Roses do not so,
Of their sweet Deaths, are sweetest Odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely Youth,
When that shall fade, by Verse distills your Truth.



The Force of Love.

BEING your Slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the Hours and Times of your Desire?
 I have no precious Time at all to spend,
 Nor Services to do till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the World-without-end-Hour,
 Whilst I (my Sovereign) watch the Clock for you;
 Nor think the Bitterness of Absence sour,
 When you have bid your Servant once adieu.
 Nor dare I question with my jealous Thought,
 Where you may be, or your Affairs suppose,
 But like a sad Slave stay and think of nought,
 Save where you are, how happy you make those.
 So true a Fool is Love, that in your Will,
 (Tho you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That God forbid that made me first your Slave,
 I should in Thought controul your times of Pleasure,
 Or at your Hand the Account of Hours to crave,
 Being your Vassal bound to stay your Leisure.
 Oh! let me suffer, (being at your Beck)
 Th' imprison'd Absence of your Liberty,
 And Patience tame, to Sufferance bide each Check,
 Without accusing you of Injury!
 Be where you list, your Charter is so strong,
 That you your self may privilege your Time
 To what you will; to you it doth belong,
 Your self to pardon of self-doing Crime.
 I am to wait, tho waiting so be Hell,
 Not blame your Pleasure, be it ill or well.



The Beauty of Nature.

IF there be nothing new, but that which is,
 Hath been before, how are our Brains beguil'd,
 Which labouring for Invention bear amiss
 The second Burthen of a former Child?
 O! that Record could with a backward Look,
 Even of five hundred Courses of the Sun,
 Show me your Image in some antique Book,
 Since mine at first in Character was done:
 That I might see what the old World could say,
 To this composed Wonder of your Frame,
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether Revolution be the same.
 Oh! sure I am, the Wits of former Days,
 To Subjects worse have given admiring Praise.

Love's Cruelty.

FROM fairest Creatures we desire Increase,
 That thereby Beauty's Rose may never die;
 But as the ripen should by time decrease,
 His tender Heir might bear his Memory.
 But thou contracted to thine own bright Eyes,
 Feed'st thy Light's Flame with self-sustantial Fuel,
 Making a Famine where Abundance lies,
 Thy self thy Foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
 Thou that art now the World's fresh Ornament,
 And only Herald to the gaudy Spring,
 Within thine own Bud buriest thy Content,
 And tender Churle mak'st waste in niggarding.
 Pity the World, or else this Glutton be
 To eat the World's due, by the Grave and thee.

When forty Winters shall besiege thy Brow,
 And dig deep Trenches in thy Beauty's Field,
 Thy Youth's proud Livery so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a tatter'd Weed of small worth held:
 Then being ask'd whereall thy Beauty lies,
 Where all the Treasure of thy lusty Days;
 To say within thine one deep-sunken Eyes,
 Were an all-eating Shame, and thriftless Praise.
 How much more Praise deserv'd thy Beauty's Use,
 If thou could'st answer, This fair Child of mine
 Shall sum my Count, and make my old Excuse,
 Proving his Beauty by succession thine.
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy Blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy Glass, and tell the Face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that Face should form another,
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou do'st beguile the World, unless some Mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-curd Womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy Husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the Tomb
 Of his self Love, to stop Posterity?
 Thou art thy Mother's Glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely *April* of her Prime.
 So thou thro Windows of thine Age shalt see,
 Despight of Wrinkles, this thy golden Time.
 But if thou live, remember not to be,
 Die single, and thine Image dies with thee.

Youthful Glory.

O That you were your self, but Love, you are
 No longer yours, than you your self here live;
 Against this coming End you should prepare,
 And your sweet Semblance to some other give.

Poems on several Occasions. 169

So shou'd that Beauty, which you hold in Lease,
Find no Determination; then you were
Your self again after your self's Decease,
When your sweet Issue your sweet Form shou'd bear,
Who lets so fair a House fall to decay,
Which Husbandry in Honour might uphold,
Against the stormy Gusts of Winter's Day,
And barren Rage of Death's eternal Cold?
O! none but Unthrifts, dear my Love, you know,
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

Not from the Stars do I my Judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have Astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil Luck,
Of Plagues, of Dearth's, or Seasons quality:
Nor can I Fortune to brief Minutes tell,
Pointing to each his Thunder, Rain, and Wind;
Or say with Princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict, that I in Heaven find.
But from thine Eyes my Knowledge I derive,
And constant Stars; in them I read such Art,
As Truth and Beauty shall together thrive,
If from thy self, to Store thou wouldst convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy End is Truth's, and Beauty's Doom, and Date.

When I consider every thing that grows,
Holds in Perfection but a little Moment;
That this huge Stage presenteth nought but Shows,
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment:
When I perceive, that Men as Plants increase,
Cheared and check'd even by the self-same Sky,
Vaunt in their youthful Sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave State out of Memory:
Then the Conceit of this inconstant Stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my Sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your Day of Youth to sullied Night;
And all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

Good Admonition.

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier Way
 Make war upon this bloody Tyrant, Time?
 And fortify your self in your Decay
 With Means more blessed, than my barren Rhime?
 Now stand you on the Top of happy Hours;
 And many maiden Gardens yet unset,
 With vertuous Wish would bear you living Flowers,
 Much liker than your painted Counterfeit.
 So shou'd the Lines of Life, that Life repair,
 Which this (Time's Pensil, or my Pupil Pen)
 Neither in inward Worth, nor outward fair,
 Can make you live your self in Eyes of Men,
 To give away your self, keeps your self still,
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet Skill,

Who will believe my Verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high Deserts?
 Tho yet Heaven knows it is but as a Tomb,
 Which hides your Life, and shows not half your Parts:
 If I cou'd write the Beauty of your Eyes,
 And in fresh Numbers number all your Graces;
 The Age to come wou'd say this Poet lies,
 Such heavenly Touches ne're touch'd earthly Faces.
 So should my Papers (yellow'd with their Age)
 Bescorn'd, like old Men of less Truth, than Tongue,
 And your true Rights be term'd a Poet's Rage,
 And stretch'd Metre of an Antick Song.
 But were some Child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice, in it, and in my Rhime.



Quick Prevention.

LOE! in the Orient when the gracious Light
 Litts up his burning Head, each under Eye
 Doth Homage to his new appearing Sight,
 Serving with Looks his sacred Majesty:
 And having clim'd the steep-up heavenly Hill,
 Resembling strong Youth in his middle Age,
 Yet mortal Looks adore his Beauty still,
 Attending on his golden Pilgrimage.
 But when from high-moſt Pitch, with weary Care,
 Like feeble Age he reeleth from the Day,
 The Eyes (fore-dutious) now converted are
 From his low Tract, and look another way.
 So thou, thy ſelf out-going in thy Noon,
 Unlook'd on dy'ſt, unleſs thou get a Son.

Magazine of Beauty.

UNthrifty Lovelineſs! why doſt thou ſpend
 Upon thy ſelf thy Beauty's Legacy?
 Nature's Bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,
 And being frank ſhe lends to thoſe are free.
 Then, beauteous Nigard, why doſt thou abuſe
 The bounteous Largeſs given thee, to give?
 Proſtleſs Uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
 So great a Sum of Sums, yet can'ſt not live?
 For having Traffick with thy ſelf alone,
 Thou of thy ſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive;
 Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable *Audit* canſt thou leave?
 Thy unuſ'd Beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
 Which uſed lives th' Executor to be.

172 Poems on several Occasions.

Those Hours, that with gentle Work did frame
 The lovely Gaze where every Eye doth dwell,
 Will play the Tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel.
 For never-resting Time leads Summer on
 To hideous Winter, and confounds him there;
 Sap checkt with Frost, and lusty Leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'er-sin w'd, and Barrenesse every where.
 Then were not Summer's Distillation left,
 A liquid Prisoner pent in Walls of Glasse,
 Beauty's Effect with Beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no Remembrance what it was.
 But Flowers distill'd, tho they with Winter meet,
 Lose but their Show, their Substance still lives sweet,

Then let not Winter's ragged Hand deface
 In thee thy Summer, e'er thou be distill'd:
 Make sweet some Vial, Treasure thou some Place
 With Beauty's Treasure, e'er it be self-kill'd:
 That Use is not forbidden Usury,
 Which happies those, that pay the willing Loan;
 That's for thy self to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
 Ten times thy self were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee;
 Then what could Death do if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in Posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair,
 To be Death's Conquest, and make Worms thine Heir.

An Invitation to Marriage.

MUſick to hear, why hear'st thou Muſick ſadly?
 Sweets with Sweets war not, Joy delights in Joy:
 Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly,
 Or elſe receiv'st with Pleaſure thine Annoy?

If the true Concord of well-tuned Sounds,
By Unions married do offend thy Ear;
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In Singleness the Parts, that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string sweet Husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling Sire and Child, and happy Mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing Note do sing;
Whose speechless Song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, Thou single wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a Widow's Eye,
That thou consum'st thy self in single Life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The World will wail thee like a makeless Wite;
The World will be thy Widow and still weep,
That thou no Form of thee hast left behind;
When every private Widow well may keep,
By Childrens Eyes, her Husband's Shape in Mind:
Look what an Unthrifft in the World doth spend,
Shits but his Place, for still the World enjoys it;
But Beauty's waste hath in the World an End,
And kept unus'd, the Us'rer so destroys it.
No Love towards others in that Bosom fits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st Love to any,
Who for thy self art so unprovident;
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous Hate,
That 'gainst thy self thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous Roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief Desire.
O! change thy Thought, that I may change my Mind:
Shall Hate be fairer lodg'd, than gentle Love?
Be, as thy Presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thy self at least kindhearted prove.
Make thee another self for love of me,
That Beauty still may live in thine, or thee.

174 Poems on several Occasions.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st,
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh Blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thou maist call thine, when thou from Youth convertest:
 Herein lives Wisdom, Beauty, and Increase;
 Without this, Folly, Age, and cold Decay;
 If all were minded so, the Times should cease,
 And threescore Years would make the World away:
 Let those, whom Nature hath not made for Store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look whom she best indow'd, she gave thee more;
 Which bounteous Gift thou shouldst in Bounty cherish:
 She carv'd thee for her Seal, and ment thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that Copy die.

When I do count the Clock, that tells the Time,
 And see the brave Day sunk in hidious Night;
 When I behold the Violet past Prime,
 And fable Curls are silver'd o'er with White;
 When lofty Trees I see barren of Leaves,
 Which erst from Heat did canopy the Herd,
 And Summer's Green all girded up in Sheaves,
 Born on the Bier with white and bristly Beard:
 Then of thy Beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the Wastes of Time must go;
 Since Sweets and Beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow,
 And nothing 'gainst Time's Sirhe can make Defence,
 Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

False Belief.

WHEN my Love swears that she is made of Truth,
 I do believe her (tho I know she lyes)
 That she might think me some untutor'd Youth,
 Unskilful in the World's false Forgeries,

Thus

Poems on several Occasions. 175

Thus vainly thinking, that she thinks me young,
Altho I know my Years be past the best:
I smiling, credit her false-speaking Tongue,
Outfacing Faults in Love with Love's ill Rest.
But wherefore says my Love, that she is young?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O! Love's best Habit is a smoothing Tongue,
And Age (in Love) loves not to have Years told.
Therefore I'll lye with Love, and Love with me;
Since that our Faults in Love thus smother'd be.

A Temptation.

TWO Loves I have, of Comfort, and Despair,
That like two Spirits do suggest me still;
My better Angel is a Man (right fair)
My worser Spirit a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To win me soon to Hell, my Female Evil
Tempteth my better Angel from my Side;
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Devil,
Wooing his Purity with her fair Pride.
And whether, that my Angel be turn'd Fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each Friend,
I ghes one Angel in another's Hell.
The Truth I shall not know, but live in Doubt,
Till my bad Angel fire my good one out.

Fast and Loose.

DID not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine Eye,
'Gainst whom the World could not hold Argument,
Perswade my Heart to this false Perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not Punishment.

176 Poems on several Occasions.

A Woman I forswore : But I will prove,
Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee;
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love,
Thy Grace being gain'd, cures all Disgrace in me.
My Vow was Breath, and Breath a Vapour is;
Then thou fair Sun, that on this Earth dost shine,
Exhale this Vapour Vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no Fault of mine.
If by me broke, what Fool is not so wise
To break an Oath to win a Paradise?

True Content.

SO is it not with me, as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted Beauty to his Verse,
Who Heaven it self for Ornament doth use,
And every Fair with his Fair doth rehearse,
Making a Complement of proud Compare
With Sun and Moon, with Earth and Seas rich Gems,
With *April's* first-born Flowers, and all things rare,
That Heaven's Air in this huge Rondure hems.
O! let me true in Love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my Love is as fair
As any Mother's Child, tho not so bright
As those Gold Candels fix'd in Heaven's Air.
Let them say more, that like of Hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

A bashful Lover.

AS an imperfect Actor on the Stage,
Who with his Fear is put besides his Part;
Or some fierce Thing repeat with too much Rage,
Whose Strength abundant weakens his own Heart;

So I, for fear of Trust forget to say,
 The perfect Ceremony of Love's Right,
 And in mine own Love's Strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charg'd with Burthen of mine own Love's Might.
 O! let my Looks bethe the Eloquence,
 And dumb Prefagers of my speaking Breast,
 Who plead for Love, and look for Recompence,
 More than that Tongue, that more hath more exprefs'd.
 O! learn to read what silent Love hath writ;
 To hear with Eyes belongs to Love's fine Wit.

Strong Conceit.

MY Glas shall not perswade me I am Old,
 So long as Youth and thou art of one Date;
 But when in thee Time's Sorrow I behold,
 Then look I Death my Days should expiate.
 For all that Beauty, that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly Rayment of my Heart,
 Which in thy Breast doth live, as thine in me;
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O! therefore, Love, be of thy self so wary,
 As I not for my self, but for thee, will,
 Bearing thy Heart, which I will keep so chary,
 As tender Nurse her Babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy Heart when mine is slain,
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

A sweet Provocation.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a Brook,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
 Did court the Lad with many a lovely Look;
 Such Looks, as none could look but Beauty's Queen.

178 . Poems on several Occasions.

Shetold him Stories, to delight his Ears;
She show'd him Favours, to allure his Eye;
To win his Heart, shetoucht him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer Chastity.
But whether unripe Years did want Conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd Proffer;
The tender Nibbler wou'd not touch the Bait,
But smile, and jest, at every gentie Offer.
Then fell she on her back, fair Queen! and toward;
He rose and ran away, ah Fool! too froward.

A constant Vow.

IF Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O! never Faith cou'd hold, if not to Beauty vow'd:
Tho to my self forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts to me like Oaks, to thee like *O*fers bow'd.
Study his byas Leaves, and makes his Book thine Eyes,
Where all those Pleasures live, that Art can comprehend.
If Knowledge be the Mark, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learned is that Tongue, that well can thee commend!
All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without Wonder,
Which is to me some Praise, that I thy Parts admire.
Thine Eye *Jove's* Lightning seems, thy Voice his dreadful
Thunder,
Which (not to Anger bent) is Musick, and sweet Fire.
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that Wrong!
To sing Heaven's Praise with such an earthly Tongue.

The Exchange.

A Woman's Face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou the Master, Mistress of my Passion;
A Woman's gentle Heart, but not acquainted
With shifting Change, as is false Womens Fashion;

An Eye more bright than theirs, less false in rowling,
 Gilding the Object whereupon it gazeth.
 A Man in hew all *Hews* in his controuling,
 Which steals Mens Eyes, and Womens Souls amazeth:
 And for a Woman wer't thou first created,
 Till Nature as she wrought thee, fell a doating,
 And by Addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing, to my Purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for Womens Pleasure,
 Mine, be thy Love, and thy Love's Use, their Treasure.

A Disconsolation.

WEARY with Toil, I haste me to my Bed,
 The dear Repose for Limbs with Travail tired;
 But then begins a Journey in my Head
 To work my Mind, when Bodies Work's expired.
 For then my Thoughts (far from where I abide)
 Intend a zealous Pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping Eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on Darknefs, which the Blind doe see.
 Save that my Soul's imaginary Sight
 Presents their Shadow to my sightless View;
 Which like a Jewel (hung in ghastly Night)
 Makes black Night beauteous, and her old Face new.
 Lo! thus by Day my Limbs, by Night my Mind,
 For thee, and for my self no Quiet find.

How can I then return in happy Plight,
 That am debar'd the Benefit of Rest?
 When Days Oppression is not eas'd by Night,
 But Day by Night, and Night by Day oppress?
 And each (tho Enemies to others reign)
 Do in Consent shake Hands to torture me;
 The one by Toil, the other to complain,
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.

180 Poems on several Occasions.

I tell the Day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And do'st him grace when Clouds do blot the Heaven :
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd Night,
 When sparkling Stars tweer out, thou guild'st the Even.
 But Day doth daily draw my Sorrows longer, [ger.
 And Night doth nightly make Grief's length seem stron-

When in Disgrace with Fortune and Mens Eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast State,
 And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless Cries,
 And look upon my self, and curse my Fate ;
 Wishing melike to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with Friends possess'd ;
 Desiring this Man's Art, and that Man's Scope,
 With what I most enjoy, contented least.
 Yet in these Thoughts my self almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my State,
 (Like to the Lark at break of Day arising)
 From fullen Earth sings Hymns at Heaven's Gate.
 For thy sweet Love remembred, such Wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my State with Kings.

Cruel Deceit.

SCARCE had the Sun dry'd up the dewy Morn,
 And scarce the Herd gone to the Hedge for Shade ;
 When *Cytherea* (all in Love forlorn)
 Alonging Tarriance for *Adonis* made,
 Under an Osier growing by a brook,
 A Brook, where *Adon* us'd to cool his Spleen.
 Hot was the Day, she hotter that did look
 For his Approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his Mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the Brook's green Brim :
 The Sun lookt on the World with glorious Eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this Queen on him.
 He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)
 Oh! *Jove* (quoth she) why was not I a Flood?

The

The Unconstant Lover.

FAIR is my Love, but not so fair as fickle;
 Mild as a Dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than Glass, and yet as Glass is brittle;
 Softer than Wax, and yet as Iron rusty:
 A Lilly Pale, with Damask Dye to grace her;
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her Lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each Kiss her Oaths of true Love swearing?
 How many Tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my Love, the Loss thereof still fearing?
 Yet in the midst of all her pure Protestings,
 Her Faith, her Oaths, her Tears, and all were Jestings.

She burnt with Love, as Straw with Fire flaming;
 She burnt out Love, as soon as Straw out burning:
 She fram'd the Love, and yet she foil'd the Framing;
 She bad Love last, and yet she fell a turning.
 Was this a Lover, or a Letcher whether?
 Bad at the best, though excellent in neither.

The Benefit of Friendship.

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent Thought
 I summon up Remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a Thing I sought,
 And with old Woes new wail my dear Time's waste.
 Then can I drown an Eye (unus'd to flow)
 For precious Friends hid in Death's dateless Night,
 And weep afresh Love's long-since cancell'd Woe,
 And moan th' Expence of many a vanish'd Sight.

N

Then

182 Poems on several Occasions.

Then can I grieve at Grievances foregone,
 And heavily from Woe to Woe tell o'er
 The sad Account of fore-bemoaned Moan,
 Which I new pay, as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee (dear Friend)
 All Losses are restor'd, and Sorrows end.

Thy Bosom is indear'd with all Hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns Love and all Love's loving Parts,
 And all those Friends, which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious Tear
 Hath dear religious Love stolen from mine Eye,
 As Interest of the Dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie:
 Thou art the Grave where buried Love doth live,
 Hung with the Trophies of my Lovers gone,
 Who all their Parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many, now is thine alone.
 Their Images I lov'd, I view in thee,
 And Thou (all they) hast all the all of Me.

If thou survive my well-contented Day,
 When that Churl Death my Bones with Dust shall cover;
 And shalt by Fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude Lines of thy deceased Lover:
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the Time,
 And though they be out-stript by every Pen,
 Reserve them for my Love, not for their Rhime,
 Exceeded by the height of happier Men.
 Oh! then vouchsafe me but this loving Thought,
 Had my Friend's Muse grown with this growing Age,
 A dearer Birth than this his Love had brought
 To march in Ranks of better Equipage:
 But since he died, and Poets better prove,
 Theirs for their Stile I'll read, His for His Love.

Friendly

Friendly Concord.

IF Musick and sweet Poetry agree,
 As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)
 Then must the Love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is Dear, whose heavenly Touch
 Upon the Lute, doth ravish human Sense:
Spenser to me, whose deep Conceit is such,
 As passing all Conceit, needs no Defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious Sound,
 That *Phæbus*' Lute (the Queen of Musick) makes;
 And I in deep Delight am chiefly drown'd,
 When as himself to Singing he betakes.
 One God is God of both (as Poets fain)
 One Knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Inhumanity.

FAIR was the Morn, when the fair Queen of Love,
 Paler for Sorrow than her milkwhite Dove,
 For *Adon's* sake, a Youngster proud and wild,
 Her Stand she takes upon a steep-up Hill.
 Anon *Adonis* comes with Horn and Hounds;
 She, silly Queen, with more than Love's good Will,
 Forbad the Boy he should not pass those Grounds:
 Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet Youth
 Here in these Brakes, deep wounded with a Boar,
 Deep in the Thigh a Spectacle of Ruth;
 See in my Thigh (quoth she) here was the Sore:
 She shewed hers, he saw more Wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

A Congratulation.

HO W can my Muse want Subject to invent,
 While thou dost breath, that pour'st into my Verse
 Thine own sweet Argument, too excellent,
 For every vulgar Paper to rehearse.
 Oh! give thy self the Thanks if ought in me,
 Worthy Perusal, stand against thy sight;
 For who's so dull, that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thy self dost give Invention Light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth,
 Than those old Nine, which Rhimers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal Numbers to out-live long Date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious Days,
 The Pain be mine, but thine shall be the Praise.

Oh! how thy Worth with Manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better Part of me?
 What can mine own Praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
 Even for this, let us divided live,
 And our dear Love lose Name of single one;
 That by this Separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 Oh Absence! what a Torment wouldst thou prove!
 Were't not that thy four Leisure gave sweet Leave,
 To entertain the Time with Thoughts of Love,
 Who Time and Thoughts so sweetly dost deceive;
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my Loves, my Love, yea take them all,
 What hast thou then more, than thou hadst before?
 No Love, my Love, that thou may'st true Love call,
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.

Then

Then if for my Love, thou my Love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my Love thou usest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thy self deceivest
 By wilful Taste of what thy self refuseth.
 I do forgive thy Robb'ry, gentle Thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my Poverty;
 And yet Love knows it is a greater Grief
 To bear Love's Wrong, than Hate's known Injury.
 Lascivious Grace, in whom all Ill well shows,
 Kill me with Spight, yet we must not be Foes.

Loss and Gain.

THOSE pretty Wrongs that Liberty commits,
 When I am sometimes absent from thy Heart,
 Thy Beauty, and thy Years full well befits,
 For still Temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, and therefore to be assailed;
 And when a Woman woos, what Woman's Son
 Will sorely leave her till he have prevailed?
 Ay me! but yet thou might'st my Seat forbear,
 And chide thy Beauty and thy straying Youth,
 Who lead thee in their Riot even there,
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold Truth;
 Hers by thy Beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine by thy Beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my Grief,
 And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee is of my wayling Chief,
 A Loss in Love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving Offenders, thus I will excuse ye;
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her,
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my Friend for my sake to approve her.

186 Poems on several Occasions.

If I lose thee, my Loss is my Love's Gain,
And losing her, my Friend hath found that Loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this Cross:
But here's the Joy, my Friend and I are one,
Sweet Flattery, then she loves but me alone.

Foolish Disdain.

V E N U S with *Adonis* sitting by her,
Under a Mistle Shade began to woo him:
She told the Youngling how God *Mars* did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike God embrac'd me,
And then she clapt *Adonis* in her Arms;
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike God unlac'd me,
As if the Boy should use like loving Charms.
Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my Lips,
And with her Lips on his did act the Seizure;
And as she fetched Breath away he skips,
And would not take her Meaning, nor her Pleasure.
Ah! that I had my Lady at this Bay,
To kiss and clip me, till I run away.

Ancient Antipathy.

C R A B B E D Age and Youth cannot live together;
Youth is full of Pleasance, Age is full of Care;
Youth like Summer Morn, Age like Winter Weather;
Youth like Summer brave, Age like Winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Age's Breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age

Poems on several Occasions. 187

Age, I do abhor thee; Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young :
Age, I do defie thee, Oh! sweet Shepherd, hie thee;
For methinks thou stayst too long.

Beauty's Valuation.

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful Good,
A shining Gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;
A Flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle Glass, that's broken presently ;
A doubtful Good, a Gloss, a Glass, a Flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an Hour.

And as Goods lost are seld or never found ;
As faded Gloss no rubbing will refresh ;
As Flowers dead lie withered on the Ground ;
As broken Glass no Cement can redress :
So Beauty blemisht once, for ever's lost,
In spite of Physick, Painting, Pain and Cost.

Melancholy Thoughts.

IF the dull Substance of my Flesh were *Thoughts*,
Injurious Distance should not stop my Way ;
For then, despite of Space, I would be brought
To Limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my Foot did stand
Upon the farthest Earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble Thought can jump both Sea and Land,
As soon as think the Place where he would be.
But ah ! Thought kills me, that I am not Thought,
To leap large Lengths of Miles when thou art gone ;
But that so much of Earth and Water wrought,
I must attend Time's Leisure with my Moan ;

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Receiving nought by Elements so slow,
But heavy Tears, Badges of either's Woe.

The other two, slight Air, and purging Fire,
Are both with thee, where ever I abide;
The first my Thought, the other my Desire;
These present, absent, with swift Motion slide
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassy of Love to thee,
My Life being made of Four, with two alone
Sinks down to Death, oppress'd with Melancholy;
Until Life's Composition be recured,
By those swift Messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again assured
Of their fair Health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

Love's Loss.

SWEET Rose, fair Flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
faded,
Pluck'd in the Bud, and faded in the Spring;
Bright orient Pearl, alack! too timely shaded,
Fair Creature, kill'd too soon by Death's sharp Sting;
Like a green Plumb, that hangs upon a Tree,
And falls, thro' Wind, before the Fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no Cause I have,
For why? Thou lests me nothing in thy Will;
And yet thou lests me more than I did crave,
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes (dear Friend) I Pardon crave of thee,
Thy Discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Love's

Love's Relief.

FULL many a glorious Morning have I seen,
 Flatter the Mountain Tops with sovereign Eye,
 Kissing with golden Face the Meadows green,
 Gilding pale Streams with heavenly Alchumy;
 Anon permit the basest Clouds to ride,
 With ugly Rack on his celestial Face,
 And from the forlorn World his Visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to West with this Disgrace.
 Even so my Sun one early Morn did shine,
 With all triumphant Splendor on my Brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one Hour mine,
 The Region Cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my Love no whit disdaineth,
 Suns of the World may stain, when Heaven's Sun stain-
 eth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous Day,
 And make me travail forth without my Cloak,
 To let base Clouds o'er-take me in my Way,
 Hiding thy Bravery in their rotten Smoke?
 'Tis not enough, that thro' the Cloud thou break,
 To dry the Rain on my storm-beaten Face;
 For no Man well of such a Salve can speak,
 That heals the Wound, and cures not the Disgrace;
 Nor can thy Shame give Physick to my Grief,
 Tho thou repent, yet I have still the Loss;
 Th' Offender's Sorrow lends but weak Relief
 To him, that beareth strong Offences Loss.
 Ah! but those Tears are Pearl which thy Love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill Deeds.

No more be griev'd at that, which thou hast done;
 Roses have Thorns, and silver Fountains Mud,
 Clouds and Eclipses stain both Moon and Sun,
 And loathsome Canker lives in sweetest Bud.

All

190 Poems on *several Occasions.*

All Men make Faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy Trespasts with Compare,
 My self corrupting salving thy Amiss,
 Excusing their Sins more, than their Sins are :
 For to my sensual Fault I bring in Sense,
 Thy adverse Party is thy Advocate,
 And 'gainst myself a lawful Plea commence;
 Such civil War is in my Love and Hate,
 That I an Accessary needs must be
 To that sweet Thief, which sorely robs from me.

Unanimity.

LET me confess, that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided Loves are one;
 So shall those Blots, that do with me remain,
 Without thy Help, by me be born alone.
 In our two Loves there is but one Respect,
 Though in our Lives a separable Spight,
 Which though it alter not Love's sole Effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet Hours from Love's Delight.
 I may not ever-more acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed Guilt should do thee Shame;
 Nor thou with publick Kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that Honour from thy Name.
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good Report.

As a decrepit Father takes Delight
 To see his active Child do deeds of Youth,
 So I made lame by Fortune's dearest Spight,
 Take all my Comfort of thy Worth and Truth.
 For whether Beauty, Birth, or Wealth, or Wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Intituled in the Parts, do crowned sit,
 I make my Love ingrafted to this Store:

Poems on several Occasions. 191

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this Shadow doth such Substance give,
That I in thy Abundance am suffic'd,
And by a Part of all thy Glory live :

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This Wish I have, then ten times happy Me,

Loath to depart.

GOOD Night, good Rest, ah! neither be my Share!
She bad good Night, that kept my Rest away;
And daft me to a Cabben hang'd with Care,
To descant on the Doubts of my Decay.

Farewel (quoth she) and come again to Morrow:
Farewel I could not, for I sapt with Sorrow.

Yet at my Parting sweetly did she smile,
In Scorn, or Friendship, nill I conster whether.
It may be she joy'd to jest at my Exile;
It may be again to make me wander thither.
Wander (a Word) for Shadows like my self,
As take the Pain, but cannot pluck the Pelt.

Lord! how mine Eyes throw Gazes to the East!
My Heart doth charge the Watch; the Morning Rise
Doth scite each moving Sense from idle Rest,
Not daring trust the Office of mine Eyes.

While *Philomela* sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her Lays were tuned like the Lark.

For she doth welcome Day-light with her Ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming Night:
The Night so packt, I post unto my Pretty;
Heart hath his Hope, and Eyes their wished Sight;
Sorrow chang'd to Solace, and Solace mixt with Sorrow,
For why, she sigh'd, and bad me come to morrow.

Were

192 Poems on several Occasions.

Were I with her, the Night would pass too soon;
But now are Minutes added to the Hours:
To spite me now, each Minute seems an Hour,
Yet not for me, shine Sun to succour Flowers.

Pack Night, peep Day, good Day, of Night now borrow,
Short Night, to Night, and length thy self to Morrow.

A Master-piece.

MINE Eye hath play'd the Painter, and hath steel'd
Thy Beauty's Form in Table of my Heart:
My Body is the Frame, wherein 'tis held,
And Perspective it is best Painters Art.
For thro the Painter must you see his Skill,
To find where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my Bosom's Shop is hanging still,
That hath his Windows glazed with thine Eyes.
Now see what good Turns Eyes for Eyes have done,
Mine Eyes have drawn thy Shape, and thine for me
Are Windows to my Breast, where thro the Sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee,
Yet Eyes this Cunning want to grace their Art,
They draw but what they see, know not the Heart.

Happiness in Content.

LET those, who are in Favour with their Stars,
Of publick Honour, and proud Titles boast;
Whilst I, whom Fortune of such Triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joye in that, I honour most.
Great Princes Favourites their fair Leaves spread;
But as the Marigold at the Sun's Eye,
And in themselves their Pride lies buried;
For at a Frown they in their Glory die.

The

Poems on several Occasions. 193

The painful Warriour famous'd for Worth,
After a thousand Victories once foil'd,
Is from the Book of Honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot, for which he toil'd.
Then happy I that love, and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

A dutiful Message.

LORD of my Love, to whom in Vassalage
Thy Merit hath my Duty strongly knit;
To thee I send this written Ambassage,
To witness Duty, not to shew my Wit.
Duty so great, with Wit so poor as mine,
May make seem bare, in wanting Words to shew it;
But that I hope some good Conceit of thine
In my Soul's Thought (all naked) will bestow it.
Till whatsoever Star, that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair Aspect,
And puts Apparel on my tattered Loving,
To show me worthy of their sweet Respect.
Then may I dear to boast how I do love thee, [me.
Till then, not show my Head, where thou may'st prove

Go and come quickly.

HOW heavy do I journey on the Way,
When that I seek (my weary Travels End)
Doth teach that Ease and that Repose to say,
Thus far the Miles are measur'd from thy Friend ?
The Beast, that bears me, tired with my Wo,
Plods dully on, to bear that Weight in me,
As if by some Instinct the Wretch did know
His Rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee.

The

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The bloody Spur cannot provoke him on,
That sometimes Anger thrusts into his Hide;
Which heavily he answers with a Groan,
More sharp to me, than spurring to his Side:
For that same Groan doth put this in my Mind,
My Grief lies onward, and my Joy behind.

Thus can my Love excuse the slow Offence
Of my dull Bearer, when from thee I speed.
From where thou art, why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O! what Excuse will my poor Beast then find,
When swift Extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur tho mounted on the Wind,
In winged Speed no Motion shall I know.
Then can no Horse with my Desire keep Pace,
Therefore Desire (of perfect Love being made)
Shall neigh no dull Flesh in his fiery Race,
But Love for Love, thus shall excuse my Jade.
Since from thee going, he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

Two faithful Friends.

MINE Eye and Heart are at a mortal War,
How to divide the Conquest of thy Sight,:
Mine Eye, my Heart their Pictures Sight would
My Heart, mine Eye the Freedom of that Right; [bar,
My Heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lye?
(A Closet never pierc'd with Christal Eyes)
But the Defendant doth that Plea deny,
And says in him their fair Appearance lies.
To side this Title, is impannelled
A quest of Thoughts, all Tenants to the Heart,
And by their Verdict is determined
The clear Eyes Moiety, and the dear Heart's Part:
As thus; mine Eyes due is their outward Part,
And my Heart's Right their inward Love of Heart.

Betwixt

Betwixt mine Eye and Heart a League is took,
 And each doth good Turns now unto the other :
 When that mine Eye is famisht for a Look,
 Or Heart in Love with Sighs himself doth smother;
 With my Love's Picture then my Eye doth feast,
 And to the painted Banquet bids my Heart :
 Another Time mine Eye is my Heart's Guest,
 And in his Thoughts of Love doth share a Part.
 So either by the Picture of my Love,
 Thy self away, are present still with me,
 For thou not farther than my Thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my Sight
 Awakes my Heart, to Heart's and Eyes Delight.

Careless Neglect.

HOW careful was I, when I took my Way,
 Each Trifle under truest Bars to thrust,
 That to my Use it might unused stay
 From Hands of Falshood, in sure Wards of Trust ?
 But thou, to whom my Jewels Trifles are,
 Most worthy Comfort, now my greatest Grief;
 Thou best of Dearst, and mine only Care,
 Art left the Prey of every vulgar Thiet.
 Thee have I not lockt up in any Chest,
 Save where thou art not (though I feel thou art)
 Within the gentle Closure of my Breast,
 From whence at Pleasure thou maist come and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear;
 For Truth proves thievish for a Prize so dear.

Stout

Stout Resolution.

A GAINST that time (if ever that time come)
 When I shall see thee frown on my Defects,
 When as thy Love hath cast his utmost Sum,
 Call'd to that Audit by advis'd Respects;
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that Sun, thine Eye,
 When Love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall Reasons find of settled Gravity:
 Against that time do I inſconce me here
 Within the Knowledge of mine own Deſert,
 And this my Hand againſt my ſelf uprear,
 To guard the lawful Reasons on thy Part;
 To leave poor me thou haſt the Strength of Laws,
 Since why to love, I can alledge no Cauſe.

A Duel.

I T was a Lording's Daughter,
 The faireſt one of three,
 That lik'd of her Maſter, as well as well might be;
 Till looking on an Engliſhman,
 The faireſt Eye could ſee,
 Her Fancy fell a turning.

Long was the Combat doubtful,
 That Love with Love did fight,
 To leave the Maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant Knight.
 To put in practice either, alafs! it was a Spite
 Unto the ſilly Damſel.

But one muſt be refus'd, more mickle was the Pain,
 That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to Gain;
 For of the two the truſty Knight
 Was wounded with Diſdain,
 Alafs! ſhe could not help it.

Thus

Thus Art with Arms contending, was Victor of the Day,
Which by a Gift of Learning, did bear the Maid away.
Then lullaby! the learned Man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my Song is ended.

Love-sick.

O N a Day (alack the Day)
Love, whose Month was ever May,
Spied a Blossom passing Fair,
Playing in the wanton Air.
Through the velvet Leaves the Wind,
Allunseen 'gan Passage find,
That the Lover (sick to Death)
Wisht himself the Heaven's Breath.
Air (quoth he) thy Cheeks may blow;
Air! would I might triumph so!
But (alas) my Hand hath sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Throne;
Vow (alack) for Youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a Sweet;
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* would swear
Juno but an *Æthiope* were,
And deny himself for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy Love.

Love's Labour lost.

M Y Flocks feed not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is amiss:
Love is dying, Faith's defying,
Heart's denying, Caufer of this.
All my merry Jiggs are quite forgot,
All my Lady's Love is lost (God wot)
Where her Faith was firmly fixt in Love,
There a Nay is plac'd without Remove.

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One silly Cross wrought all my Loss;
O! frowning Fortune, curst fickle Dame!
For now I see Inconstancy,
More in Women, than in Men remain.

In black mourn I, all Fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me living in Thrall:
Heart is bleeding, all Help needing;
O! cruel Speeding, fraught with Gall!
My Shepherd's Pipe can sound no Deal,
My Weather's Bell rings doleful Knell,
My curtail Dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With Sighs so deep, procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful Plight;
How Sighs resound through heartless Ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd Men in bloody Fight.

Clear Wells spring not, sweet Birds sing not,
Green Plants bring not forth their Die:
Herds stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs black peeping fearfully.
All our Pleasure known to us poor Swains,
All our merry Meetings on the Plains,
All our Evening Sport from us is fled;
All our Love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewel, sweet Love, thy like ne'er was,
For a sweet Content the Cause of all my Woe;
Poor *Coridon* must live alone,
Other Help for him I see that there is none.

Wholesome Counsel.

W H E N as thine Eye hath chose the Dame,
And stal'd the Deer, thou shouldst strike;
Let Reason rule things worthy Blame,
As well as Fancy (partly all might)

Take Counsel of some wiser Head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy Tale to tell,
Smooth not thy Tongue with filed Talk;
Least she some subtil Practise smell,
A Cripple soon can find a Halt!
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her Person forth to Sale.

What though her frowning Brows be bent?
Her cloudy Looks will calm e'er Night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her Delight:
And twice desire e'er it be Day
That, which with Scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her Strength,
And ban, and braul, and say thee nay?
Her feeble Force will yield at length,
When Craft hath taught her thus to say:
Had Women been so strong as Men,
In faith, you had not had it then.

And to her Will frame all thy Ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy Desert may merit Praise
By ringing in thy Lady's Ear.
The strongest Castle, Tower, and Town,
The golden Bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured Trust,
And in thy Sute be humble, true;
Unless thy Lady prove unjust,
Please never thou to chuse a New.
When Time shall serve, be thou not slack;
To proffer though she put it back.

200 Poems on several Occasions.

The Wiles and Guiles, that Women work,
Dissembled with an outward Shew;
The Tricks and Toys, that in them lurk,
The Cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A Woman's Nay doth stand for nought?

Think Women still to strive with Men,
To sin, and never for to saint.
There is no Heaven (by holy then)
When Time with Age shall them attain.
Were Kisses all the Joys in Bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I fear,
Least that my Mistress hear my Song;
She will not stick to round me on th' Ear,
To teach my Tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her Secrets so bewraid.

Sat fuisse.

SIN of Self-love possesseth all mine Eye,
And all my Soul, and all my every Part;
And for this Sin there is no Remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my Heart.
Methinks no Face so gracious is as mine,
No Shape so true, no Truth of such Account;
And for my self mine own Worth do define,
As I all other in all Worths surmount.
But when my Glass shews me my self indeed,
Beated and chop'd with tann'd Antiquity,
Mine own Self-love quite contrary I read,
Self, so self-loving, were Iniquity:
'Tis thee (my Self) that for my self I praise,
Painting my Age with Beauty of thy Days.

A

A living Monument.

NOT Marble, nor the gilded Monument
Of Princes, shall out-live this powerful Rhime;
But you shall shine more bright in these Contents,
Than unswept Stone, besmeer'd with fluttish Time.
When wasteful War shall *Statues* overturn,
And Broils root out the Work of Masonry;
Nor *Mars* his Sword, nor War's quick Fire shall burn
The living Record of your Memory.
'Gainst Death, and all oblivious Enmity,
Shall you pace forth, your Praise shall still find Room,
Even in the Eyes of all Posterity,
That wear this World out to the ending Doom.
So till the Judgment, that your self arise,
You live in this, and dwell in Lovers Eyes.

Familiarity breeds Contempt.

SO am I as the Rich, whose blessed Key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked Treasure,
The which he will not every Hour survey,
For blunting the fine Point of seldom Pleasure.
Therefore are Feasts so solemn and so rare;
Since seldom coming in the long Year set,
Like Stones of Worth they thinly placed are,
Or Captain Jewels in the Carconet.
So is the Time, that keeps you, as my Chest,
Or as the Wardrobe, which the Robe doth hide,
To make some special Instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd Pride.
Blessed are you, whose Worthiness gives Scope,
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

202 Poems on several Occasions.

Patiens Armatus.

IS it thy Will, thy Image should keep open
My heavy Eye-lids to the weary Night?
Dost thou desire my Slumbers shou'd be broken,
While Shadows like to thee do mock my Sight?
Is it thy Spirit, that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my Deeds to pry;
To find out Shamèd and Idle Hours in me,
The Scope and Tenure of thy Jealousy?
O! no, thy Love tho' much, is not so great,
It is my Love, that keeps mine Eye awake;
Mine own true Love, that doth my Rest defeat,
To play the Watch-man ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake else-where,
From me far off, with others all too near.

A Valediction.

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead,
When you shall hear the furly, fullen Bell
Give Warning to the World, that I am fled
From this vile World with vilest Worms to dwell.
Nay if you read this Line, remember not
The Hand, that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet Thoughts wou'd be forgot,
If thinking on me then, should make you woe.
O! if (I say) you look upon this Verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with Clay,
Do not so much as my poor Name rehearse,
But let your Love even with my Life decay;
Least the wise World should look into your Moan,
And mock you with me, after I am gone.

O! least the World should task you to recite,
 What Merit liv'd in me, that you should love;
 After my Death (dear Love!) forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove:
 Unless you would devise some vertuous Lye,
 To do more for me now, than mine own Desert,
 And hang more Praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard Truth wou'd willingly impart.
 O! least your true Love may seem false in this,
 That you for Love speak well of me untrue;
 My Name be buried where my Body is,
 And live no more to Shame nor me, nor you:
 For I am sham'd by that, which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented, when that fell Arrest,
 Without all Bail, shall carry me away:
 My Life hath in this Line some Interest,
 Which for Memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review,
 The very Part was consecrate to thee:
 The Earth can have but Earth, which is his due;
 My Sprite is thine the better Part of me.
 So then thou hast but lost the Dregs of Life,
 The Prey of Worms, my Body being dead;
 The Coward Conquest of a Wretches Knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

Nil magnis Invidia.

THAT thou art blam'd shall not be thy Defect,
 For Slanders Mark was ever yet the Fair;
 The Ornament of Beauty is suspect,
 A Crow that flies in Heaven's sweetest Air.

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So thou be good, Slander doth but approve
Their Worth the greater being woo'd of Time;
For Canker Vice the sweetest Buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained Prime.
Thou hast past by the Ambush of young Days,
Either not assail'd, or Victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy Praise cannot be so thy Praise,
To tie up Envy, evermore enlarg'd;
If some suspect of Ill mask not thy Show,
Then thou alone Kingdoms of Hearts shouldst owe.

Love-sick.

O How I faint, when I of you do write!
Knowing a better Spirit doth use your Name,
And in the Praise thereof spends all his Might,
To make me tongue-ty'd speaking of your Fame.
But since your Worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest Sail doth bear,
My saucy Bark (inferior far to his)
On your broad Main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest Help will hold me up a-float,
Whilst he upon your soundless Deep doth ride;
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthless Boat,
He of tall Building, and of goodly Pride.
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my Love was my Decay.

Or shall I live your Epitaph to make?
Or you survive when I in Earth am rotten?
From hence your Memory Death cannot take,
Although in me each Part will be forgotten.
Your Name from hence immortal Life shall have,
Tho I (once gone) to all the World must dye;
The Earth can yield me but a common Grave,
When you intomb'd in Mens Eyes shall lie;

Your

Your Monument shall be my gentle Verse,
Which Eyes not yet created, shall o'er-read;
And Tongues to be, your Being shall rehearse,
When all the Breathers of this World are dead;
You still shall live (such Vertue hath my Pen)
Where Breath most breath's, e'en in the Mouth's of Men.

The Picture of true Love.

LET me not to the Marriage of true Minds
Admit Impediments; Love is not Love,
Which alters when it Alteration finds,
Or bends with the Remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed Mark,
That looks on Tempests and is never shaken;
It is the Star to every wandring Bark,
Whose Worth's unknown, altho his Height be taken.
Love's not Time's Fool, tho rosie Lips and Cheeks
Within his bending Sickle's Compass come;
Love alters not with his brief Hours and Weeks,
But bears it out even to the Edge of Doom.
If this be Error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no Man ever loved.

In Praise of his Love.

I GRANT thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without Attaint o'er-look
The dedicated Words which Writers use
Of their fair Subject, blessing every Book.
Thou art as fair in Knowledge as in Hew.
Finding thy Worth a Limit past my Praise,
And therefore are inforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher Stamp of the time-bettering Days;

And

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And do so love, yet **when they** have devis'd
What strained Touches Rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd,
In true plain Words, by thy true-telling Friend. |
And their gross Painting might be better us'd,
Where Cheeks need Blood; in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw, that you did Painting need,
And therefore to you Fair no Painting set.
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
The barren tender of a Poet's Debt:
And therefore have I slept in your Report;
That you your self being extant well might show,
How far a modern Quill doth come too short,
Speaking of Worth, what Worth in you doth grow.
This Silence of my Sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my Glory, being dumb;
For I impair not Beauty being mute,
When others wou'd give Life, and bring a Tomb,
There lives more Life in one of your fair Eyes,
Than both your Poets can in Praise devise.

Who is it, that says most, which can say more,
Than this rich Praise, that you alone are you?
In whole Confinè immurèd is the Store,
Which should Example, where your Equal grew,
Lean Penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
That to his Subject lends not some small Glory:
But he, that writes of you, if he can tell,
That You are You, so dignifies his Story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what Nature made so clear,
And such a Counter-part shall fame his Writ,
Making him still admir'd every where.
You to your beauteous Blessing add a Curse,
Being fond of Praise, which makes your Praises worse.

My Tongue-ty'd Muse in Manners holds her still,
 While Comments of your Praise richly compil'd,
 Reserve their Character with golden Quill,
 And precious Phrase by all the Muses fill'd.
 I think good Thoughts, whilst others write good Words,
 And like unletter'd Clerk still cry Amen
 To every Hymn, that able Spirit affords,
 In polish'd Form of well-refined Pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of Praise add something more,
 But that is in my Thought, whose Love to you
 (Tho' Words come hind-most) holds his Rank before:
 Then others, for the breath of Words, respect
 Me for my dumb Thoughts, speaking in Effect.

A Resignation.

WAS it the proudful Sail of his great Verse,
 Bound for the Prize of (all too precious) you,
 That did my ripe Thoughts in my Brain rehearse,
 Making their Tomb the Womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his Spirit, by Spirits taught to write,
 Above a mortal Pitch, that struck me dead?
 No neither he, nor his Compeers by Night
 Giving him Aid, my Verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar Ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with Intelligence,
 As Victors of my Silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your Countenance fill'd up his Line,
 Then lack't I Matter, that infeebl'd mine.

Farewel, thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy Estimate:
 The Charter of thy Worth gives thee releasing:
 My Bonds in thee are all determinate.

For

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For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
 And for that Riches, where is my Deserving?
 The Cause of this fair Gift in me is wanting,
 And so my Patent back again is swerving.
 Thy self thou gav'st, thy own Worth then not knowing,
 Or me to whom thou gav'st it else mistaking;
 So thy great Gift upon Misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better Judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a Dream doth flatter,
 In Sleep a King, but waking no such matter.

Sympathizing Love.

AS it fell upon a Day,
 In the merry Month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant Shade,
 Which a Grove of Myrtles made;
 Beasts did leap and Birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
 Every thing did banish Moan,
 Save the Nightingale alone.
 She (poor Bird!) as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her Breast up-till a Thorn,
 And there sung the doleful'st Ditty,
 That to hear it was great Pitty:
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Tern, Tern, by and by,
 That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from Tears refrain:
 For her Griefs so lovely shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes Pity on thy Pain;
 Senseless Trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless Bears, they will not chear thee;
 King *Pandion* he is dead;
 All thy Friends are lapp'd in Lead;

All thy fellow Birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing :
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
 Thou, and I, were both beguil'd,
 Every one, that flatters thee,
 Is no Friend in Misery.
 Words are easie, like the Wind,
 Faithful Friends are hard to find :
 Every Man will be thy Friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :
 But if store of Crowns be scant,
 No Man will supply thy Want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call :
 And with such like flattering,
 Pity but he was a King.
 If he be addict to Vice,
 Quickly him they will intice.
 If to Women he be bent,
 They have him at Commandment.
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great Renown.
 They, that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his Company no more.
 He, that is thy Friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy Need.
 If thou sorrow he will weep ;
 If thou awake, he cannot sleep.
 Thus of every Grief in Heart,
 He with thee doth bear a Part.
 These are certain Signs to know
 Faithful Friend, from flattering Foe.

A Request to his scornful Love.

WHEN thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my Merit in the Eye of Scorn,
 Upon thy Side, against thy self I'll fight,
 And prove thee Vertuous, tho' thou art Forsworn.

With

With mine own Weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy Part I can set down a Story
 Of Faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted :
 That thou in loosing me, shalt win much Glory :
 And I by this will be a Gainer too.
 For bending all my loving Thoughts on thee,
 The Injuries that to my self I do.
 Doing thee Vantage, double vantage me.
 Such is my Love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy Right, my self will bear all Wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some Fault,
 And I will comment upon that Offence ;
 Speak of my Lameness, and I straight will halt ;
 Against thy Reasons making no Defence.
 Thou canst not (Love) disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a Form upon desired Change,
 As I'll my self disgrace; knowing thy Will,
 I will Acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
 Be absent from thy Walks, and in my Tongue,
 Thy sweet beloved Name no more shall dwell,
 Left I (too much profane) should do it Wrong,
 And haply of our old Acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against my self I'll vow Debate,
 For I must ne'er Love him, whom thou dost Hate.

Then Hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now,
 Now while the World is bent my Deeds to cross ;
 Joyn with the Spight of Fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-Loss :
 Ah ! do not, when my Heart hath 'scapt this Sorrow,
 Come in the Rereward of a Conquer'd Woe !
 Give not a windy Night a rainy Morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd Overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty Grievs have done their Spight ;
 But in the Onset come, so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of Fortune's might.
 And other Strains of Woe, which now seem Woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so,

Some glory in their Birth, some in their Skill;
 Some in their Wealth; some in their Bodies force;
 Some in their Garments tho' new-fangled ill;
 Some in their Hawks and Hounds, some in their Horse:
 And every Humour hath his adjunct Pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a Joy above the rest.
 But these Particulars are not my Measure,
 All these I better in one general Best.
 Thy Love is better, than high Birth to me,
 Richer than Wealth, prouder than Garments Cost;
 Of more Delight, than Hawks or Horses be:
 And having thee, of all Mens Pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most Wretched make.

*A Lover's Affection, tho' his Love prove Un-
 constant.*

BUT do thy worst to stealthy self away,
 For Term of Life thou art assured mine;
 And Life no longer, than my Love will stay,
 For it depends upon that Love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of Wrongs,
 When in the least of them my Life hath End;
 I see a better State to me belongs,
 Than that, which on my Humour doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant Mind,
 Since that my Life on thy Revolt doth lie.
 Oh! what a happy Title do I find,
 Happy to have thy Love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed Fair that fears no Blot?
 Thou mayst be False, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived Husband; so Love's Face
 May still seem Love to me, tho' alter'd new:
 Thy Looks with me, thy Heart in other Place.

For

For there can live no Hatred in thine Eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy Change,
 In manies Looks the false Heart's History
 Is writ in Moods, and Frowns, and Wrinkles strange;
 But Heaven in thy Creation did decree,
 That in thy Face sweet Love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy Thoughts, or thy Heart's workings be,
 Thy Looks shall nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like *Eve's* Apple doth thy Beauty grow,
 If thy sweet Vertue answer not thy Show?

They that have Power to hurt, and will do none,
 That do not do the Thing, they must do Show,
 Who moving others, are themselves as Stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to Temptation flow;
 They rightly do inherit Heaven's Graces,
 And husband Nature's Riches from Expence;
 They are the Lords and Owners of their Faces,
 Others but Stewards of their Excellence.
 The Summer's Flower is to the Summer sweet,
 Tho' to it self it only live and die;
 But if that Flower with base Infection meet,
 The basest Weed out-braves his Dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sowereft by their Deeds,
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse than Weeds:

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the Shame,
 Which like a Canker in the fragrant Rose,
 Doth spot the Beauty of thy budding Name?
 Oh! in what Sweets dost thou thy Sins inclose!
 That Tongue, that tells the Story of thy Day,
 (Making lascivious Comments on thy Sport)
 Cannot dispraise; but in a kind of Praise,
 Naming thy Name, blesses an ill Report.
 Oh! what a Mansion have those Vices got,
 Which for their Habitation choose out thee!
 Where Beauty's Veil doth cover every Blot,
 And all things turn to Fair, that Eyes can see;
 Take heed (dear Heart!) of this large Privilege,
 The hardest Knife ill us'd doth lose his Edge.

Complaint

Complaint for his Lover's Absence.

HOW like a Winter hath my Absence been
 From thee, the Pleasure of the fleeting Year!
 What Freezing have I felt, what dark Days seen?
 What old *December's* Bareness every where?
 And yet this Time remov'd was Summer's Time;
 The teeming Autumn big with rich Increase,
 Bearing the wanton Burthen of the Prime,
 Like widow'd Wombs after their Lord's Decease.
 Yet this abundant Issue seem'd to me,
 But Hope of Orphans and un-father'd Fruit;
 For Summer and his Pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very Birds are mute:
 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a Chear,
 That Leaves look pale, dreading the Winters near.

From you have I been absent in the Spring,
 When proud py'd *April*, dress'd in all his Trim,
 Hath put a Spirit of Youth in every thing;
 That heavy *Saturn* laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet not the Lays of Birds, nor the sweet Smell
 Of different Flowers in Odour and in Hew,
 You'd make me any Summer's Story tell;
 Nor from their proud Lap pluck them where they grew,
 Nor did I wonder at the Lillies White,
 Nor praise the deep Vermilion in the Rose;
 They were but sweet, but Figures of Delight,
 Drawn after you, you Pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
 As with your Shadow, I with these did play.

The forward Violet thus did I chide,
 Sweet Thief! whence did'st thou steal thy Sweet that smells,
 Not from my Love's Breath? The purple Pride,
 Which on thy soft Cheek for Complexion dwells,

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In my Love's Veins thou hast too grossly dy'd:
 The Lilly I condemned for thy Hand,
 And Buds of Marjoram had stol'n thy Hair,
 The Roses fearfully on Thorns did stand,
 One blushing Shame, another white Despair;
 A third not red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
 And to this Robb'ry had annex'thy Breath;
 But for his Theft, in Pride of all his Growth,
 A vengeful Canker eat him up to Death.
 More Flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But Sweet, or Colour, it had stol'n from thee.

An Invocation to his Muse.

WHERE art thou Muse, that thou forget'st so long,
 To speak of that, which gives thee all thy Might?
 Spend'st thou thy Fury on some worthless Song,
 Darkning thy Power to lend base Subjects Light?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem,
 In gentle Numbers, Time so idely spent;
 Sing to the Ear, that doth thy Lays esteem;
 And give thy Pen both Skill and Argument.
 Rise, resty Muse, my Love's sweet Face survey,
 If Time hath any Wrinkle graven there;
 If any, be a *Satire* to Decay,
 And make Time's Spoils despised every where.
 Give my Love Fame, faster than Time wafts Life,
 So thou prevent'st his Scithe, and crooked Knife.

Oh! truant Muse! what shall be thy Amends,
 For thy neglect of Truth in Beauty dy'd?
 But Truth and Beauty on my Love depends:
 So dost thou too, and therein dignity'd.
 Make answer, Muse, wilt thou not haply say,
 Truth needs no Colour with his Colour fixt;
 Beauty no Pencil, Beauty's Truth to lay;
 But best is best, if never intermixt.

Because

Because he needs no Praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse no Silence so, for 't lies in thee,
To make her much out-live a gilded Tomb,
And to be prais'd of Ages yet to Be.
Then do thy Office, Muse, I teach thee how,
To make her seem long hence, as she shows now.

Constant Affection.

TO me, fair Love, you never can be Old;
For as you were when first your Eye I ey'd,
Such seems your Beauty still. Three Winters cold
Have from th' Forests shook three Summers Pride;
Three beauteous Springs to yellow *Autumn* turn'd,
In Process of the Seasons, have I seen;
Three *April* Perfumes in three hot *Junes* burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth Beauty, like a Dial-Hand,
Steal from his Figure, and no Place perceiv'd.
So your sweet Hew, which methinks, still does stand,
Hath Motion, and mine Eye may be deceiv'd;
For fear of which, hear this, thou Age unbred.
E'er you was born, was Beauty's Summer dead.

Let not my Love be call'd Idolatry,
Nor my Beloved as an Idol Show;
Since all alike my Songs and Praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so:
Kind is my Love to day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous Excellence;
Therefore my Verse to Constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out Difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my Argument;
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other Words;
And in this Change is my Invention spent,
Three Theams is one, which wondrous Scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone;
Which three, till now, have never sate in one.

When in the Chronicle of wasted Time,
 I see Descriptions of the fairest Wights,
 And Beauty making beautiful old Rhime,
 In praise of Ladies dead, and lovely Knights:
 Then in the Blazon of sweet Beauty's best,
 Of Hand, of Foot, of Lip, of Eye, of Brow,
 I see their antick Pen would have exprest
 E'en such a Beauty as you master now.
 So all their Praises are but Prophecies
 Of this our Time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining Eyes,
 They had not still enough your Worth to sing:
 For we who now behold these present Days,
 Have Eyes to wonder, but lack Tongues to praise.

Amazement.

MY Love is strengthned, tho' more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, tho' less the Show appear:
 That Love is merchandiz'd, whose rich Esteeming
 The Owner's Tongue doth publish every where.
 Our Love was new, and then but in the Spring,
 When I was wont to greet it in my Lays;
 As *Philomel* in Summer's Front doth sing,
 And stops his Pipe in Growth of riper Days.
 Not that the Summer is less pleasant now,
 Than when her mournful Hymns did hush the Night;
 But that wild Musick burthens every Bough,
 And Sweets grown common lose their dear Delight.
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my Tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my Song.

Alack! what Poverty my Muse brings forth!
 That having such a Scope to show her Pride,
 The Argument all bare, is of more Worth,
 Than when it hath my added Praise beside.

Oh!

Oh! blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your Glass, and there appears a Face,
 That overgoes my blunt Invention quite,
 Dulling my Lines, and doing me Disgrace:
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the Subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my Verses tend,
 Than of your Graces, and your Gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my Verse can fit,
 Your own Glass shows you, when you look in it.

A Lover's Excuse for his long Absence.

O H! never say that I was false of Heart,
 Tho' Absence seem'd my Flame to qualify;
 As easie might I from my self depart,
 As from my Soul which in my Breast doth lie.
 That is my Home of Love; if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again
 Just to the Time, not with the Time exchang'd;
 So that my self bring Water for my Stain.
 Never believe, tho' in my Nature reign'd
 All Frailties, that besiege all Kinds of Blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy Sum of Good:
 For nothing this wide Universe I call,
 Save thou, my Rose in it, thou art my all.

Alas! 'tistrue, I have gone here and there;
 And made my self a Motley to the View;
 For'd mine own Thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear;
 Made old Offences of Affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on Truth
 Afance and strangely: But by all above,
 These Blenches gave my Heart another Youth,
 And worse Assays prov'd thee my best of Love.

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Now all is done, have what shall have no End,
 Mine Appetite I never more will grind
 On newer Proof, to try an older Friend,
 A God in Love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my Heaven the best,
 E'en to thy pure and most most loving Breast.

A Complaint.

O H! For my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty Goddeſs of my harmleſs Deeds,
 That did not better for my Life provide,
 Than publick Means which publick Manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my Name receives a Brand,
 And almoſt thence my Nature is ſubdued
 To what it works in, like the Dyer's Hand.
 Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;
 Whiſt like a willing Patient I will drink
 Potions of *Eyfel* 'gainſt my ſtrong Infection,
 No Bitterneſs, that I will bitter think,
 Nor double Penance to correct Correction.
 Pity me then, dear Friend, and I aſſure ye,
 E'en that your Pity is enough to cure me.

Your Love and Pity doth th' Impreſſion fill,
 Which vulgar Scandal ſtamp'd upon my Brow:
 For what care I who calls me well, or ill,
 So you o'er-ſcreen my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all, the World and I muſt ſtrive
 To know my Shames, and Praises from your Tongue;
 None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my ſteel'd Senſe or changes right or wrong,
 In ſo profound *Abyſme* I throw all Care
 Of others Voices, that my Acers Senſe
 To Critic, and to Flatterer ſtopped are:
 Mark how with my Neglect I do diſſence.
 You are ſo ſtrongly in my Purpoſe bred,
 That all the World beſides me, thinks I'm dead.

Self-flattery of her Beauty.

SINCE I left you, mine Eye is in my Mind;
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his Function, and is partly blind;
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out.
 For it no Form delivers to the Heart,
 Of Birds, or Flowers, or Shape, which it doth lack;
 Of his quick Objects hath the Mind no Part,
 Nor his own Vision holds what it doth catch:
 For if it see the rud'st, or gentlest Sight,
 The most sweet Favour, or deformedst Creature,
 The Mountain or the Sea, the Day or Night,
 The Crow, or Dove, it shapes them to your Feature:
 Incapable of more, repeat with you,
 My most true Mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my Mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the Monarch's Plague, this Flattery?
 Or whether shall I say mine Eye saith true,
 And that your Love taught it this *Alchymy*?
 To make of Monsters, and things indigest,
 Such Cherubims as your sweet self resemble;
 Creating every Bad a perfect Best,
 As fast as Objects to his Beams assemble;
 Oh! 'tis the first, 'tis Flatt'ry in my seeing,
 And my great Mind most kindly drinks it up;
 Mine Eye well knows what with his Gust is 'greeing,
 And to his Palat doth prepare the Cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser Sin,
 That mine Eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those Lines that I before have writ, do lye,
 E'en those that said I could not love you dearer:
 Yet then my Judgment knew no Reason why,
 My most full Flame should afterwards burn clearer,

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But reck'ning Time, whose million Accidents
Creep in 'twixt Vows, and change Decrees of Kings,
Tann sacred Beauty, blunt the sharp'st Intent's,
Divert strong Minds to th' Course of alt'ring Things,
Alas! Why fearing of Time's Tyranny,
Might I not then say, now I love you best,
When I was certain o'er Incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a Babe; then might I not say so,
To give full Growth to that, which still doth grow?

A Trial of Love's Constancy.

ACCUSE me thus; That I have scant'd all,
Wherein I should your great Deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest Love to call,
Whereto all Bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown Minds,
And given to Time your own dear-purchas'd Right;
That I have hoisted Sail to all the Winds,
Which should transport me farthest from your Sight:
Book both my Wilfulness and Error down,
And on just Proof, Surmise, Accumulate;
Bring me within the Level of your Frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened Hate:
Since my Appeal says, I did strive to prove
The Constancy and Vertue of your Love.

Like as, to make our Appetites more keen,
With eager Compounds we our Palate urge;
As, to prevent our Maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun Sickness, when we purge:
Even so being full of your near cloying Sweetness,
To bitter Sauces did I frame my Feeding;
And sick of Welfare, found a kind of Meetness,
To be diseas'd e'er that there was true needing.

Thus

Thus Policy in Love t' anticipate
The Ills that were not, grew to Faults assured,
And brought to Medicine a healthful State,
Which rank of Goodness would by Ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the Lesson true,
Drugs poison him, that so fell sick of you.

What Potions have I drunk of *Syren* Tears,
Distill'd from Limbeck's foul as Hell within?
Applying Fears to Hopes, and Hopes to Fears,
Still losing when I saw my self to win.
What wretched Errors hath my Heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it self so blessed never?
How have mine Eyes out of their Spheres been fitted,
In the Distraction of this madding Feaver?
O! Benefit of Ill! now I find true,
That better is by Evil still made better;
And ruin'd Love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return Rebuke to my Content,
And gain by Ills thrice more than I have spent.

A good Construction of his Love's Unkindness.

THAT you were once unkind befriends me now;
And for that Sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my Transgression bow,
Unless my Nerves were Brass, or hammer'd Steel.
For if you were by my Unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, y' have past a Hell of Time;
And I a Tyrant have no Leisure taken,
To weigh how once I suffered in your Crime.
O! that our Night of Woe might have remembred
My deepest Sense, how hard true Sorrow hits!
And soon to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble Salve, which wounded Bosoms fits!
But that your Trespass now becomes a Fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

Error

Error in Opinion.

TIS better to be vile, than vile esteemed,
 When not to be, receives Reproach of Being;
 And the just Pleasure's lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our Feeling, but by others Seeing.
 For why should others false adulterate Eyes
 Give Salutation to my sportive Blood?
 Or on my Frailties, why are frailer Spies;
 Which in their Wills count bad, what I think good?
 No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my Abuses, reckon up their own;
 I may be streight, though they themselves be bevel,
 By their rank Thoughts my Deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general Evil they maintain,
 All Men are bad, and in their Badness reign.

*Upon the Receipt of a Table-Book from his
 Mistress.*

THY Gift, thy Tables, are within my Brain
 Full character'd with a lasting Memory,
 Which shall above that idle Rank remain,
 Beyond all Date, even to Eternity;
 Or at the least, so long as Brain and Heart
 Have Faculty by Nature to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd Oblivion yield his Part,
 Of thee thy Record never can be mist.
 That poor Retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I Tallies thy dear Love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those Tables, that receive thee more.
 To keep an Adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import Forgetfulness in me.

A Vow.

NO, Time! thou shalt not boast that I do change;
 Thy Pyramids built up with newer Might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but Dressings of a former Sight.
 Our Dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is Old;
 And rather make them born to our Desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy Registers and thee I both desire,
 Not wondring, at the Present, nor the Past;
 For thy Records, and what we see doth lye,
 Made more or less by thy continual Haste.
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
 I will be true, despite thy Scithe and Thee.

Love's Safety.

IF my dear Love were but the Child of State,
 It might for Fortune's Bastard be unfather'd;
 As subject to Time's Love, or to Time's Hate,
 Weeds among Weeds, or Flowers with Flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from Accident,
 It suffers not in smiling Pomp, nor falls
 Under the Blow of thrall'd Discontent;
 Whereto th' inviting Time our Fashion calls:
 It fears not Policy, that *Heretic*,
 Which works on Leases of short numbred Hours:
 But all alone stands hugely Politick,
 That it nor grows with Heat, nor drowns with Showers.
 To this I Witness call the Fools of Time,
 Which die for Goodness, who have liv'd for Crime.

An Intreaty for her Acceptance.

WER'T ought to me, I bore the Canopy,
 With my Extern the outward Honouring;
 Or laid great Bales for Eternity,
 Which proves more short, than Waste or Ruining?
 Have I not seen Dwellers on Form and Favour,
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much Rent,
 For Compound-sweet, foregoing simple Savour;
 Pitiful Thrivers, in their Gazing spent!
 No, let me be obsequious in thy Heart,
 And take thou my Oblation, poor, but free,
 Which is not mixt with Seconds, knows no Art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence thou suborn'd Informer! a true Soul,
 When most impeacht, stands least in thy Controul.

Upon her playing on the Virginals.

HOW oft, when thou thy Musick, Musick play'st,
 Upon that blessed Wood, whose Motion sounds
 With thy sweet Fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The witty Concord, that mine Ear confounds;
 Do I envy those Jacks, that nimble leap,
 To kiss the tender Inward of thy Hand?
 Whilst my poor Lipps, which should that Harvest reap,
 At the Wood's Boldness by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tickled, they would change their State
 And Situation with those dancing Chipps,
 O'er whom thy Fingers walk with gentle Gate,
 Making dead Wood more blest than living Lipps.
 Since saucy Jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy Fingers, me thy Lipps to kiss.

Immoderate Lust.

TH' Expence of Spirit in a Waste of Shame,
Is Lust in Action; and till Action, Lust
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of Blame,
Savage, extream, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Injoy'd no sooner, but despis'd streight,
Past Reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past Reason hated as a swallowed Bait,
On purpose laid to make the Taker mad;
Mad in Pursuit, and in Possession so;
Had, having, and in quest, to have extream;
A Bliss in Proof, and prov'd a very Woe;
Before a Joy propos'd, behind a Dream.
All this the World well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the Heaven, that leads Men to this Hell.

In praise of her Beauty, tho black.

IN the old Age Black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not Beauty's Name:
But now is Black Beauty's successive Heir,
And Beauty slander'd with a Bastard Shame.
For since each Hand hath put on Nature's Power,
Fairing the Foul with Art's false borrow'd Face,
Sweet Beauty hath no Name, no holy Bower,
But is prophan'd, if not lives in Disgrace.
Therefore my Mistress' Eyes are Raven-black,
Her Eyes so suited, that they Mourners seem,
At such who not born fair no Beauty lack,
Slandering Creation with a false Esteem;
Yet so they mourn becoming of their Woe,
That every Tongue says, Beauty shou'd look so.

My

My Mistrefs' Eyes are nothing like the Sun ;
 Coral is far more red, than her Lipps red.
 If Snow be white, why then her Breasts are dun ;
 If Hairs be Wires, black Wires grow on her Head.
 I have seen Roses, damask, red, and white,
 But no such Roses see I in her Cheeks ;
 And in some Perfumes is there more Delight,
 Than in the Breath that from my Mistrefs reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
 That Musick hath a far more pleasing Sound.
 I grant I never saw a Goddess go ;
 My Mistrefs when she walks treads on the Ground ;
 And yet, by Heaven, I think my Love as rare,
 As any she bely'd with false Compare.

Thou art as tyrannous, yes so thou art,
 As those whose Beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st, to my dear doating Heart,
 Thou art the fairest, and most precious Jewel :
 Yet in good Faith some say, that thee behold,
 Thy Face hath not the Power to make Love groan,
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Altho' I swear it to myself alone.
 And to be sure, that is not false I swear,
 A thousand Groans, but thinking on thy Face,
 One on another's Neck do witness bear,
 Thy Black is fairest in my Judgment's Place.
 In nothing art thou black save in thy Deeds,
 And thence this Slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine Eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
 Knowing thy Heart torments me with Disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving Mourners be,
 Looking with pretty Ruth upon my Pain.
 And truly not the Morning Sun in Heaven
 Better becomes the grey Cheeks of the East ;
 Nor that full Star that ushers in the Even,
 Doth halt that Glory to the sober West ;

As those two mourning Eyes become thy Face.
 O! let it then as well beseech thy Heart
 To mourn for me, since Mourning doth thee grace;
 And sute thy Pity like in every Part.
 Then will I swear, Beauty her self is black,
 And all they foul, that thy Complexion lack.

Unkind Abuse.

Beshrew that Heart, that makes my Heart to groan
 For that deep Wound it gives my Friend and me!
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,
 But Slave to Slavery my sweet Friend must be?
 Me from my self thy cruel Eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast ingrossed:
 Of him, my self, and thee I am forsaken,
 A Torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed.
 Prison my Heart in thy steel Bosom's Ward;
 But then my Friend's Heart let my poor Heart bail:
 Who e'er keeps me, let my Heart be his Guard,
 Thou canst not then use Rigor in my Jail.
 And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confest, that he is thine,
 And I my self am mortgag'd to thy Will;
 My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore to me, my Comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free;
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind:
 He leav'n'd but Surety-like to write for me
 Under that Bond, that him as fast doth bind.
 The Statute of thy Beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou Usurer, that put'st forth all to Use,
 And sue a Friend, came Debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind Abuse.
 Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me;
 He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

Love-

Love-Suit.

WHoever hath her Wish, thou hast thy *Will*;
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus
 More than enough, am I, that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet *Will* making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose *Will* is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my *Will* in thine?
 Shall *Will* in others seem right gracious,
 And in my *Will* no fair Acceptance shine?
 The Sea all Water, yet receives Rain still,
 And in Abundance addeth to his Store;
 So thou being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One *Will* of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair Beseechers kill,
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

If thy Soul check thee, that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind Soul, that I was thy *Will*;
 And *Will* thy Soul knows is admitted there,
 Thus far for Love, my Love-suit sweet fulfil.
Will will fulfil the Treasure of thy Love;
 I fill it full with *Wills*, and my *Will* one;
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
 Among a Number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the Number let me pass untold,
 Tho' in thy Stores Account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That Nothing-me, a Something sweet to thee.
 Make but my Name thy Love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me, for my Name is *Will*.

His Heart wounded by her Eye.

THOU blind Fool Love, what dost thou to mine Eyes,
 That they behold and see not what they see?
 They know what Beauty is, & where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.

If Eyes corrupt by over-partial Looks,
 Be anchor'd in the Bay where all Men ride,
 Why of Eyes Falshood hast thou forged Hooks,
 Whereto the Judgment of my Heart is ty'd?
 Why should my Heart think that a several Plot,
 Which my Heart knows the wide World's common Place?
 Or mine Eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair Truth upon so foul a Face;
 In things right true my Heart and Eyes have err'd,
 And to this false Plague are they now transferr'd.

O! call not me to justify the Wrong,
 That thy Unkindness lays upon my Heart!
 Wound me not with thine Eye, but with thy Tongue,
 Use Power with Power, and slay me not by Art:
 Tell me thou lovest else-where; but in my Sight,
 Dear Heart, forbear to glance thine Eye aside.
 What needst thou wound with Cunning, when thy Might
 Is more than my o'er-prest Defence can bide?
 Let me excuse thee; Ah! my Love well knows,
 Her pretty Looks have been my Enemies;
 And therefore from my Face she turns my Foes,
 That they else-where might dart their Injuries.
 Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with Looks, and rid my Pain.

Be wise, as thou art cruel, do not press
 My Tongue-ty'd Patience with too much Disdain:
 Least Sorrow lend me Words, and Words express
 The Manner of my Pity-wanting Pain.
 If I might teach thee Wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet love to tell me so;
 As testy Sick-men, when their Deaths be near,
 No News but Health from their Physicians know.
 For if I should despair I should grow mad,
 And in my Madness might speak ill of thee;
 Now this ill-wresting World is grown so bad,
 Mad Sland'ers by mad Ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine Eyes straight, tho' thy proud Heart go wide.

A Protestation.

IN Faith, I do not love thee with mine Eyes;
 For they in thee a thousand Errors note:
 But 'tis my Heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of View is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine Ears with thy Tongue's Tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling to base Touches prone;
 Nor Taste, nor Smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual Feast with thee alone.
 But my five Wits, nor my five Senses can
 Disswade one foolish Heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the Likeness of a Man,
 Thy proud Heart's Slave and vassal Wretch to be:
 Only my Plague thus far I count my Gain,
 That she that makes me sin, rewards my Pain.

Love is my Sin, and my dear Vertue Hate;
 Hate of Sin, grounded on a sinful Loving.
 O! but with mine compare thou thine own State,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or if it do, not from those Lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their Scarlet Ornaments,
 And seal'd false Bonds of Love as oft as mine,
 Robb'd others Beds, Revenues of their Rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those,
 Whom thine Eyes woo, as mine importune thee.
 Root pity in thy Heart, that when it grows,
 Thy Pity may deserve to pity'd be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self Example may'st thou be deny'd!



An Allusion.

LO! as a careful Hufwife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd Creatures broke away,
 Sets down her Babe and makes all swift Dispatch;
 In pursuit of the Thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected Child holds her in Chace,
 Cries to catch her, whose busie Care is bent,
 To follow that, which flies before her Face,
 Not prizing her poor Infant's Discontent:
 So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy Babe chase thee a-far behind;
 But if thou catch thy Hope, turn back to me,
 And play the Mother's Part, kiss me, be kind.
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will;
 If thou turn back, and my loud Crying still:

Life and Death.

THOSE Lips, that Love's own Hand did make;
 Breath'd forth the Sound, that said I hate;
 To me that languish'd for her Sake.
 But when she saw my woful State,
 Strait in her Heart did Mercy come,
 Chiding that Tongue, that ever sweet,
 Was us'd in giving gentle Doom;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet:
 I hate she altered with an End,
 That follow'd it, as gentle Day
 Doth follow Night, wholike a Fiend;
 From Heaven to Hell is flown away.
 I hate, from Hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my Life, saying not you:

A Consideration of Death.

POOR Soul! the Center of my sinful Earth,
 My sinful Earth these rebel Powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer Dearth,
 Painting thy outward Walls in costly Clay?
 Why so large Cost, having so short a Lease,
 Dost thou upon thy faded Mansion spend?
 Shall Worms, Inheritors of this Excess,
 Eat up thy Charge? Is this thy Body's End?
 Then Soul, live thou upon thy Servant's Loss;
 And let that pine to aggravate thy Store:
 Buy Terms Divine in selling Hours of Dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more.
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on Men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Immoderate Passion.

MY Love is as a Fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the Disease;
 Feeding on that, which doth preserve the Ill,
 Th' uncertain sickly Appetite to please.
 My Reason the Physician to my Love,
 Angry that his Prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve.
 Desire is Death, which Physick did except.
 Past Cure I am, now Reason is past Cure,
 And frantick mad with ever-more Unrest;
 My Thoughts and my Discourse as mad Mens are,
 At random from the Truth vainly exprest.
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as Hell, as dark as Night.

Love's powerful Subtily.

O Me! what Eyes hath Love put in my Head,
Which have no Correspondence with true Sight!
Or if they have, where is my Judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false Eyes dote,
What means the World to say it is not so?
If it be not, then Love doth well denote,
Love's Eye is not so true as all Mens. No,
How can it? O how can Love's Eye be true,
That is so vext with Watching and with Tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my View;
The Sun it self sees not, till Heaven clears.
O! cunning Love, with Tears thou keepst me blind,
Least Eyes well-seeing thy foul Faults should find.

Canst thou, O! cruel, say I love thee not,
When I against my self with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
All of my self, all, Tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hatest thou, that do I call my Friend,
On whom frown'st thou, that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou lowr'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon my self with present Moan?
What Merit do I in my self respect,
That is so proud thy Serviceto despise?
When all my best doth worship thy Defect,
Commanded by the Motion of thine Eyes.
But, Love, hate on; for now I know thy Mind,
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

Oh! from what Power hast thou this powerful Might,
With Insufficiency my Heart to sway;
To make me give the Lye to my true Sight,
And swear, that Brightness doth not grace the Day?

234 Poems on *several Occasions*,

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy Deeds,
There is such Strength and Warrantise of Skill,
That in my Mind thy worst all bests exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear, and see just cause of Hate?
Oh! tho' I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my State,
If thy Unworthiness rais'd Love in me,
More worthy I, to be below'd of thee.

Retaliation.

SOoft have I invoc'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair Assistance in my Verse,
As every *Alien* Pen hath got my Use,
And under thee, their Poesie disperse.
Thine Eyes that taught the Dumb on high to sing,
And heavy Ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added Feathers to the Learned's Wing;
And given Grace a double Majesty:
Yet be most proud of that, which I compile,
Whose Influence is thine, and born of thee;
In others Works thou dost but mend the Style,
And Arts with thy sweet Graces graced be:
But thou art all my Art, and dost advance
As high as Learning, my rude Ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy Aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle Grace:
But now my gracious Numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another Place.
I grant (sweet Love!) thy lovely Argument
Deserves the Travel of a worthier Pen;
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again:

He lends thee Vertue, and he stole that Word
From thy Behaviour. Beauty doth he give,
And tound it in thy Cheek. He can afford
No Praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy self dost pay.

Sun-Set.

THAT Time of Year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow Leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those Boughs, which shake against the Cold,
Bare ruin'd Quires, where late the sweet Birds sang.
In me thou seest the Twilights of such Day,
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West;
Which by and by black Night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in Rest.
In me thou seest the Glowing of such Fire,
That on the Ashes of his Youth doth lie,
As the Death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that, which it was nourish'd by,
'Tis thou perceiv'st, which makes thy Love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave e'er long.

Thy Glass will shew thee how thy Beauties wear;
Thy Dial how thy precious Minutes waste;
The vacant Leaves thy Mind's Imprint will bear,
And of this Book this Learning may'st thou taste:
The Wrinkles, which thy Glass will truly show,
Of mouthed Graves will give thee Memory.
Thou by thy Dial's shady Stealth may'st know
Time's theevish Progress to Eternity.
Look what thy Memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste Blacks, and thou shalt find
Those Children nurs't, deliver'd from thy Brain,
To take a new Acquaintance of thy Mind.
These Offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy Book.

236 Poems on several Occasions.

A Monument to Fame.

NOT mine own Fears, nor the prophetic Soul
 Of the wide World, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the Lease of my true Love controul,
 Suppos'd as Forfeit to a confin'd Doom.
 The mortal Moon hath her Eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad Augurs mock their own Presage:
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And Peace proclaims Olives of endless Age.
 Now with the Drops of this most balmy Time,
 My Love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes;
 Since spight of him, I'll live in this poor Rhime,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless Tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy Monument,
 When Tyrants Crests, and Tombs of Brass are spent.

What's in the Brain, that Ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true Spirit?
 What's new to speak, what now to register,
 That may express my Love! or thy dear Merit?
 Nothing, sweet Love! but yet like Prayers divine,
 I must each Day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair Name.
 So that eternal Love, in Love's fresh Case,
 Weighs not the Dust and Injuries of Age,
 Nor gives no necessary Wrinkles Place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his Page;
 Finding the first Conceit of Love there bred,
 Where Time, and outward Form would shew it dead.

Perjury.

LOVE is too young to know what Conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, Conscience is born of Love?
 Then, gentle Cheater, urge not my Amiss,
 Least guilty of my Faults thy sweet self prove.

For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler Part to my gross Body's Treason.
My Soul doth tell my Body, that he may
Triumph in Love, Flesh stays no farther Reason:
But rising at thy Name, doth point out thee,
As his triumphant Prize; proud of this Pride,
He is contented thy poor Drudge to be,
To stand in thy Affairs, fall by thy Side.

No want of Conscience hold it, that I call
Her Love, for whose dear Love I rise and fall.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn to me, Love-swearing;
In Act thy Bed-vow broke and new Faith torn,
In Vowing new Hate after new Love bearing.
But why of two Oaths Breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my Vows are Oaths but to misuse thee;
And all my honest Faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep Oaths of thy deep Kindness;
Oaths of thy Love, thy Truth, thy Constancy;
And to enlighten thee, gave Eyes to Blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see.
For I have sworn thee Fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear against the Truth so foul a Lye.

The Tale of Cephalus and Procris.

BENEATH *Hymettus* Hill well-cloth'd with Flowers,
A holy Well her soft Springs gently pours:
Where stands a Copse, in which the Wood-Nymphs shrove,
(No Wood) it rather seems a slender Grove.
The humble Shrubs and Bushes hide the Grass,
Here *Lawrel*, *Rosemary*, here *Myrtle* was:
Here grew thick *Box*, and *Tam'risk*, that excels,
And made a meer Confusion of sweet Smells:
The *Trifoly*, the *Pine*; and on this Heath
Stands many a Plant that feels cool *Zephyrs* Breath.

Here

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Here the young *Cephalus* tyr'd in the Chace,
 Us'd his Repose and Rest, alone t' embrace;
 And where he sat, these Words he would repeat,
Come Air, sweet Air, come cool my mighty Heat!
 Come gentle Air, I never will forsake thee,
 I'll hug thee thus, and in my Bosom take thee.
 Some double-duteous Tell-tale hapt to hear this,
 And to his jealous Wife doth straight-way bear this,
 Which *Procris* hearing, and withal the Name
 Of *Air, sweet Air*, which he did oft proclaim;
 She stands confounded, and amaz'd with Grief,
 By giving this fond Tale too sound Belief:
 And looks, as do the Trees by Winter nipt,
 Whom Frost and Cold of Fruit and Leaves half stript,
 She bends like Corveil, when too rank it grows,
 Or when the ripe Fruits clog the Quince-tree Boughs,
 But when she comest' her self, she tears
 Her Garments, her Eyes, her Cheeks, and Hairs;
 And then she starts, and to her Feet applies her,
 Then to the Woods (stark Woad) in rage she hies her,
 Approaching some-what near, her Servants they
 By her Appointment in a Valley stay;
 Whilst she alone with creeping Paces steals
 To take the Strumpet, whom her Lord conceals.
 What mean'st thou, *Procris*, in these Groves to hide thee?
 What rage of Love doth to this Madness guide thee?
 Thou hop'st the Air he calls, in all her Bravery,
 Will straight approach, and thou shalt see their Knavery.
 And now again it irks her to be there,
 For such a killing Sight her Heart will tear.
 No Truce can with her troubled Thoughts dispence;
 She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.
 Behold the Place, her jealous Mind foretells,
 Here do they use to meet, and no where else:
 The Grass is laid, and see their true Impression;
 E'en here they lay: Ay, here was their Transgression.
 A Body's Print she saw, it was his Seat,
 Which makes her faint Heart 'gainst her Ribs to beat.
Phœbus the lofty Eastern Hill had scal'd,
 And all moist Vapours from the Earth exhal'd:

Now in his Noon-tide point he shineth bright;
 It was the middle Hour, 'twixt Noon and Night,
 Behold young *Cephalus* draws to the Place,
 And with the Fountain Water sprinks his Face:
Procris is hid; upon the Grass he lies,
 And come, *sweet Zephyr*, come *sweet Air*, he cries,
 She sees her Error now from where she stood,
 Her Mind returns to her, and her fresh Blood;
 Among the Shrubs and Briers she moves and rustles,
 And the injurious Boughs away she justles;
 Intending as he lay, there to repose him,
 Nimble to run, and in her Arms inclose him.
 He quickly casts his Eye upon the Bush,
 Thinking therein some savage Beast did rush;
 His Bow he bends, and a keen Shaft he draws:
 Unhappy Man, what dost thou! Stay, and pause;
 It is no brute Beast thou would'st reave of Life!
 O! Man unhappy! thou hast slain thy Wife!
 Oh! Heaven, she cries, Oh! help me, I am slain;
 Still doth thy Arrow in my Wound remain:
 Yet though by timeless Fate my Bones here lie,
 It glads me most, that I no Cuck-quean die.
 Her Breath (thus in the Arms she most affected)
 She breaths into the *Air* (before suspected)
 'The whilst he lifts her Body from the Ground,
 And with his Tears doth wash her bleeding Wound.

Cupid's Treachery.

CUPID laid by his Brand and fell asleep;
 A Maid of *Dian's* this Advantage found;
 And his love-kindling Fire did quickly steep
 In a cold Vally-Fountain of that Ground:
 Which borrow'd from his holy Fire of Love,
 A dateless lively Heat still to endure,
 And grew a seething Bath, which yet Men prove,
 Against strange Maladies a sovereign Cure.

But

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But at my Mistress' Eyes Love's Brand new fired,
 The Boy for Trial needs would touch my Breast;
 I sick withall the Help of Bath desired,
 And thither hy'd a sad distemper'd Guest;
 But found no Cure, the Bath for my help lyes
 Where *Cupid* got new Fire, my Mistress' Eyes.

The little Love-God lying once asleep,
 Laid by his Side his Heart-in-flaming Brand,
 Whilst many Nymphs that vow'd chaste Life to keep,
 Came tripping by, but in her maiden Hand,
 The fairest Votary took up that Fire,
 Which many Legions of true Hearts had warm'd;
 And so the General of hot Desire
 Was sleeping, by a Virgin Hand disarm'd.
 This Brand she quenched in a cool Well by,
 Which from Love's Fire took Heat perpetual,
 Growing a Bath and healthful Remedy,
 For Men diseas'd; but I my Mistress' Thrall
 Came there for Cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's Fire heats Water, Water cools not Love.

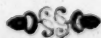
*That Menelaus was the Cause of his own
 Wrongs.*

WHEN *Menelaus* from his House is gone,
 Poor *Helen* is afraid to lie alone;
 And to allay these Fears (lodg'd in her Breast)
 In her warm Bosom she receives her Guest.
 What Madness was this? *Menelaus*, say:
 Thou art abroad, whilst in thy House doth stay
 Under the self-same Roof, thy Guest, and Love:
 Mad-man! unto the Hawk thou trusts the Dove.
 And who but such a Gull would give to keep
 Unto the Mountain Wolf, full Folds of Sheep?
Helen is blameless, so is *Paris* too,
 And did what thou, or I my self would do.

The Fault is thine, I tell thee to thy Face,
By limiting these Lovers Time and Place.
From thee the Seeds of all thy Wrongs are grown;
Whose Counsels have they follow'd, but thine own?
(Alack!) what should they do? Abroad thou art,
At home thou leav'st thy Guest to play thy Part.
To lie alone the poor Queen is afraid;
In the next Room an amorous Stranger staid.
Her Arms are ope to embrace him, he falls in;
And *Paris*, I acquit thee of the Sin.

And in another Place somewhat resembling this.

Orestes liked, but not loved dearly
Hermione, till he had lost her clearly.
Sad *Menelaus*, why dost thou lament
Thy late Mishap? I prithee be content.
Thou know'st the amorous *Helen* fair and sweet;
And yet without her didst thou sail to *Crete*:
And thou wast blithe, and merry all the Way;
But when thou saw'st she was the *Trojan's* Prey,
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy Life,
Thou canst not now one Minute want thy Wife.
So stout *Achilles*, when his lovely Bride
Briseis, was dispos'd to great *Atride*;
Nor was he vainly mov'd, *Atrides* too
Offer'd no more, than he of force must do.
I should have done as much, to set her free;
Yet I (Heaven knows!) am not so wise as he.



VULCAN

VULCAN was JUPITER's Smith, an
 excellent Workman, on whom the Poets fa-
 ther many rare Works, among which I find
 this one.

MARS and VENUS.

THIS Tale is blaz'd thro' Heaven; how once unware
Venus and *Mars* were took in *Vulcan's* Snare.
 The God of War doth in his Brow discover
 The perfect and true Pattern of a Lover.
 Nor could the Goddess *Venus* be so cruel
 To deny *Mars* (soft Kindness is a Jewel
 In any Woman, and becomes her well)
 In this the Queen of Love doth most excel.
 (Oh Heaven!) how often have they mockt and flouted
 The Smith's Polt-foot (while nothing he misdoubted)
 Made Jest of him, and his begrimed Trade;
 And his smoo'g'd Visage, black with Cole-dust made.
Mars tickled with loud Laughter, when he saw
Venus like *Vulcan* limp, to halt and draw
 One Foot behind another with sweet Grace,
 To counterfeit his lame uneven Pace.
 Their Meetings first the Lovers hide with Fear
 From every jealous Eye, and captious Far.
 The God of War, and Love's lascivious Dame,
 In publick View were full of bashful Shame.
 But the *Sun* spies, how this sweet Pair agree,
 (Oh what, bright *Phœbus*, can be hid from thee?)
 The *Sun* both sees and blabs the Sight forthwith,
 And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith.
 (Oh *Sun*!) what bad Examples dost thou show?
 What thou in secret seest, must all Men know?
 For Silence, ask a Bribe from her fair Treasure;
 She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with Pleasure.
 The God, whose Face is smoo'g'd with Smoke and Fire,
 Placeth about their Bed a Net of Wyar,

So quaintly made, that it deceives the Eye.
 Strait (as he feigns) to *Lemnos* he must hie :
 The Lovers meet, where he the Train hath set,
 And both lie fast catcht in a wiery Net:
 He calls the Gods, the Lovers naked sprall,
 And cannot rise; the Queen of Love shews all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weeps, neither can flinch;
 Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.
 Their Legs are one within another ty'd ;
 Their Hands so fast, that they can nothing hide.
 Amongst these high Spectators, one by chance,
 That saw them naked in this pitfall Dance,
 Thus to himself said ; If it tedious be,
 Good God of War ! bestow thy Place on me.

The History how the Minotaur was begot.

ID A of Cedars and tall Trees stands full,
 Where fed the Glory of the Herd, a Bull,
 Snow-white, save 'twixt his Horns one Spot there grew ;
 Save that one Stain, he was of milky Hew.
 This fair Steer did the Heifers of the Groves
 Desire to bear as Prince of all the Doves :
 But most *Pasiphae* with adulterous Breath,
 Envies the wanton Heifers to the Death.
 'Tis said, that for this Bull the doating Lads,
 Did use to crop young Boughs, and mow fresh Grass ;
 Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queen afeard
 To grow a kind Companion to the Herd.
 Thus through the *Champion* she is madly born,
 And a wild Bull to *Minos* gives the Horn.
 'Tis not for Bravery he can love, or loath thee,
 Then why, *Pasiphae*, dost thou richly cloath thee ?
 Why should'st thou thus thy Face and looks prepare ?
 What mak'st thou with thy Glafs ord'ring thy Hair ?
 Unless thy Glafs could make thee seem a Cow ?
 But how can Horns grow on that tender Brow ?

If

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If *Minos* please thee, no Adulterer seek thee;
 Or if thy Husband *Minos* do not like thee,
 But thy lascivious Thoughts are still increas'd,
 Deceive him with a Man, not with a Beast.
 Thus by the Queen the wild Woods are frequented,
 And leaving the King's Bed, she is contented
 To use the Groves, born, by the Rage of Mind,
 Even as a Ship with a full Eastern Wind.
 Some of these Strumpet Heifers the Queen slew,
 Her smoaking Altars their warm Bloods imbrew;
 Whilst by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
 And gripes their trembling Entrails in her Hands.
 At length, the Captain of the Herd beguil'd
 With a Cow's Skin, by curious Art compil'd,
 The longing Queen obtains her full Desire,
 And in her Infant's Form bewrays the Sire.

*This Minotaur, when he came to growth, was
 inclos'd in the Labyrinth, which was made by
 the curious Arts-master Dedalus, whose Tale
 likewise we thus pursue.*

WHEN *Dedalus* the Labyrinth had built,
 In which t'include the Queen *Pasiphae's* Guilt;
 And that the time was now expired full,
 To inclose the *Minotaur*, half Man, half Bull;
 Kneeling he says, just *Minos*, end my Moans,
 And let my native Soil intomb my Bones:
 Or if, dread Sovereign! I deserve no Grace,
 Look with a piteous Eye on my Son's Face;
 And grant me leave from whence we are exil'd,
 Or pity me, if you deny my Child.
 This and much more he speaks, but all in vain;
 The King both Son and Father will detain,
 Which he perceiving says: Now, now, 'tis fit,
 To give the World Cause to admire my Wit;

Both Land and Sea are watcht by Day and Night,
 Nor Land nor Sea lies open to our Flight,
 Only the Air remains; then let us try
 To cut a Passage thro' the Air, and fly.
Jove be auspicious in my Enterprize,
 I covet not to mount above the Skies:
 But make this Refuge, since I can prepare
 No Means to fly my Lord, but thro' the Air,
 Make me immortal, bring me to the Brim
 Of the black *Strygian* Water, *Stryx* I'll swim.
 Oh! human Wit, thou canst invent much Ill;
 Thou searcest strange Arts, who would think by Skill,
 A heavy Man, like a light Bird shou'd stray,
 And thro' the empty Heavens find a Way?
 He placeth in just Order all his Quills,
 Whose Bottoms with resolved Wax he fills;
 Then binds them with a Line, and b'ing fast tied,
 He placeth them like Oars on either Side:
 The tender Lad the downy Feathers blew,
 And what his Father meant, he nothing knew.
 The Wax he fasten'd, with the Strings he play'd,
 Not thinking for his Shoulders they were made.
 To whom his Father spake (and then look'd pale)
 With these swift Ships we to our Land must fail.
 All Passages doth cruel *Minos* stop,
 Only the empty Air he still leaves ope.
 That Way must we; the Land and the rough Deep
 Doth *Minos* bar, the Air he cannot keep.
 But in thy Way beware thou set no Eye
 On the Sign *Virgo*, nor *Bootes* high:
 Look not the black *Orion* in the Face,
 That shakes his Sword; but just with me keep Pace.
 Thy Wings are now in fastning, follow me,
 I will before thee fly; as thou shalt see
 Thy Father mount, or stoop, so I aread thee;
 Make me thy Guard, and safely I will lead thee.
 If we should soar too near great *Phæbus*' Seat,
 The melting Wax will not endure the Heat;
 Or if we fly too near the humid Seas,
 Our moisten'd Wings we cannot shake with Ease.

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Fly between both, and with the Gusts that rise,
 Let thy light Body sail amidst the Skies.
 And ever as his little Son he charms,
 He fits the Feathers to his tender Arms:
 And shews him how to move his Body light,
 As Birds first teach their little young ones Flight.
 By this he calls to Council all his Wits,
 And his own Wings unto his Shoulders fits;
 Being about to rise, he fearful quakes,
 And in this new way his faint Body shakes.
 First e'er he took his Flight, he kiss'd his Son,
 Whilst by his Cheeks the brinish Waters run.
 There was a Hillock, not so towring tall
 As lofty Mountains be, nor yet so small
 To be with Valley even, and yet a Hill;
 From this thus both attempt their uncouth Skill,
 The Father moves his Wings, and with Respect
 His Eyes upon his wandering Son reflect.
 They bear a spacious Course, and the apt Boy
 Fearless of Harm, in his new tract doth joy,
 And flies more boldly. Now upon them looks
 The Fishermen, that angle in the Brooks;
 And with their Eyes cast upward frighted stand.
 By this is *Samos* Isle on their left Hand,
 Upon the right *Lebinthos* they forsake,
Astipale and the Fishy Lake,
 Shady *Pachine* full of Woods and Groves.
 When the rash Youth, too bold in vent'ring roves;
 Loseth his Guide, and takes his Flight so high,
 That the soft Wax against the Sun doth try,
 And the Cords slip that kept the Feathers fast,
 So that his Arms have Power upon no Blast.
 He fearfully from the high Clouds looks down
 Upon the lower Heavens, whose curl'd Waves frown
 At his ambitious Height, and from the Skies
 He sees black Night and Death before his Eyes.
 Still melts the Wax, his naked Arms he shakes,
 And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes.
 But now the naked Lad down headlong falls,
 And by the Way, he Father, Father, calls,

Help Father, help, I die; and as he speaks,
A violent Surge his Course of Language breaks.
Th' unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cries out aloud, Son *Icarus*, where art thou?
Where art thou, *Icarus*, where dost thou fly?
Icarus, where art? When lo he may espy
The Feathers swim; aloud he doth exclaim.
The Earth his Bones, the Sea still bears his Name.

*Achilles his Concealment of his Sex in the Court
of Lycomedes.*

NOW from another World doth sail with Joy,
A welcome Daughter to the King of *Troy*.
The whilst the *Grecians* are already come,
(Mov'd with that general Wrong 'gainst *Ilium*)
Achilles in a Smock his Sex doth smother,
And lays the blame upon his careful Mother.
What mak'st thou, great *Achilles*, teasing Wool,
When *Pallas* in a Helm should clasp thy Scull?
What do these Fingers with fine Threads of Gold,
Which were more fit a warlike Shield to hold?
Why should that right Hand, Rock, or Tow contain,
By which the *Trojan Hector* must be slain?
Cast off thy loose Veils, and thy Armour take,
And in thy Hand the Spear of *Pallas* shake. !
Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was, her Belly must bewray.
Yet was she forc'd (so should we all believe)
Not to be forc'd so, now her Heart would grieve.
When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his Rock laid by)
And with a soft Voice speak: *Achilles* stay,
It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray:
And then the Man that forc'd her, she would kiss.
What Force (*Deidameia*) call you this?

A Lover's Complaint.

FROM off a Hill, whose concave Womb reworded
 A plaintful Story from a sist'ring Vale,
 My Spirits t'attend this double Voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd Tale;
 E'er long espied a fickle Maid full pale,
 Tearing of Papers, breaking Rings a-twain,
 Storming her Words with Sorrows Wind and Rain:
 Upon her Head a platted Hive of Straw,
 Which fortify'd her Visage from the Sun,
 Whereon the Thought might think sometime it saw
 The Carcass of a Beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scithed all, that Youth begun;
 Nor Youth all quit, but spight of Heavens fell Rage,
 Some Beauty peep'through Lettice of fear'd Age.
 Oft did she heave her Napkin to her Eyne,
 Which on it had conceited Characters:
 Laundering the silken Figures in the Brine,
 That season'd Woe had pelleted in Tears:
 And often reading what Contents it bears:
 As often shreiking undistinguish'd Woe,
 In Clamours of all Size both high and low,
 Sometimes her level'd Eyes their Carriage ride,
 As they did batt'ry to the Spheres intend:
 Sometimes diverted, their poor Balls are ty'd
 To th' orb'd Earth; sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on; anon their Gazes lend
 To every Place at once, and no where fixt;
 The Mind and Sight distractedly commixt.
 Her Hair nor loose, nor ty'd in formal Plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless Hand of Pride:
 For some untuck'd descended her sheav'd Hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined Cheek beside;
 Some in her threaden Fillet still did bide,
 And true to Bondage would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose Negligence.

Poems on *several Occasions.* 249

A thousand Favours from a Maund she drew,
Of Amber, Chrystal, and of beaded Jet;
Which one by one she in a River threw,
Upon whose weeping Margent she was set;
Like Usury applying wet to wet;
Or Monarchs Hands, that let not Bounty fall,
Where Want crys some, but where Excess begs all.
Of tolded Schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the Flood;
Crack'd many a Ring of posied Gold and Bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in Mud;
Found yet moe Letters sadly pen'd in Blood,
With sleided Silk, feat and affectedly
Enswath'd and seal'd to curious Secrecy.
These often bath'd she in her fluxive Eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gave a Tear;
Cry'd, O false Blood! thou Register of Lyes,
What unapproved Witness dost him bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in Top of Rage the Lines she rent,
Big Discontent so breaking their Contents.
A Reverend Man that graz'd his Cattle nigh,
Sometime a Blusterer, that the Ruffle knew
Of Court, of City, and had let go by,
The swiftest Hours observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted Fancy fastly drew.
And privileg'd by Age, desires to know,
In brief the Grounds and Motives of her Woe.
So slides he down upon his grained Bat,
And comely distant sits he by her Side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her Grievance with his Hearing to divide;
If that from him there may be ought applied,
Which may her suffering Ecstasie assuage.
'Tis promis'd in the Charity of Age.
Father, she says, tho' in me you behold
The Injury of many a blasting Hour,
Let it not tell your Judgment, I am Old;
Not Age, but Sorrow, over me hath Power.
I might as yet have been a spreading Flower,

250 Poems on several Occasions.

Fresh to my self, if I had self applied
 Love to my self, and to no Love beside.
 But woe is me! too early I attended
 A youthful Suit; it was to gain my Grace:
 O! one by Nature's Outwards so commended,
 That Maidens Eyes stuck over all his Face:
 Love lack'd a Dwelling, and made him her Place;
 And when in his fair Parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd and newly Deified.
 His browny Locks did hang in crooked Curls;
 And every light Occasion of the Wind
 Upon his Lips their filken Parcels hurls.
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
 Each Eye, that saw him, did enchant the Mind.
 For on his Visage was in little drawn,
 What Largeness thinks in Paradise was fawn:
 Small shew of Man was yet upon his Chin;
 His Phoenix Down began but to appear,
 Like unshorn Velvet, on that termless Skin,
 Whose Bare out-brag'd the Web it seem'd to wear.
 Yet shew'd his Visage by that Cost most dear,
 And nice Affections wavering stood in doubt,
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.
 His Qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-Tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
 Yet if Men mov'd him, was he such a Storm,
 As 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When Winds breathe sweet, unruly tho' they be.
 His Rudeness so with his authoriz'd Youth,
 Did livery Falseness in a pride of Truth.
 Well could he ride, and often Men would say,
 That Horse his Mettle from his Rider takes,
 Proud of Subjection, noble by the Sway,
 What Rounds, what Bounds, what Course, what Stop he
 makes!
 And Controversie hence a Question takes,
 Whether the Horse by him became his Deed,
 Or he his manag'd, by th' well-doing Steed?

But

But quickly on this Side the Verdict went,
 His real Habitude gave Life and Grace
 To Appertainings and to Ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his Case;
 All Aids themselves made fairer by their Place,
 Came for Additions, yet their Purpose trim
 Piec'd not his Grace, but were all grac'd by him.
 So on the Tip of his subduing Tongue
 All kind of Arguments and Questions deep,
 All Replications prompt, and Reason strong
 For his Advantage still did wake and sleep:
 To make the Weeper laugh, the Laugher weep
 He had the Dialect, and different Skill,
 Catching all Passions in his Craft of Will;
 That he did in the general Bosom reign
 Of Young, of Old, and Sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal Duty, following where he haunted.
 Consent's bewitcht, e'er he desire have granted,
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own Wills, and made their Wills obey.
 Many there were that did his Picture get
 To serve their Eyes, and in it put their Mind;
 Like Fools, that in th' Imagination set
 The goodly Objects, which abroad they find,
 Of Lands and Mansions, their's in Thought assign'd,
 And labouring in moe Pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty Land-lord, who doth owe them:
 So many have, that never touch'd his Hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them Mistress of his Heart:
 My Woful self, that did in Freedom stand,
 And was my own Fee-simple, not in Part,
 What with his Art in Youth, and Youth in Art,
 Threw my Affections in his charmed Power;
 Reserv'd the Stalk, and gave him all my Flower.
 Yet did I not, as some my Equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
 Finding my self in Honour so forbid,
 With safest Distance I my Honour shielded:
 Experience for me many Bulwarks builded

252 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Of Proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the Foil
 Of this false Jewel, and his amorous Spoil.
 But ah! whoever shunn'd by Precedent
 The destin'd Ill She must her self assay?
 Or forc'd Examples, 'gainst her own Content,
 To put the by-past Perils in her Way?
 Counsel may stop a-while what will not stay:
 For when we rage, Advice is often seen,
 By blunting us, to make our Wits more keen.
 Nor gives it Satisfaction to our Blood,
 That we must curb it upon others Proof;
 To be forbid the Sweets, that seem so good,
 For fear of Harms, that preach in our Behoof.
 O Appetite! from Judgment stand aloof.
 The one a Palate hath, that needs will taste,
 Though Reason weep, and cry it is the last.
 For further, I could say this Man's untrue,
 And knew the Patterns of his foul beguiling,
 Heard where his Plants in others Orchards grew,
 Saw how Deceits were gilded in his smiling,
 Knew Vows were ever Brokers to defiling,
 Thought Characters and Words meerly but Art,
 And Bastards of his foul adult'rate Heart.
 And long upon these Terms I held my City,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me: Gentle Maid,
 Have of my suffering Youth some feeling Pity,
 And be not of my holy Vows afraid;
 What's to you sworn, to none was ever said.
 For Feasts of Love I have been call'd unto,
 'Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow:
 All my Offences, that abroad you see,
 Are Errors of the Blood, none of the Mind:
 Love made them not, with Acture they may be,
 Where neither Party is nor true nor kind:
 They fought their Shame, that so their Shame did find.
 And so much less of Shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their Reproach contains.
 Among the many, that mine Eyes have seen,
 Not one whose Flame my Heart so much as warmed,
 Or my Affection put to th' smallest Teen,
 Or any of my Leisures ever charmed:

Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed ;
 Kept Hearts in Liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd commanding in his Monarchy.
 Look here what Tributes wounded Fancy sent me,
 Of pallid Pearls, and Rubies red as Blood;
 Figuring, that they their Passions likewise lent me
 Of Grief, and Blushes aptly understood;
 In bloodless White, and the encrimson'd Mood,
 Effects of Terror, and dear Modesty,
 Encamp'd in Hearts, but fighting outwardly.
 And lo! behold these Talents of their Hair,
 With twisted Mettle amorously empleach'd,
 I have receiv'd from many a several Fair;
 Their kind Acceptance, weepingly beseech'd,
 With th' Annexions of fair Gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd Sonnets, that did amplify
 Each Stone's dear Nature, Worth, and Quality.
 The Diamond! why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd Properties did tend.
 The deep green Emerald, in whose fresh Regard,
 Weak Sights their sickly Radiance do amend.
 The Heav'n-hew'd Saphyr, and the Ophal blend,
 With Objects manifold; each several Stone,
 With Wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.
 Lo! all these Trophies of Affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdu'd Desires the Tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I my self must render:
 That is, to you my Origin, and Ender.
 For these of force must your Oblations be,
 Since I their Altar, you enpatron me.
 Oh! then advance (of yours) that phraseless Hand,
 Whose White weighs down the airy Scale of Praise;
 Take all these Similes unto your own Command,
 Hallow'd with Sighs, that burning Lungs did raise;
 What me your Minister for you obeys,
 Works under you, and to your Audit comes,
 Their distract Parcels in combined Sums.
 Lo! this Devise was sent me from a Nun,
 Or Sister sanctified of holiest Note,

Which

254 Poems on several Occasions.

Which late her noble Suit in Court did shun,
 Whose rarest Havings made the Blossoms dote;
 For she was fought by Spirits of richest Coat,
 But kept cold Distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her Living in eternal Love.
 But oh! my Sweet, what Labour is't to leave
 The thing we have not, mastring what not strives?
 Playing the Place which did no Form receive;
 Playing patient Sports in unconstrained Gives?
 She that her Fame so to her self contrives,
 The Scars of Battle scapeth by the Flight,
 And makes her Absence valiant, not her Might.
 Oh! pardon me in that my Boast is true,
 The Accident which brought me to her Eye,
 Upon the Moment did her Force subdue,
 And now she would the caged Cloister flie.
 Religious Love put out Religious Eye:
 Not to be tempted would she be immured,
 And now to tempt, all Liberty procured.
 How mighty then you are, Oh hear me tell!
 The broken Bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their Fountains in my Well;
 And mine I pour your Ocean all among.
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your Victory us all congeat,
 As compound Love to Physick your cold Breast.
 My Parts had Power to charm a sacred Sun,
 Tho' disciplin'd I dieted in Grace,
 Believ'd her Eyes, when they t' assail begun,
 All Vows and Consecrations giving Place.
 O! most potential Love, Vow, Bond, nor Space,
 In thee hath neither String, Knot, nor Confine;
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.
 When thou impress'st, what are Precepts worth
 Of stale Example? when thou wilt enflame,
 How coldly those Impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial Fear, Law, Kindred, Fame? [Shame,
 Love's Arms are Peace, 'gainst Rule, 'gainst Sense, 'gainst
 And Sweetness in the suffering Pang it bears,
 The *Aloes* of all Forces, Shocks, and Fears.

Now

Poems on *several Occasions.* 255

Now all these Hearts, that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding Groans they pine,
And supplicant their Sighs to you extend,
To leave the Battery, that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft Audience to my sweet Design:
And credent Soul, to that strong bonded Oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my Troth.
This said, his watry Eyes he did dismount,
Whose Sights till then were level'd on my Face.
Each Cheek a River running from a Fount,
With brinish Current down-ward flow'd apace.
Oh! how the Channel to the Stream gave Grace!
Who glaz'd with Chrystal Gate the glowing Roses,
That flame Through Water which their Hew incloses.
Oh! Father what a Hell of Witch-craft lies
In the small Orb of one particular Tear?
But with the Inundation of the Eyes
What rocky Heart to Water will not wear?
What Breast so cold, that is not warmed here?
Oh! cleft Effect! cold Modesty, hot Wrath,
Both Fire from hence, and chill Extincture hath.
For loe his Passion but an Art of Craft,
Even there resolv'd my Reason into Tears;
There my white Stole of Chastity I dast,
Shook off my sober Guards, and civil Fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears:
All melting, tho' our Drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.
In him a plenitude of subtil Matter,
Applied to Cautles, all strange Forms receives
Of burning Blushes, or of weeping Water,
Or swooning Paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's Aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at Speeches rank, to weep at Woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at Tragic Shows.
That not a Heart. which in his level came,
Cou'd 'scape the Hail of his all-hurting Aim,
Shewing fair Nature is both wild, and tame:
And veil'd in them did win whom he would maim,
Against the thing he sought, he wou'd exclaim

When

256 *Poems on several Occasions:*

When he most burnt in Heart-wish'd Luxury,
 He preach'd pure Maid, and prais'd cold Chastity.
 Thus merely with the Garment of a Grace,
 The naked and concealed Fiend he cover'd,
 That th' unexperienc'd gave the Tempter place,
 Which like a Cherubin above them hover'd:
 Who Young and Simple wou'd not be so lover'd?
 Ah me! I fell, and yet do question make,
 What I should do again for such a sake.
 Oh! that infected Moisture of his Eye!
 Oh! that false Fire, which in his Cheek so glow'd!
 Oh! that forc'd Thunder from his Heart did flie!
 Oh! that sad Breath his spongy Lungs bestow'd!
 Oh! all that borrow'd Motion seeming owed!
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconciled Maid.

The Amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen.

HEALTH unto *Leda's* Daughter, *Priam's* Son
 Sends in these Lines, whose Health cannot be won
 But by your Gift, in whose Power it may lie
 To make me whole, or sick; to live or die.
 Shall I then speak? or doth my Flame appear
 Plain without Index? Oh! 'tis that I fear!
 My Love without discovering Smile takes place;
 And more than I could wish shines in my Face.
 When I could rather in my Thoughts desire
 To hide the Smoak, till Time display the Fire;
 Time that can make the Fire of Love shine clear,
 Untroubled with the misty Smoak of Fear.
 But I dissemble it, for who I pray
 Can Fire conceal? that will it self betray.
 Yet if you look, I should affirm that plain
 In Words, which in my Countenance I maintain.
 I burn, I burn, my Faults I have confes'd,
 My Words bear witness how my Looks transgress'd.

Oh!

Oh! pardon me, that have confess'd my Error,
 Cast not upon my Lines a Look of Terror;
 But as your Beauty is beyond compare,
 Suit unto that your Looks, (Oh! you most Fair!)
 That you my Letter have receiv'd by this;
 The Supposition glads me, and I wish
 By Hope encourag'd, Hope that makes me strong,
 You will receive me in some sort e'er long.
 I ask no more, than what the Queen of Beauty
 Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by Duty.
 By her I claim you, you for me were made,
 And she it was my Journey did perswade.
 Nor, Lady, think your Beauty vainly sought;
 I by divine Instinct was hither brought;
 And to this Enterprize the heavenly Powers
 Have given Consent, the Gods proclaim me Yours.
 I aim at wonders, for I covet you;
 Yet pardon me, I ask but what's my Due.
Venus her self my Journey hither led,
 And gives you freely to my promis'd Bed.
 Under her Conduct safe the Seas I past,
 Till I arriv'd upon these Coasts at last.
 Shipping my self from the *Sygaan* Shore,
 Whence unto these confines my Course I bore.
 She made the Surges gentle, the Winds fair;
 Nor marvel whence these Calms proceeded are.
 Needs must she Power upon the salt-Seas have,
 That was Sea-born, created from a Wave.
 Still may she stand in her Ability,
 And as she made the Seas with much Facility
 To be through-fail'd, so may she calm my Heat,
 And bear my Thoughts to their desired Seat.
 My Flames I found not here; no, I protest,
 I brought them with me closed in my Breast;
 My self transported them without Attorney,
 Love was the Motive to my tedious Journey.
 Not blustering Winter, when he triumph'd most,
 Nor any Error drove me to this Coast.
 Not led by Fortune where the rough Winds please,
 Nor Merchant like for Gain crost I the Seas.

258 Poems on several Occasions.

Fullness of Wealth in all my Fleet I see,
 I'm rich in all things, save in wanting thee.
 No Spoil of petty Nations my Ship seeks;
 Nor land I as a Spie among the *Greeks*.
 What need we? See of all things we have Store.
 Compar'd with *Troy*, alas! your *Greece* is poor.
 For thee I come, thy Fame hath thus far driven me,
 Whom golden *Venus* hath by promise given me,
 I wish'd thee e'er I knew thee, long ago,
 Before these Eyes dwelt on this glorious Show.
 I saw thee in my Thoughts; know, Beautous Dame,
 I first beheld you with the Eyes of Fame.
 Nor marvel, Lady, I was stroke so far.
 Thus Darts, or Arrows sent from Bows of War,
 Wound a great Distance off; so was I hit
 With a deep-smarting Wound that rankles yet.
 For so it pleas'd the Fates, whom least you blame,
 I'll tell a true Tale to confirm the fame.

When in my Mother's Womb full ripe I lay,
 Ready the first Hour to behold the Day,
 And she at Point to be deliver'd strait,
 And to unlade her of her Royal Freight,
 My Birth-hour was delay'd, and that sad Night
 A fearful Vision did the Queen affright.
 In a Son's Stead, to please the aged Sire,
 She dreamt she had brought forth a Brand of Fire.
 Frighted she rises, and to *Priam* goes;
 To the old King this ominous Dream she shows.
 He to the Priest, the Priest doth this return,
 That the Child born shall stately *Ilium* burn.
 Better than he was ware, the Prophet ghest,
 For lo! a kindled Brand flames in my Breast.
 To prevent Fate, a Peasant I was held,
 Till my fair Shape all other Swains excell'd;
 And gave the doubtful World Assurance good,
 Your *Paris* was deriv'd from Royal Blood.

Amid the *Idean* Fields, there is a Place
 Remote, full of high Trees, which hide the Face

Of the green-mantled Earth, where in thick Rows,
 The Oak, the Elm, the Pine, the Pitch-Tree grows,
 Here never yet did browze the wanton Ewe,
 Nor from his Plot the slow Ox lick the Dew.
 The savage Goat, that feeds among the Rocks,
 Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their Flocks.
 Hence the *Dardanian* Walls I might espy,
 The lofty Towers of *Ilium* reared high.
 Hence I the Seas might from the firm Land see,
 Which to behold, I leant me on a Tree.
 Believe me, for I speak but what is true,
 Down from the Skie, with feather'd Pinions, flew
 The Nephew to great *Atlas*, and doth stand,
 With golden *Caduceus* in his Hand.
 This, as the Gods to me thought good to show,
 I hold it good, that you the same should know.
 Three Goddesses behind young *Hermes* move;
 Great *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of *Love*;
 Who as in Pomp, and Pride of Gait they pass,
 Scarce with their Weight they bend the Tops of Grass.
 Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my Hair,
 When *Maia's* Son thus says, Abandon Fear,
 Thou courteous Swain, that to these Groves repairest,
 And freely judge, which of these three is fairest.
 And least I should this curious Sentence shun,
 He tells me by *Jove's* Sentence all is done.
 And to be Judge I no way can eschew.
 This having said, up through the Air he flew.
 I straight took Heart-a-grace, and grew more bold;
 And there their Beauties one by one behold.
 Why am I made the Judge to give this Doom?
 Methinks all three are worthy to o'er-come.
 To injure two such Beauties, what Tongue dare?
 Or prefer one where they be all so fair?
 Now this seems fairest, now again that other;
 Now would I speak, and now my Thoughts I smother.
 And yet at length the Praise of one most sounded,
 And from that one my present Love is grounded,
 The Goddesses out of their earnest Care,
 And Pride of Beauty to be held most Fair,

Seek

260 Poems on several Occasions.

Seek with large Arms, and Gifts of wondrous Price,
 To their own Thoughts my Censure to entice.
Juno the Wife of *Jove* doth first inchant me; *J*
 To judge her Fairest, she a Crown will grant me.
Pallas, her Daughter, next doth undertake me;
 Give her the Prize, and Valiant she will make me.
 I straight devise which can most Pleasure bring,
 To be a valiant Soldier, or a King.
 Last *Venus* smiling, came with such a Grace,
 As if she sway'd an Empire in her Face:
 Let not (said she) these Gifts the Conquest bear;
 Combats and Kingdoms are both fraught with Fear.
 I'll give thee what thou lov'st best, (lovely Swain)
 The fairest Saint, that doth on Earth remain,
 Shall be thine own: make thou the Conquest mine,
 Fair *Leda's* fairest Daughter shall be thine.
 This said, when with my self I had devised,
 And her rich Gifts and Beauty jointly prized;
Venus the Victor, o'er the rest is plac'd;
Juno and *Pallas* leave the Mount disgrac'd.
 Mean time my Fate a prosperous Course had run,
 And by known Signs King *Priam* call'd me Son.
 The Day of my restoring is kept Holy
 Among the Saints-Days, consecrated solely
 To my Remembrance, being a Day of Joy,
 For ever in the Calendars of *Troy*.

As I wish you, I have been wish'd by others;
 The fairest Maids by me would have been Mothers.
 Of all my Favours I bestow'd not any;
 You only may enjoy the Loves of many.
 Nor by the Daughters of great Dukes and Kings,
 Have I alone been sought, whose Marriage Rings
 I have turn'd back, but by a Strain more high,
 By Nymphs and Faries, such as never die.
 No sooner were you promis'd as my Due,
 But I all hated to remember You.
 Waking I saw your Image; if I dreamt,
 Your beauteous Figure still appear'd to tempt,

And

And urge this Voyage; till your Face excelling
 These Eyes beheld, my Dreams were all of *Helen*.
 Imagine how your Face should now incite me,
 Being seen, that unseen did so much delight me.
 If I was scorch'd so far off from the Fire,
 How am I burnt to Cinders thus much nigher?
 Nor could I longer owe my self this Treasure,
 But thro' the Ocean I must search my Pleasure.
 The *Phrygian* Hatchets to the Roots are put
 Of the *Idæan* Pines, asunder cut
 The Wood-land Mountain yielded me large Fees,
 Being despoil'd of all her tallest Trees;
 From whence we have squar'd out unnumbered Beams;
 That must be wash'd within the Marine Streams.
 The grounded Oaks are bowed, tho' stiff as Steel,
 And to the tough Ribs is the bending Keel
 Woven by Ship-wrights Craft; then the Main-Mast,
 Across whose Middle is the Sail-Yard plac'd,
 Tackles and Sails; and next you may discern
 Our painted Gods upon the hooked Stern.
 The God, that bears me on my happy Way,
 And is my Guide, is *Cupid*. Now the Day,
 In which the last Stroke of the Hammer's heard
 Within our Navy, in the East appear'd:
 And I must now lanch forth (so the Fates please)
 To seek Adventures in the *Ægean* Seas.
 My Father and my Mother move Delay,
 And by Intreaties would inforce my Stay.
 They hang about my Neck, and with their Tears,
 Woe me! defer my Journey; but their Fears
 Can have no Power to keep me from thy Sight:
 And now *Cassandra* full of sad Affright,
 With loose dishevel'd Tramels, madly skips,
 Just in the Way, betwixt me and my Ships.
 Oh! whither wilt thou headlong run, she cries?
 Thou bearest Fire with thee, whose Smoak up-flies
 Unto the Heavens (Oh *Jove*!) thou little fearest
 What quenchless Flames thou thro' the Water bearest.
Cassandra was too true a Prophetess;
 Her quenchless Flames she spake of, I Confess:

S

My

And

262 Poems on several Occasions.

My hot Desires burn in my Breast so fast,
That no red Furnace hotter Flames can cast.

I pass the City Gates, my Bark I board,
The favourable Winds calm Gales afford,
And fill my Sails; unto your Land I steer;
For whither else his Course should *Paris* bear?
Your Husband entertains me as his Guest;
And all this hapneth by the Gods Behest:
He shews me all his Pastures, Parks, and Fields,
And every rare thing *Lacedamon* yields.
He holds himself much pleased with my Being,
And nothing hides, that he esteems worth seeing.
I am on fire, till I behold your Face,
Of all *Achaia's* Kingdom the sole Grace.
All other curious Objects I desire;
Nothing but *Helen* can content mine Eye:
Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with Wonder,
Senseless, as one struck dead by *Jove's* sharp Thunder.
As I revive, my Eyes I rowl and turn,
Whilst my flam'd Thoughts with hotter Fancies burn:
Even so, as I remember, look'd Love's Queen,
When she was last in *Phrygian* *Ida* seen;
Unto which Place by Fortune I was train'd,
Where, by my Censure, she the Conquest gain'd.
But had you made a fourth in that Contention,
Of *Venus's* Beauty there had been no mention:
Helen assuredly had born from all
The Prize of Beauty, the bright golden Ball.

Only of you may this your Kingdom boast,
By you it is renown'd in every Coast.
Rumor hath every where your Beauty blaz'd:
In what remote Clime is not *Helen* prais'd?
From the bright eastern Sun's Up-rise inquire,
Even to his Down-fall where he slacks his Fire;
There lives not any of your Sex, that dare
Contend with you, that are proclaim'd so fair.
Trust me; for Truth I speak, nay what's most true;
Too sparingly the World hath spoke of you.

Fame, that hath undertook your Name to blaze,
 Play'd but the envious Housewife in your Praise.
 More than Report could promise, or Fame blazon,
 Are these divine Perfections, that I gaze on.
 These were the same that made Duke *Theseus* lavish,
 Who in thy Prime and Nonage did thee ravish.
 And worthy Rape for such a worthy Man!
 Thrice happy Ravisher! to seize thee then,
 When thou wert stript stark-naked to the Skin;
 A Sight of Force to make the Gods to Sin,
 Such is your Country's Guise at Seasons when
 With naked Ladies they mixt naked Men.
 That he did steal thee from thy Friends, I praise him,
 And for that Deed, I to the Heavens will raise him.
 That he return'd thee back, by *Jove*, I wonder;
 Had I been *Theseus*, he that should assunder
 Have parted us, or snatch'd thee from my Bed,
 First from my Shoulders should have par'd my Head.
 So rich a Purchase, such a glorious Prey,
 Should constantly have been detain'd for aye.
 Could these my strong Arms possibly unclasp,
 Whilst in their amorous Folds they *Helen* grasp?
 Neither by free Constraint, nor by free Giving,
 Could you depart that Compass, and I living.
 But if by rough Inforce I must restore you,
 Some Fruits of Love (which I so long have bore you)
 First would reap, and some sweet Favour gain,
 That all my Suit were not bestow'd in vain.
 Either with me you shall abide and stay,
 Or for your Pass your Maidenhead should pay.
 Or say I spar'd you that, yet would I try,
 What other Favour I could else come by.
 All that belongs to love, I would not miss;
 You should not lett me both to clip, and kiss.

Give me your Heart, fair Queen, my Heart you owe,
 And what my Resolution is you know.
 Till the last Fire my breathless Body take,
 The Fire within my Breast can never flake.

264 Poems on several Occasions.

Before large Kingdoms I preferr'd your Face,
 And *Juno's* Love, and potent Gifts disgrace.
 To fold you in my amorous Arms I chus'd,
 And *Pallas* Vertues scornfully refus'd:
 When they with *Venus* on the Hill of *Ido*,
 Made me the Judge their Beauties to decide.
 Nor do I yet repent me, having took
Beauty, and Strength and Scepter'd Rule forfook.
 Methinks I chus'd the best, (nor think it strange)
 I still persist, and never mean to change:
 Only that my Employment be not vain,
 Oh! your more Worth than any Empires gain!
 Let me intreat, least you my Birth should scorn,
 Or Parentage, know I am Royal born.
 By marrying me, you shall not wrong your State,
 Nor be a Wife to one degenerate.
 Search the Records where we did first begin,
 And you shall find the *Pleiads* of our Kin;
 Nay *Jove* himself, all others to forbear,
 That in our Stock renowned Princes were.
 My Father of all *Asia* reigns sole King,
 Whose boundless Coast scarce any feather'd Wing
 Can give a Girdle to; a happier Land,
 A Neighbour to the Ocean cannot stand.
 There in a narrow Compass you may see,
 Cities and Towers, more than may numbred be,
 The Houses gilt, rich Temples that excel,
 And you will say, I near the great Gods dwell.
 You shall behold high *Ilium's* lofty Towers,
 And *Troy's* brave Walls built by no mortal Powers;
 But made by *Phæbus* the great God of Fire,
 And by the Touch of his melodious *Lyre*.
 Ask if w'have People to inhabit, when
 The sad Earth groans to bear such Troops of Men,
 Judge *He'len*; likewise when you come to Land,
 The *Asian* Women shall admiring stand,
 Saluting thee with Welcome, more and less,
 In pressing Throngs, and Numbers numberless.
 More, that our Courts can hold of you (most fair)
 You to your self will say, alas! how bare,

poor *Achaia* is! when, with great Pleasure,
I see each House containa City's Treasure.

Mistake me not, I *Sparta* do not scorn,
Old the Land blest, where my Love was born :
No' barren else, rich *Sparta Helen* bore,
And therefore I that Province must adore.
This is your Land, methinks, but lean and empty,
Unworthy of a Clime, that flows with Plenty.
Troy I prostrate, it is yours by Duty;
This petty Seat becomes not your rich Beauty.
Endurance, Preparation, Curt'sie, State,
Such a Heavenly Form, on which should wait,
Fest, fresh Variety, delicious Diet,
Ease, Contentment, and luxurious Riot.
What Ornaments we use, what Fashions feign,
You may perceive by me and my proud Train.
As we attire our Men; but with more Cost
Gold and Pearl, the rich Gowns are imboss'd,
For our chief Ladies; ghes by what you see;
You may be soon induc'd to credit me.

Detractable, fair *Spartan*, nor condemn
Trojan born, deriv'd from Royal Stem.
I was a *Trojan*, and allied to *Hector*,
That waits upon *Jove's* Cup, and fills him *Nectar*,
Trojan did the fair *Aurora* wed,
And nightly slept within her Roseat Bed.
The Goddess, that ends Night, and enters Days,
From our fair *Trojan* Coast stole him away,
Which was a *Trojan*, whom Love's Queen,
Making the Trees of *Ida* a thick Screen
Nixt Heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,
I'm a *Trojan* too, in *Troy* I dwell.
My Husband *Menelaus* hither bring,
Compare our Shapes, our Years, and every thing.
Make you Judges, wrong me if you can;
You needs must say, I am the properer Man.
One of my Line hath turn'd the Sun to Blood,
And robb'd his Steeds of their ambrosial Food.

266 Poems on several Occasions.

My Father grew not from the *Caucas* Rock,
Nor shall I graft you in a bloody Stock.
Priam ne'er wrong'd the guiltless Soul, or further,
Made the *Myrtaean* Sea look red with Murther:
Nor thirsteth my great Grand-Sire in the Lake
Of *Lethe*, Chin-deep, yet no Thirst can slake;
Nor after ripen'd Apples vainly skips,
Who flie him still, and yet still touch his Lips.
But what of this? If you be so deriv'd,
You notwithstanding are no Right depriv'd.
You grace your Stock, and being so Divine,
Jove is of force compell'd into your Line.

Oh Mischief! whilst I vainly speak of this,
Your Husband, all-unworthy of such Bliss,
Injoys you this long Night, infolds your Waste,
And where he lists, may boldly touch and taste.
So when you sat at Table, many a Toy
Passeth between you, my vext Soul t'annoy.
At such high Feasts I wish my Enemy sit,
Where Discontent attends on every Bit.
I never yet was plac'd at any Feast,
But oft it irkt me, that I was your Guest.
That which offends me most, thy rude Lord knows;
For still his Arms about thy Neck he throws:
Which I no sooner spy but I grow mad,
And hate the Man whole Courting makes me sad.
Shall I be plain? I am ready to sink down,
When I behold him wrap you in his Gown;
When you sit smiling on his amorous Knee,
His Fingers press, where my Hands itch to be.
But when he hugs you, I am forc'd to frown;
The Meat I'm eating will by no means down,
But stick half way: amidst these Discontents,
I have observ'd you laugh at my Laments;
And with a scornful, yet a wanton Smile,
Deride my Sighs and Groans: Oft to beguile
My Passions, and to quench my fiery Rage,
By quaffing Healths I've thought my Flame t'assuage;

But *Bacchus* full Cups make my Flames burn higher:
 Add Wine to Love, and you add Fire to Fire.
 To shun the Sight of many a wanton Feat
 Betwixt your Lord and you, I shift my Seat,
 And turn my Head; but thinking of your Grace,
 Love screws my Head to gaze back on your Face.
 What were I best to do? To see you play,
 Mads me, and I perforce must turn away;
 And to forbear the Place where you abide,
 Would kill me dead, should I but start aside.
 As much as lies in me I strive to bury,
 The Shape of Love, and in Mirth's spight seem merry.
 But oh! the more I seek it to suppress,
 The more my blabbing Looks my Love profess.

You know my Love, which I in vain should hide;
 Would God it did appear to none beside.
 Oh *Jove*! how often have I turn'd my Cheek,
 To hideth' apparent Tears, that Passage seek
 From forth my Eyes; and to a Corner stept,
 Lest any Man should ask wherefore I wept!
 How often have I told you piteous Tales,
 Of constant Lovers, and how Love prevails?
 When such great Heed to my Discourse I took,
 That every Accent suited to your Look.
 In forged Names my self I represented:
 The Lover so perplex'd, and so tormented,
 If you will know, Behold I am the same,
Paris was meant in that true Lover's Name.
 As often, that I might the more securely
 Speak loose immodest Words, that sound impurely;
 That they offenceless might your sweet Ears touch,
 I've lispt them up, like one had drunk too much.
 Once I remember, your loose Veil betray'd
 Your naked Skin, and a fair Passage made
 To my enamour'd Eye. Oh! Skin much brighter,
 Than Snow, or purest Milk, in Colour whiter
 Than your fair Mother *Leda*, when *Jove* grac'd her,
 And in the Shape of feathered Swan embrac'd her;

268 Poems on several Occasions.

Whilst at this ravishing Sight I stood amaz'd,
 And without Interruption freely gaz'd;
 The wreathed Handle of the Bowl I grasp'd
 Fell from my hold, my strengthless Hand unclasp'd,
 A Goblet at that time I held by chance,
 And down it fell, for I was in a Trance.
 Kifs your Fair Daughter, and to her I skip,
 And snatch your Kisses from your sweet Child's Lip.
 Sometimes I throw my self a ong, and lie,
 Singing Love-Songs; and if you cast your Eye
 On my effeminate Gesture, I still find
 Some pretty cover'd Signs to speak my Mind;
 And then my earnest Suit bluntly invades
Æthra and *Climene*, your two chief Maids.
 But they return me Answers full of Fear,
 And to my Motions lend no further Ear.
 Oh! that you were the Prize of some great Strife,
 And he that wins, might claim you for his Wife.
Hippomenes with swift *Atlanta* ran,
 And at one Course the Goal and Lady won.
 Even she, by whom so many Suiters perish'd,
 Was in the Bosom of her new Love cherish'd.
 So *Hercules* for *Dejaneira* strove,
 Brake *Achelous*' Horn, and gain'd his Love.
 Had I such Liberty, such Freedom granted,
 My Resolution never could be daunted.
 Your self should find, and all the World shou'd see,
Helen a Prize alone reserv'd for me.
 There is not left me any Means (most Fair)
 To court you now, but by Entreats and Prayer;
 Unless (as it becomes me) you think meet,
 That I should prostrate fall, and kifs your Feet.
 Oh! all the Honour, that our last Age wins,
 Thou Glory of the two *Tindarian* Twins!
 Worthy to be *Jove's* Wife, in Heaven to reign,
 Were you not *Jove's* own Daughter, of his Strain,
 To the *Sygean* Confines I will carry thee,
 And in the Temple of great *Pallas* marry thee;
 Or in this Island where I vent my Moans,
 I'll beg a Tomb for my exiled Bones.

My Wound is not a flight Raze with an Arrow,
 But it hath pierc'd my Heart, and burnt my Marrow.
 This Prophecy my Sister oft hath sounded,
 That by an heavenly Dart I should be wounded.
 Oh! then forbear (fair *Helen*!) to oppose you
 Against the Gods, they say I shall not lose you.
 Yield you to their Behest, and you shall find
 The Gods to your Petitions likewise kind.
 A thousand things at once are in my Brain,
 Which that I may essentially complain,
 And not in Papers empty all my Head,
 Anon at Night receive me to your Bed.
 Blush you at this? or, Lady, do you fear
 To violate the Nuptial Laws austere?
 Oh! simple *Helen*! Foolish I might say,
 What Profit reap you to be chaste, I pray?
 Is't possible, that you, a World to win,
 Should keep that Face, that Beauty without Sin?
 Rather you must your glorious Face exchange,
 For one (less fair) or else not seem so strange.
 Beauty, and Chastity at variance are,
 'Tis hard to find one Woman chaste and fair.
Venus will not have Beauty over-aw'd,
 High *Jove* himself stoln Pleasures will applaud;
 And by such theevish Pastimes we may gather,
 How *Jove*, 'gainst Wedlock's Laws, become your Father.
 He and your Mother *Leda* both transgress'd;
 When you were got, she bare a tender Breast.
 What Glory can you gain Love-Sweets to smother?
 Or to be counted chaster than your Mother?
 Profess strict Chastity, when with great Joy,
 I lead you as my Bride-espous'd through *Troy*.
 Then, I intreat you, rein your Pleasures in,
 I wish thy *Paris* may be all thy Sin.
 If *Citherea* her firm Covenant keep,
 Tho' I within your Bosom nightly Sleep,
 We shall not much misdo, but so offend,
 That we by Marriage may our Guilt amend.

Your

Your Husband hath himself this Business aided,
 And tho' not with his Tongue, he hath perswaded,
 By all his Deeds (as much) least he should stay
 Our private Meetings, he is far away,
 Of Purpose rid unto the farthest *West*,
 That he might leave his Wife unto his Guest.
 No fitter Time he could have found to visit
 The *Cressian* royal Scepter, and to seize it.
 O simple, simple Husband! but he's gone,
 And going, left you this to think upon:
 Fair Wife (quoth he) I prithee in my Place,
 Regard the *Trojan* Prince, and do him Grace.
 Behold, a Witness I against you stand,
 You have been careless of this kind Command.
 Count from his first Day's Journey, never since
 Did you regard or grace the *Trojan* Prince.
 What think you of your Husband? that he knows
 The worth and value of the Face he owes?
 Who (but a Fool) such Beauty wou'd endanger?
 Or trust it to the Mercy of a Stranger?
 Then (royal Queen!) if neither may intreat,
 My quenchless Passion, nor Love's raging Heat,
 Can win you; we are woo'd both to this Crime,
 Even by the fit Advantage of the Time:
 Either to love sweet Sport we must agree;
 Or shew our selves to be worse Fools, than He.
 He took you by the Hand the Hour he rode,
 And knowing I with you must make abode,
 Brings you to me; what shou'd I further say?
 It was his Mind to give you quite away.

What meant he else? Then let's be blith and jolly,
 And make the best use of your Husband's Folly.
 What should we do? your Husband is far gone,
 And this cold Night (poor Soul) you lie alone.
 I want a Bedfellow, so do we either,
 What lets us then, but that we lie together?
 You slumbring think on me, on you I dream.
 Both our Desires are fervent and extream.

Sweet, then appoint the Night; why do you stay?
 O Night! more clearer than the brightest Day.
 Then I dare freely speak, protest, and swear,
 And of my Vows the Gods shall Record bear.
 Then will I seal the Contract and the Strife;
 From that Day forward we are Man and Wife.
 Then questionless I shall so far perswade,
 That you with me shall *Troy's* rich Coast invade,
 And with your *Phrygian* Guest at last agree,
 Our potent Kingdom and rich Crown to see.
 But if you (blushing) fear the vulgar Bruit,
 That says, you follow me, to me make Suit,
 Fear it not, *Helen*; I'll so work with Fame,
 I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke *Theseus* was my Instance, and so were
 Your Brothers, Lady; can I come more near
 To ensample my Attempts by? *Theseus* haled
Helen perforce; your Brothers they prevailed
 With the *Leucippian* Sisters: now from these,
 I'll count my self the fourth (if *Helen* please.)
 Our *Trojan* Navy rides upon the Coast,
 Rigg'd, Arm'd, and Man'd, and I can proudly boast,
 The Banks are high, why do you longer stay?
 The Winds and Oars are ready to make way.
 You shall be like a high Majestick Queen,
 Led through the *Dardan* City, and be seen
 By Millions, who your State having commended,
 Will (wondring) swear, some Goddess is descended.
 Where e'er you walk, the Priests shall Incense burn,
 No way you shall your Eye, or Body turn,
 But sacrificed Beasts the Ground shall bear,
 And bright religious Fires the Welkin heat.
 My Father, Mother, Brother, Sisters, all
Ilium and *Troy* in pomp Majestical,
 Shall with rich Gifts present you (but alas)
 Not the least part (so far they do surpass)
 Can my Epistle speak; you may behold
 More, than my Words or Writings can unfold.

Nor fear the Bruit of War, or threatning Steel,
 When we are fled, to dog us at the Heel;
 Or that all *Gracia* will their Powers unite:
 Of many ravish'd, can you one recite,
 Whom War repurchas'd? These be idle Fears;
 Rough blustering *Boreas* fair *Orishea* bears
 Unto the Land of *Thrace*; yet *Thrace* still free,
 And *Athens* rais'd no rude Hostility.
 In winged *Pegasus* did *Jason* sail;
 And from great *Colchos* he *Medea* stole;
 Yet *Thessaly* you see can shew no Scar
 Of former Wounds in the *Thessalian* War.
 He that first ravish'd you, in such a Fleet,
 As ours is, *Ariadne* brought from *Crete*.
 Yet *Minos*, and Duke *Theseus* were agreed,
 About that Quarrel, not a Breast did bleed.
 Less is the Danger (trust me) than the Fear,
 That in the vain and idle Doubts appear.
 But say, rude War shou'd be proclaim'd at length,
 Know, I am valiant, and have sinewy Strength.
 The Weapons that I use are apt to kill.
Asia besides, more spacious Fields can fill
 With armed Men, than *Greece*. Amongst us are
 More perfect Soldiers, more Beasts apt for War.
 Nor can thy Husband *Menelaus* be
 Of any high Spirit and Magnanimity;
 Or so well prov'd in Arms: For *Helen* I,
 Being but a Lad, have made my Enemies fly;
 Regain'd the Prey from out the Hands of Thieves,
 Who had despoil'd our Herds and stol'n our Beeves.
 By such Adventures I my Name obtain'd,
 (Being but a Lad) the Conquest I have gain'd,
 Of young Men in their Prime, who much could do;
Deiphobus, *Ilioneos* too
 I have o'ercome in many sharp Contentions;
 Nor think these are my vain and forg'd Inventions;
 Or that I only hand to hand can fight,
 My Arrows when I please shall touch the *White*.

I'm expert in the Quarry, and the Bow;
 You cannot boast your heartless Husband so.
 Had you the Power in all things to supply me,
 And should you nothing in the World deny me;
 To give me such a *Hector* to my Brother,
 You could not, the Earth bears not such another.
 By him alone all *Asia* is well mann'd;
 Helike an Enemy 'gainst *Greece* shall stand,
 Oppos'd to your best Fortunes; wherefore strive you?
 You do not know his Valour that must wive you,
 Or what hid Worth is in me; but at length
 You will confess, when you have prov'd my Strength.
 Thus either War shall still our Steps pursue,
 Or *Greece* shall fall in *Troy's* all-conquering View.
 Nor would I fear for such a Royal Wife,
 To set the universal World at Strife.
 To gain rich Prizes, Men will venture far,
 The Hope of Purchase makes us bold in War.
 If all the World about you should contend,
 Your Name would be eterniz'd without End;
 Only be bo'd; and fearless may we sail
 Into my Country, with a prosperous Gale!
 If the Gods grant me my expected Day,
 I to the full shall all these Covenants pay.

Helen to Paris.

N O sooner came mine Eye unto the Sight
 Of thy rude Lines, but I must needs re-write.
 Dar'st thou (Oh shameless) in such heinous wise,
 The Laws of Hospitality despise?
 And being a Stranger, from thy Country's Reach,
 Sollicit a chaste Wite to Wedlock's Breach?
 Was it for this, our free *Tanarian* Port
 Receiv'd thee and thy Train in friendly sort?
 And when great *Neptune* nothing could appease,
 Gave thee safe Harbour from the stormy Seas?

Was

274 Poems on several Occasions.

Was it for this, our Kingdom's Arms spread wide,
 To entertain thee from the Water-side?
 Yet thou of foreign Soil remote from hence,
 A Stranger, coming we scarce knew from whence.
 Is perjur'd Wrong the Recompence of Right?
 Is all our Friendship guerdon'd with Despight?
 I doubt me then, whether in our Court doth tarry
 A friendly Guest, or a fierce Adversary.
 Nor blame me, for it justly you consider,
 And these Presumptions well compare together,
 So simple my Complaint will not appear,
 But you your self must needs excuse my Fear.
 Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,
 Whilst I preserve my chaste Name far from Spot.
 For when I seem touch'd with a bashful Shame,
 It shews how highly I regard my Fame.
 When I seem sad, my Countenance is not fained,
 And when I lower, my Look is unconstrained.
 But say my Brow be cloudy; my Name's clear,
 And reverently you shall of *Helen* hear.
 No Man from me adulterate Spoils can win,
 For to this Hour I have sported without Sin;
 Which makes me in my Heart the more to wonder,
 What Hope you have in time to bring me under;
 Or from mine Eye what Comfort thou canst gather,
 To pity thee, and not despise thee rather.
 Because once *Theseus* hurried me from hence,
 And did to me a kind of Violence;
 Follows it therefore, I am of such Price,
 That ravish'd once, I should be ravish'd twice?
 Was it my Fault, because I striv'd in vain,
 And wanted Strength his Fury to restrain?
 He flatter'd, and spake fair, I struggled still,
 And what he got was much against my Will.
 Of all his Toil, he reap'd no wished Fruit,
 For with my wrangling I withstood his Suit.
 At length I was restor'd, untoucht, and clear,
 In all my Rape I suffer'd nought, save Fear,

A few untoward Kisses, he (God wot)
 Of further Favours he could never boast;
 Dry without Relish, by much Striving got,
 And them with much ado, and to his Cost.
 I doubt your Purpose aims at greater Bliss,
 And hardly would alone be pleas'd with Kisses.
 Thou hast some further Aim, and seek'st to do,
 What (*Jove* defend) I should consent unto.
 He bore not thy bad Mind, but did restore me,
 Unblemish'd, to the Place from whence he bore me.
 The Youth was bashful, and thy Boldness lackt,
 And 'tis well known, repented his bold Fact.
Theseus repented, so should *Paris* do,
 Succeed in Love, and in Repentance too.
 Nor am I angry; who can angry be
 With him that loves her? If your Heart agree
 With your kind Words, your Suit I could applaud,
 So I were sure your Lines were void of Fraud.
 I cast not these strange Doubts, or this dispense,
 Like one, that were bereft all Confidence;
 Nor that I with my self am in Disgrace,
 Or do not know the Beauty of my Face:
 But because too much Trust hath damag'd such,
 As have believ'd Men in their Loves too much.
 And now the general Tongue of Women saith,
 Mens Words are full of Treason, void of Faith.

Let others sin, and Hours of Pleasures waste;
 'Tis rare to find the sober Matron chaste.
 Why, say it be that Sin prevails with fair ones,
 May not my Name be rank'd among the rare ones?
 Because my Mother *Leda* was beguil'd,
 Must I stray too, that am her eldest Child?
 I must confess my Mother made a Rape,
 But *Jove* beguil'd her in a borrow'd Shape.
 When she (poor Soul) not dreamt of God nor Man,
 Hetrod her like a milk-white feather'd Swan,
 She was deceiv'd by Error, if I yield
 To your unjust Request, nothing can shield

276 Poems on several Occasions.

Me from Reproach; I cannot plead concealing.
 'Twas in Her Error; 'Tis in Me Plain-dealing.
 She happily err'd; he that her Honour spilt,
 Had in himself full Power to save the Guilt.
 Her Error happy'd me too (I confess)
 If to be *Jove's* Child, be a Happiness.

T' omit high *Jove*, of whom I stand in awe,
 As the great Grandfire to our Father-in-Law;
 To pass the Kin I claim from *Tantalus*,
 From *Pelops*, and from noble *Tyndarus*.
Leda by *Jove*, in Shape of Swan, beguild,
 Her self so chang'd, and by him made with Child;
 Proves *Jove* my Father. Then you idly strive,
 Your Name from Gods and Princes to derive.
 What need you of old *Priam* make relation;
Laomedon, or your great *Phrygian* Nation?
 Say, all be true; what then? He of whom most,
 To be of your Alliance you so boast.
Jove (five Degrees at least) from you removed,
 To be the first from me, is plainly proved.
 And tho (as I believ'd well) *Troy* may stand,
 Powerful by Sea, and full of Strength by Land;
 And no Dominion to your State superior,
 I hold our Clime nothing to *Troy* inferior.
 Say, you in Riches pass us, or in Number
 Of People, whom you boast your Streets to comber;
 Yet yours a barbarous Nation is, I tell you,
 And in that kind, do we of *Greece* excel you.
 Your rich Epistle doth such Gifts present,
 As might the Goddesses themselves content,
 And woo them to your Pleasure; but if I
 Should pass the Bounds of Shame, and tread awry;
 If ever you should put me to my Shifts;
 Your self should move me, more than all your Gifts.
 Or if I ever shall transgress by stealth,
 It shall be for your sake, not for your Wealth.
 But as your Gifts I scorn not, so such seem
 Most precious, where the Giver we esteem.

More than your Presence, it shall *Helen* please,
That you for her have past the stormy Seas;
That she hath caus'd your Toil, that you respect her,
And more than all your *Trojan* Dames affect her.

But ye're a Wag in troth, the Notes and Signs;
You inake at Table, in the Meats and Wines,
I have observ'd, when I least seem'd to mind them,
For at the first my curious Eye did find them.
Sometimes (you Wanton) your fixt Eye advances
His Brightness against mine, darting sweet Glances,
Out-gazing me with such a stedfast Look,
That my daz'd Eyes their Splendor have forsook;
And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch
Your amorous Arm outright, the Bowl to reach
That next me stands, making Excuse to sip
Just in the self-same Place, that kiss'd my Lip.
How oft have I observ'd your Finger make
Tricks and conceited Signs, which straight I take?
How often doth your Brow your smooth Thoughts cloke,
When (to my seeming) it hath almost spoke?
And still I fear'd my Husband would have spy'd you,
In troth you are to blame, and I must chide you.
You are too manifest a Lover, (tush)
At such known Signs I could not chuse but blush.
And to my self I oft was forc'd to say,
This Man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)
Ought save the Truth? oft times upon the Board,
Where *Helen* was ingraven, you the Word
Amo have under-writ, in new-spilt Wine:
(Good sooth) at first I could not scan the Line,
Nor understand your Meaning. Now (Oh! spight)
My self am now taught so to read and write.
Should I offend, as Sin to me is strange,
These Blandishments have Power chaft Thoughts to change.
Or if I could be mov'd to step astray,
These would provoke me to lascivious Play.
Besides, I must confess, you have a Face,
So admirable, rare, so full of Grace,

T

That

278 Poems on several Occasions.

That it hath Power to woo, and to make seisure
 Of the most bright chaste Beauties to your Pleasure.
 Yet had I rather stainles keep my Fame,
 Than to a Stranger hazard my good Name.
 Make me your Instance, and forbear the Fair,
 Of that which most doth please you, make most spare,
 The greatest Virtues of which wise Men boast,
 Is to abtain from that, which pleaseth most.
 How many gallant Youths (think you) desire
 That which you covet, scorched with the self-same Fire?
 Are all the World Fools? Only *Paris* wise?
 Or is there none save you have judging Eyes?
 No, no, you view no more than others see,
 But you are plainer and more bold with me.
 You are more earnest to pursue your Game;
 I yield you not more Knowledge, but less Shame.
 I would to God, that you had fail'd from *Troy*,
 When my Virginitie and Bed to enjoy,
 A thousand gallant Princely Suiters came.
 Had I beheld young *Paris*, I proclaim,
 Of all those thousand I had made you Chief,
 And *Spartan Menelaus* to his Grief,
 Should to my Censure have subscrib'd and yielded.
 But now, alas! your Hopes are weakly builded:
 You covet Goods posselt, Pleasures fore-tasted,
 Tardy you come, that should before have hasted;
 What you desire, another claims as due:
 As I could wish t'have been espous'd to you;
 So let me tell you since it is my Fate,
 I hold me happy in my present State.
 Then cease, fair Prince, an idle Suit to move,
 Seek not to harm her whom you seem to love.
 In my contented State let me be guided,
 As both my States and Fortunes have provided.
 Nor in so vain a Quest your Spirits toil,
 To seek at my Hands an unworthy Spoil.

But see how soon poor Women are deluded,
Venus her self this Covenant hath concluded;

For in the *Idaan* Vallies you espy
 Three Goddesses stripp'd naked to your Eye ;
 And when the first had promis'd you a Crown,
 The second, Fortitude and Wars Renown ;
 The third, bespake you thus: Crown, nor War's Pride
 Will I bequeath, but *Helen* to thy Bride.
 I scarce believe, those high immortal Creatures
 Would to your Eye expose their naked Features.
 Or say the first Part of your Tale be pure,
 And meet with Truth ; the second's false I'm sure,
 In which poor I was thought the greatest Meed,
 In such a high Cause by the Gods decreed.
 I have not of my Beauty such Opinion,
 'T' imagine it preferr'd before Dominion,
 Or Fortitude ; nor can your Words perswade me,
 The greatest Gift of all the Goddess made me.
 'Tis enough to me, Men praise my Face ;
 But from the Gods I merit no such Grace.
 Nor doth the Praise, you charge me with, offend me,
 If *Venus* do not enviously commend me.
 But lo ! I grant you, and imagine true,
 Your free Report, claiming your Praise as due ;
 Who would in pleasing Things call Fame a Lyar,
 But give that Credit, which we most desire ?

That we have mov'd these Doubts, be not you griev'd ;
 The greatest Wonders are the least believ'd.
 Now then, I first am pleas'd that *Venus* ought me
 Such undeserved Grace ; next, that you thought me
 The greatest Meed. Nor Scepter, nor War's Fame,
 Did you prefer before poor *Helen's* Name.
 Hard Heart ! tis time thou shouldst at last come down)
 Therefore I am your Valour, I your Crown.
 Your Kindness conquers me do what I can ;
 Were hard-hearted, not to love this Man.
 Moderate I was never, and yet coy,
 To favour him whom I can ne'er enjoy.
 That profits it the barren Sands to plow,
 And in the Furrows our Affections sow.

280 Poems on several Occasions.

In the sweet Theft of *Venus* I am rude,
 And know not how my Husband to delude.
 Now I these Love-lines write, my Pen, I vow,
 Is a new Office taught, not known till now.
 Happy are they, that in this Trade have Skill;
 Alas! I am a Fool and shall be still;
 And having till this Hour not slept astray,
 Fear in these Sports, lest I should miss my Way.
 The Fear (no doubt) is greater than the Blame,
 I stand confounded and amaz'd with Shame;
 And with the very Thought of what you seek,
 Think every Eye fixt on my guilty Cheek.
 Nor are these Suppositions merely vain,
 The murmuring People whisperingly complain,
 And my Maid *Æthra* hath by listning sly
 Brought me such News, as touch'd mine Honour high;
 Wherefore (dear Lord) dissemble or desist,
 Being over-Eyed, we cannot as we list
 Fashion our Sports, our Loves pure Harvest gather;
 But why should you desist? Dissemble rather.
 Sport (but in secret) sport where none may see.
 The greater, but not greatest Liberty,
 Is limited to our lascivious Play,
 That *Menelaus* is far hence away.
 My Husband about great Affairs is posted,
 Leaving his Royal Guest securely hosted;
 His Business was important and material,
 Being employed about a Crown Imperial.
 And as he now is mounted on his Steed,
 Ready on his long Journey to proceed;
 E'en as he questions to depart, or stay,
 Sweet Heart (quoth I) Oh! be not long away.
 With that he reach'd me a sweet parting Kiss,
 (How loth he was to leave me, ghes by this)
 Farewel fair Wife (saith he) bend all thy Cares
 To my domestick Business, home Affairs;
 But as the thing that I affection best,
 Sweet Wife, look well unto my *Trojan* Guest.
 It was no sooner out, but with much Pain
 My itching Spleen from Laughter I restrain,

Poems on several Occasions. 281

Which striving to keep in and bridlestill,
 At length I wrung forth these few Words (*I will.*)
 He's on his Journey to the Isle of *Crete*,
 But think not we may therefore safely meet:
 He is so absent, that as present I
 Am still within his Reach, his Ear, his Eye;
 And tho' abroad, his Power at home commands;
 For know you not, Kings have long reaching Hands?
 The Fame for Beauty you besides have given me,
 Into a great Exigent hath driven me.
 The more your Commendation fill'd his Ear,
 The more just Cause my Husband hath to fear,
 Nor marvel you the King hath left me so,
 Into remote and foreign Climes to go;
 Much Confidence he dares repose in me,
 My Carriage, Haviour, and my Modesty,
 My Beauty he mistrusts, my Heart relies in,
 My Face he fears, my chaste Life he affies in.

To take Time now, when Time is, you perswade me,
 And with his apt fit Absence you invade me,
 I would, but fear, nor is my Mind well set;
 My Will wou'd further what my Fear doth lett.
 I have no Husband here, and you no Wife;
 I love your Shape, you mine, dear as your Life.
 The Nights seem long to such as sleep alone;
 Our Letters meet to interchange our Moan.
 You judge me beauteous, I esteem you fair;
 Under one Roof we Lovers lodged are:
 And, let me die, but every thing consider,
 Each thing perswades us we shall lie together.
 Nothing we see molests us, nought we hear;
 And yet my forward Will is slack through Fear.
 I would to God, that what you ill perswade,
 You could as well compel; so I were made
 Unwilling willing, pleasingly abus'd;
 So my Simplicity might be excus'd.
 Injuries Force is oft-times wondrous pleasing
 To such as suffer Ease in their discaising.

282 Poems on several Occasions.

If what I will, you 'gainst my Will should do,
I with such Force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our Love is young and in the Bud,
Suffer his infant Vigor be withstood.
A Flame new kindled is as easily quench'd,
And sudden Sparks in little Crops are drench'd.
A Traveller's Love is like himself, unstay'd,
And wanders where he walks; it is not laid
On any firmer Ground; for when we alone
Think him to us, the Wind blows fair, he's gone.
Witness *Hypsipile*, alike betray'd;
Witness with her the bright *Mynoian* Maid:
Nay then your self, as you your self have spoken,
To fair *O Enone* have your Promise broken.
Since I beheld your Face first, my Desire
Hath been, of *Trojan Paris* to inquire.
I know you now in every true Respect;
I'll grant you thus much then, say you affect
Me (whom you term your own) I'll go thus far;
Do not the *Phrygian* Mariners prepare
Their Sails and Oars, and now whilst we recite
Exchange of Words about the wished Night?
Say that, even now you were prepar'd to clime
My long-wish'd Bed just at th' appointed time,
The Wind should alter and blow fair for *Troy*,
You must break off, in midst of all your Joy,
And leave me in the Infancy of Pleasure;
Amid my Riches, I shall lose my Treasure.
You will forsake the Sweets my Bed affords,
T' exchange for Cabins, Hatches, and pitch'd Boards.
Then what a fickle Courtship you commence,
When, with the first Wind, all your Love blows hence?
But shall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the Grand-child to *Laomedon*?
And *Ilium* see whose Beauty you proclaim?
I do not so despise the Bruit of Fame,
That she to whom I am in debt such Thanks,
Should fill the Earth with such adulterate Pranks.

What

What will *Achaia*? what will *Sparta* say?
 What will your *Troy* report, and *Asia*?
 What may old *Priam*, or his reverend Queen?
 What may your Sisters, having *Helen* seen?
 Or your *Dardanian* Brothers deem of me?
 Will they not blame my loose In chastity?
 Nay, how can you your self faithful deem me,
 And not amongst the loosest Dames esteem me?
 No Stranger shall your *Asian* Ports come near,
 But he shall fill your guilty Soul with Fear.
 How often, angry at some small Offence,
 Will you thus say; Adultress, get thee hence?
 Forgetting you your self have been the Chief
 In my Transgression, tho' not in the Grief.
 Consider what it is, forgetful Lover,
 To be Sin's Author, and Sin's sharp Reprover.
 But e'er the least of all these Ills betide me,
 I wish the Earth may in her Bosom hide me.

But I shall all your *Phrygian* Wealth possess,
 And more than your Epistle can express.
 Gifts, woven Gold, Imbroidery, rich Attire,
 Purple and Plate, or what I can desire.
 Yet give me leave, think you all this extends
 To countervail the loss of my chief Friends?
 Whose Friendship, or whose Aid shall I employ,
 To succour me when I am wrong'd in *Troy*?
 Or whether can I, having thus mis-done,
 Unto my Father, or my Brothers run?
 As much as you to me, false *Jason* swore
 Unto *Medea*, yet from *Aeson's* Door
 He after did exile her. Now poor Heart,
 Where is thy Father that should take thy part?
 Old *Aetes*, or *Chalciope*? thou tookest
 No Aid from them, whom thou before forsookest.
 Or say thou didst (alafs! they cannot hear
 Thy sad Complaints) yet I no such thing fear.
 No more *Medea* did; good Hopes ingage
 Themselves so far, they fail in their Presage.

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You see the Ships, that in the Main are toft,
 And many times by Tempests wrackt and loft,
 Had at their launching from the Heaven's Mouth,
 A smooth Sea, and a calm Gale from the South.
 Besides, the Brand your Mother dreamt she bare,
 The Night before your Birth, breeds me fresh Care:
 It prophesy'd, e'er many Years expire,
 Inflam'd *Troy* must burn with *Greekish* Fire.
 As *Venus* favours you, because she gain'd
 A doubtful Prize by you; yet the disdain'd
 And vanquish'd Goddesses, disgrac'd solate,
 May bear you hard; I therefore fear their Hate.
 Nor make no question, but if I consort you,
 And for a Ravisher our *Greece* report you;
 War will be wag'd with *Troy*, and you shall rue;
 The Sword (alas) your Conquest shall pursue.
 When *Hippodamia* at her bridal Feast,
 Was rudely ravish'd by her *Centaur* Guest,
 Because the Salvages the Bride durst seize,
 War grew betwixt them and the *Lapythes*.
 Or think you *Menelaus* hath no Spleen?
 Or that he hath not Power t'avenge his Teen?
 Or that old *Tyndarus* this Wrong can smother?
 Or the two famous Twins, each lov'd of other?

So where your Valour and rare Deeds you boast,
 And warlike Spirits, in which you triumph most;
 By which you have attain'd 'mongst Souldiers Grace;
 None will believe you, that but sees your Face.
 Your Feature, and fair Shape, is fitter far
 For amorous Courtships, than remorseless War.
 Let rough-hew'd Soldiers warlike Dangers prove;
 'Tis pity *Paris* should do ought save love.
Hector (whom you so praise) for you may fight:
 I'll find you War to skirmish every Night,
 Which shall become you better. Were I wise,
 And bold withal, I might obtain the Prize,
 In such sweet single Combats, hand to hand,
 'Gainst which no Woman that is wise will stand.

My Champion I'll encounter Breast to Breast,
Though I were sure to fall, and be o'erprest.

If that you private Conference intreat me,
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me:
I know the Meaning, durst I yield thereto,
Of what you would confer, what you would do.
You are too forward, you too far would wade;
But yet (God knows) your Harvest's in the Blade.
My tired Pen shall here its Labour end;
A guilty Sense in thievish Lines I send.
Speak next, when your Occasion best perswades,
By *Clymene* and *Æthra*, my two Maids *.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

L I V E with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasure prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,
And all the craggy Mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
By shallow Rivers, by whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigales.
There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant Posies;
A Cap of Flowers, and a Girdle
Embroider'd all with leaves of Myrtle;
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;
Fair lined Slippers for the cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold;

* N. B. *The Translation of these Epistles is loose, and not without Errors, and yet they justify what I have said in the Preface, concerning Shakspear's Learning.*

286 Poems on several Occasions.

A Belt of Straw, and Ivie Buds,
 With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs.
 And if these Pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my Love.
 The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy Delight each May Morning.
 If these Delights thy Mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my Love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

IF that the World and Love were young,
 And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue;
 These pretty Pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee, and be thy Love.
 Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
 When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold;
 And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
 And all complain of Cares to come:
 The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
 A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
 Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
 Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses,
 Thy Cap, thy Girdle, and thy Posies;
 Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
 In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.
 Thy Belt of Straw and Ivie Buds,
 Thy Coral Clasps and Amber Studs,
 All these in me no means can move,
 To come to thee, and be thy Love.
 But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
 Had Joys no date, and Age no need;
 Then these Delights my Mind might move,
 To live with thee, and be thy Love.

Another

Another of the same Nature.

COME live with me and be my Dear,
 And we will revel all the Year,
 In Plains and Groves, on Hills and Dales,
 Where fragrant Air breeds sweetest Gales.
 There shall you have the beauteous Pine,
 The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
 And all the Woods to be a Skreen,
 Lest *Phœbus* kiss my Summer's Queen,
 The Seat of your Disport shall be
 Over some River in a Tree;
 Where silver Sands and Pebbles sing
 Eternal Ditties to the Spring.
 There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
 And how the Satyrs spend the Day;
 The Fishes gliding on the Sands,
 Offering their Bellies to your Hands;
 The Birds with heavenly-tuned Throats,
 Possess Woods Ecchoes with sweet Notes;
 Which to your Senses will impart
 A Musick to inflame the Heart.
 Upon the bare and leafless Oak,
 The Ring-Doves Wooings will provoke
 A colder Blood than you possess,
 To play with me, and do no less.
 In Bowers of Laurel trimly dight,
 We will outwear the silent Night;
 While *Flora* busie is to spread
 Her richest Treasure on our Bed.
 The Glow-worms shall on you attend,
 And all their sparkling Lights shall spend,
 All to adorn and beautifie
 Your Lodging with most Majesty.
 Then in my Arms will I inclose
 Lillies fair Mixture with the Rose;
 Whose nice Perfections in Love's Play,
 Shall tune me to the highest Key.

Thus

288 Poems on *several Occasions*,

Thus as we pass the welcome Night
In sportful Pleasures and Delight,
The nimble Fairies on the Grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious Sounds.
If these may serve for to intice
Your Presence to Love's Paradise,
Then come with me, and be my Dear,
And we will strait begin the Year.

TAKE, O! take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those Eyes, the break of Day,
Lights which do mislead the Morn.
But my Kisses bring again,
Seal of Love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide those Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Bosom bears,
On whose Tops the Pinks that grow,
Are of those that *April* wears.
But my poor Heart first let free,
Bound in those Icy Chains by thee.

LET the Bird of lowest lay
On the sole *Arabian* Tree,
Herauld sad, and Trumpet be,
To whose Sound chaste Wings obey.
But thou shrieking Harbinger,
Foul Procuror of the Fiend,
Augur of the Feavers End,
To this Troop come thou not near.
From this Session interdict
Every Fowl of Tyrant Wing,
Save the Eagle feather'd King;
Keep the Obsequy so strict;

That

Let the Priest in Surplice white,
 That defunctive Musick can,
 Be the Death-divining Swan,
 Lest the Requiem lack his Right.
 And thou treble-dated Crow,
 That thy fable Gender mak'st,
 With the Breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 'Mongst our Mourners shalt thou go.
 Here the Anthem doth commence,
 Love and Constancy is dead,
 Phoenix and the Turtle fled,
 In a mutual Flame from hence.
 So they loved as Love in twain
 Had the Essence but in one,
 Two Distincts but in none;
 Number there in Love was slain,
 Hearts remote, yet not asunder,
 Distance and no Space was seen
 'Twixt thy Turtle, and his Queen,
 But in them it were a Wonder.
 So between them Love did shine,
 That the Turtle saw his Right,
 Flaming in the Phoenix Sight,
 Either was the others mine.
 Property was thus appalled,
 That the self was not the same,
 Single Natures, double Name,
 Neither two nor one was called.
 Reason in it self confounded,
 Saw Division grow together,
 To themselves yet either, neither
 Simple were so well compounded,
 That it cried, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one;
 Love hath Reason, Reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.
 Whereupon it made this Threne,
 To the Phoenix and the Dove,
 Co-supreams and Stars of Love,
 As *Chorus* to their tragick Scene.

T H R E N E S.

BEAUTY, Truth, and Rarity,
 Grace in all Simplicity,
 Hence inclosed, in Cinders lie.
 Death is now the *Phœnix* Nest,
 And the Turtle's loyal Breast
 To Eternity doth rest.
 Leaving no Posterity,
 'Twas not their Infirmary,
 It was married Chastity.
 Truth may seem, but cannot be,
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she,
 Truth and Beauty buried be.
 To this Urn let those repair,
 That are either true, or fair;
 For these dead Birds sigh a Prayer.

WH Y should this a Desert be,
 For it is unpeopled? No,
 Tongue I'll hang on every Tree,
 That shall civil Sayings show.
 Some how brief the Life of Man
 Run his erring Pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a Span
 Buckles in his Sum of Age.
 Some of violated Vows
 'Twixt the Souls of Friend and Friend.
 But upon the fairest Boughs,
 Or at every Sentence end,
 Will I *Rosalinda* write,
 Teaching all that read to know
 The Quintessence of every Sprite,
 Heaven would in little show.

There.

Poems on *several Occasions.* 291

Therefore Heaven Nature chang'd,
That one Body should be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
Nature presently distill'd,
Helen's Cheek, but not her Heart,
Cleopatra's Majesty;
Atalanta's better Part,
Sad *Lucretia's* Modesty.
Thus *Rosalind* of many Parts,
By heavenly Synods was devis'd,
Of many Faces, Eyes and Hearts,
To have the Touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would these Gifts She should have,
And I to live and die her Slave.



REMARKS



REMARKS

ON THE

PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEAR.



I HAVE in my Essay prefix'd to this Volume, laid down Rules by which the Reader may judge of the Mistakes of our Poet so far, as by his Authority not to be drawn into an Imitation of his Errors, by mistaking them for Beauties. I shall now in these Remarks point out the Beauties of this Author, which are worthy the Observation of all

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the ingenious Lovers of this Art, and those who desire to arrive at any Perfection in it.

Mr. Rowe has very well observ'd, that the *Fable* is not the Province of the *Drama*, in which the Strength and Mastery of *Shakespear* lies; yet I shall give a Scheme of all his Plots, that so we may the more easily see how far he has succeeded by the Force of Nature, and where he has fail'd. I begin in the Order in which they are printed in this new Edition. And in the First we find his *Tempest*.

The Argument or Fable of the TEMPEST.

“ *Prospero* Duke of *Milan* being entirely given up to his
 “ Study, reposes the Trust of the Government in his Bro-
 “ ther *Antonio*, who having all the Sovereignty but the
 “ Name, is unsatisfy'd, till he obtains that by Treason.
 “ Wherefore having made a secret Compact with the King
 “ of *Naples*, he lets him into *Milan* in the Night; and seiz-
 “ ing his Brother and his Infant Daughter, sends them out
 “ to Sea in a tatter'd, unrigg'd Boat. *Gonzalo*, who by the
 “ Tyrant was commanded to put this in execution, out of
 “ his own Compassion furnishes him with some Provision,
 “ and some of his own Books. Being thus defenceless left
 “ to the Mercy of the Ocean, Providence drove him on a
 “ barren Island, where he found no body but a sort of
 “ *Incubus*, Son to a notorious Witch of *Algiers*. And
 “ here he liv'd twelve Years in Solitude, and in the
 “ Study and Exercise of the Art of *Natural Magic*.
 “ Till now the same King of *Naples*, his only Son, and
 “ *Antonio*, *Prospero's* treacherous Brother, and others, re-
 “ turning from marrying the Daughter of *Naples* to the
 “ King of *Tunis*, fall into his Spells; for *Prospero* raising a
 “ Storm, has them all cast away on this barren enchanted
 “ Island, tho none of them perish in the Wreck — Here
 “ the Play begins — These Princes being all cast ashore
 “ and dispers'd in the Island, the Pangs of their evil Deeds,
 “ and the suppos'd Loss of the King's Son torment the
 “ guilty King and some of his Train; while his Son indeed
 “ is by *Prospero's* Spirits brought to the Sight of *Miranda*.

Prospero's

“ *Prospero's* Daughter, who before had seen none of Man-
 “ kind but her Father. The young Pair fall mutually in
 “ love with each other. The King likewise and his Train
 “ having undergone great Pains, Agonies, and Terrors, are
 “ brought to *Prospero's* Cave by his Spirit *Ariel*; where ha-
 “ ving been upbraided by *Prospero*, who owns himself to
 “ them, they all are reconcil'd, *Prospero's* Daughter being
 “ to be married to *Ferdinand* the King's Son; so with the
 “ promise of a prosperous Voyage the Play ends.

I can't find that this Plot was taken from any Novel, at
 least not from any that Mr. *Langbain* had seen, who was
 very conversant with Books of that nature. But it does
 not at all follow, that there was no such Story in any of the
 Books of his time, which might never reach our Age;
 nor is it of much Importance.

Tho the Fable of this Play may come short of Perfection
 in some Particulars, yet I must say this, that we have few on
 the *English* Stage that can compare with it for Excellence.
 For first it is the Imitation of one Action, i. e. *The Resto-
 ration of Prospero to his Dutchy of Milan*. The Action is
 of a just Extent, for it has a *Beginning*, *Middle* and *End*;
 the casting away of the King of *Naples*, *Antonio*, &c. on
 the enchanted Island, is plainly the *Beginning*, since to this
 there is nothing necessary to be before; it is the Sequel in-
 deed of something else, but not the Effect. Thus their be-
 ing cast on the Coast, produces all that happens to them,
 till the Discovery, which is the *Middle*: and when *Prospero*
 is reconcil'd by their Sufferings, and his Passions abated, the
Middle, which is their Sufferings, produces the *End* in the
 Reconciliation of the Parties. Here is likewise in this Fa-
 ble a *Peripetie* and *Discovery*. For the State, Condition and
 Fortune of the King is changed from the extremest Misery
 to Happiness by the *Discovery* of *Prospero*, and *Ferdinand*.
 'Tis true, the Discovery of *Prospero* is not so fine as that of
Ulysses by the Nurse, but it is ev'ry whit as good as the *Disco-
 very* that *Ulysses* makes of himself to the Shepherds. There
 is a perfect Unity in the Action, and in the Time; which
 tho a little confusedly express'd (which I attribute to the re-
 peated Errors of the Editors, not to *Shakespear*) yet it is

concluded by *Alonzo*, and the Sailors, to be but three Hours. *Prospero* in the first Act demands of his Spirit *Ariel*—*What is the time of the Day*—who answers *Ariel*, *Past the mid Season*. *Prosper.* *At least two Glasses. The Time 'twixt six and now, must by us be spent most preciously.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Prosper. *How's the Day?*

Ariel. *On the sixth Hour, at which Time, my Lord, You said our Work should cease.*

Prosper. *I did say so when first I rais'd the Tempest.*

The whole Time from the raising the Storm to the End of the Play is but six Hours; the Play plainly opens at the very End of the Storm, so that we cannot suppose it more than three Hours and a half; which is far more regular in that Particular, than any that I know of on the Stage. The Unity of Place is not quite so regular, and yet we have few Plays that excel it even in this Particular. But if the Scene of the Storm were out, and which has very little to do there, the Place would be brought into a much less compass, and the several Scenes may very well be allow'd to be reasonably suppos'd pretty contiguous. At least when two Gentlemen set themselves to alter a Poet of *Shakespear*'s Genius, one wou'd expect, that they shou'd endeavour to correct his Errors, not to add more. It had been extremely easy for Sir *William*, and Mr. *Dryden* to have remedy'd this Particular, which they have not at all attempted; nay they have added nothing but what makes their Composition not only much less perfect, but infinitely more extravagant than this Poem which they pretend to alter; as I shall show when I come to the Characters. *Shakespear* has met with this fortune in many of his Plays, while Mr. *Dursey* and Mr. *Cibber* have only given us their wise Whimsies for what they blotted out of the Poet. The Pretenders to alter this Poet shou'd never meddle with him unless they could mend his Fable and Conduct, since they can never give the *Manners*, *Sentiments*, *Passions*, and Diction, finer and more perfect, than they find them in the Original.

As the Fable has all these Advantages, so is the Conduct of the Play very regular. *Aristotle* divides the Parts of Quantity of a Play into four Parts, which he calls the *Prologue*, the *Episode*, the *Exode*, and the *Chorus*. By the *Prologue* he does not mean what is now a-days spoke before the Play, and has seldom any relation to the Play, and will therefore serve any other Play, as well as that to which it is spoken: but by the *Prologue* here is understood all our *first Act*; and it is to explain to the Audience not only what concerns the Subject of the Poem, but what is proper and necessary; and makes a true Part of it. Thus *Prospero*, to satisfy his Daughter of the Cause of his raising the Storm, very artfully lets the Audience know the material part of his History which past before that Hour; and that necessarily: for it was not only natural for *Miranda* to enquire into the Cause of so terrible a Storm, the Effects of which had extremely mov'd her Compassion; and the Work that was going to be done by *Prospero* seems to mark out that, as the only proper time that he cou'd ever have related his Fortunes to her, and inform her of her Condition, and that he had now got all his Enemies into his hands. 'Tis true, this Narration may seem a little too calm, and that it had been more *Dramatic* had it been told in a Passion; but if we consider the Story as *Prospero* tells it, it is not without a *Pathos*. And if this first Narration cou'd be brought under this Censure, yet the second is far from it, being very artfully thrown into a sort of Passion, or Anger against *Ariel*, and is therefore truly *Dramatic*; for in the *Drama* indeed there shou'd be very little that is not *Action*, and *Passion*. It was necessary likewise, that when the Poet was giving the Audience a Creature of his own formation, he shou'd let them know whence he sprung; his very Origin preparing us for a Character so much out of the way, and makes us expect that Language from him, which he utters. But there being still some things done which fell not into the knowledge of *Prospero*, and yet were necessary to be known to the Audience, the Poet in the first Scene of the second Act, makes the shipwreck'd Princes discover it very judiciously.

The next to the *Prologue* is the *Episode*, which was all that us'd formerly to go betwixt the four *Chorus's*, which with us is the second, third, and fourth Act; that is, it contains all the *Subject* of the Play, or rather the *Intrigues* and *Plot*, till the *Unravelling*. And the *Exode*, which was all that came after the last singing of the *Chorus*, contain'd the *Peripetie*, and *Discovery* or the *unravelling* of the Plot, which answered our fifth Act; and is the *Unravelling*, or *Catastrophe* of the Piece. This division of *Aristotle* is perfectly observ'd by *Shakespear* in the Conduct of this Play of the *Tempest*. For, as we have seen, the *first Act* discovers all that was necessary for the Audience to know of the Story, that happen'd before the Commencement of the Action of the Play, and that in an admirable and judicious manner: next, all the *Intrigue* of the Play, as the several *Adventures* and *Torments* of the *King*, the uniting the Hearts of *Miranda* and *Ferdinand*, and the Attempts of the Mob Characters, make up the second, third, and fourth Acts: the fifth is wholly employ'd in the *Discovery* and *Peripetie*, or in the *Unravelling* of the Plot, and restoring *Tranquillity* to all the *Dramatic Persons*. The Scene likewise is generally unbroken; especially in the first, fourth and fifth, they are perfectly entire. The Manners are every way just, they are well-mark'd, and convenient and equal; there is no room here for the *Likeness*, the Story being a Fiction. Thus we find every one perfectly distinct from the other. *Caliban*, as born of a Witch, shews his original Malice, ill-Nature, Sordidness, and Villany. *Antonio* is always ambitious and treacherous, and even there promoting and persuading *Sebastian* to the committing the same unnatural Act against his Brother, that he had against *Prospero*, with this Aggravation, of adding *Fratricide* to *Usurpation*.

The *Sentiments* are every where the just Effect of the Manners, and the *Diction* generally just and elegant, as we shall see in those beautiful Thoughts I shall add to my Remarks on this Play. But I can't leave my general Consideration of this Play, till I have added a word about the most questionable Part of it, and that is the *Magic*, or *Sorcery*.

Those

Those who make this a Fault in our Poet know little of the matter; for it is sufficient for him to go upon received Notions, no matter whether philosophically, or absolutely true, or not. *Shakespear* liv'd in an Age, not so remote from a Time in which the Notion of Spirits and Conjurers, and the strange and wonderful Power of *Magic* were so common, that it was almost an Article of Faith among the *Many*, I mean not the very Mob, but Men of Figure and true Learning. *Ariosto* is full of this, and instead of one enchanted Isle, gives us many enchanted Castles. Nay, *Lavater* and several others have wrote seriously upon this Head; *Mizaldus* gives us many Receipts for magical Operations; and the *Rosicrucians*, and Cabalists profess a Conversation with Spirits of the Earth, the Air, Water, and elemental Fire. Doctor *Beaumont* has even in our Time wrote a Book in *English* upon this Head, and has declared to many his frequent Conversation with these *Hobgoblins*; nor is there to this day scarce a venerable Citizen, or Country Squire, but as firmly believes these Beings, as they do their own. And tho it is not our business here to enter into the Examination of this Point philosophically, common Opinion being sufficient to justify *Shakespear*, yet perhaps the nicest Philosopher would be puzzl'd to demonstrate the Falshood of this Notion: At least we are sure, that there are Spirits departed, since the *Scripture* it self assures us of it. The same wou'd hold against *Virgil* and *Homer* for their *Cyclops*, their *Harpeys*, their *Circes*, &c. if common Opinion could not clear them. Our Poet therefore is at least on as good a bottom in this, as those great Men of Antiquity, and has manag'd these Machines as well as either of them in this Play.

The Reader having seen all the Beauties of the *Fable*, *Conduct* and *Manners* of this Play, may perhaps think it would not be from the Purpose if I should take some notice of the Alteration made of it by Mr. *Dryden* and Sir *William Davenant*; and since it seems a sort of justice to *Shakespear*, I shall venture to show how far they have been from improving our Author. Mr. *Dryden* in his Preface, after he has told us that the Play it self had been acted with Success, and that *Fletcher* and Sir *John Suckling* had made bold with our Poet in their *Sea-Voyage*, and the *Goblins* — adds —

Sir William Davenant, as he was a Man of a quick and piercing imagination, soon found, that somewhat might be added to the Design of Shakespear, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought, (something I hope to add to his Excellence, or else it had better never have been added) and therefore to put the last Hand to it, he design'd the Counter-part to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman, that by this means these two Characters of Innocence and Love, might the more illustrate and commend each other.

He further tells us his Approbation of Sir William's Design; but with submission to so great a Man as Mr. Dryden must be allowed to be in his way, I think he had very little Reason for his Approbation. For let us consider but the Rules of true Judgment, and we shall find, that what these Gentlemen have done could be only advantageous to our Author, by improving the Fable and Conduct, the Manners, the Sentiments, the Diction, &c. But Mr. Dryden, in what is quoted, seems to place all the Benefit of the Alteration in the Counterpart of his Plot, i. e. *A Man that had never seen a Woman, that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love, might the more illustrate and commend each other.* That is, by spoiling the natural Innocence and Character of *Miranda*, to foist in some Scenes betwixt a Company of unequal and inconsistent Characters, which are sometimes mere *Naturals* indeed, and at other times Proficients in Philosophy.

But what did these Characters, or what do these Scenes towards the improving the Plot? It has every where broken the Scenes, and embarrass'd the Conduct, but scarce any where added the least Beauty to make amends, unless in *Prospero's* separating *Ferdinand*, and the Father, in his Rage, and his Threats of his Death; thus making the meeting of Father and Son the more distressful by so sudden a Calamity in their Joy. Every where else the Alterations are monstrous, especially in the Manners and Sentiments; to shew which, I shall give some Instances.

Dorinda says to her Father on his examining of her about seeing the Man —

Dor. No Sir, I am as well as ever I was in all my Life, but that I cannot eat nor drink for Thought of him, &c.

She saw him but the last Scene of the second Act, and this is the first Scene of the third Act; so what time she had to try whether she cou'd eat or not I cannot tell, unless it was her Afternoon's *Nuncion* (as the Children call it) for it was near four, as *Ariel* assured us. But all that Scene indeed between *Prospero* and *Dorinda* (a Creature of our Corrector's making, not of *Shakespear's*, but more out of Nature, and more inconsistent than *Caliban*) has nothing at all Dramatic in it, nor any thing conducive to the Fable, Conduct or Plot. It discovers nothing of the least use; and only gives a very imperfect Sketch of the insensible Approaches of Love in Innocence and Ignorance, and may perhaps be worthy the Contemplation of the young Misses of the Nursery.

Enter eight fat Spirits with Cornucopias in their Hands.
These fat Spirits I confess are very surprizing and merry, tho never thought of by *Shakespear*.

The Discourse in *Echo* betwixt *Ferdinand* and *Ariel*, if tolerable in Prose, is beyond measure ridiculous and trifling in singing: *Ferdinand* seems too full of Despair and Concern to have that petty Whim of Curiosity to come into his head; and therefore I presume no body will think that any Improvement of *Shakespear's* Play, unless it be in adding the Mode, which was afterwards in the *Rehearsal*.

*And then to serious Business we'll advance,
But first let's have a Dance.*

But our Improvers have never been eminent for their Imitations of Nature in the *Drama*; Mr. *Dryden* had wandered too far in *Romance*, to relish Nature, or know how to copy her. Tho in his latter Plays, Age had worn something of that away, and he has given us some Scenes worthy his Greatness in other Parts of Poetry, in which lay his Excellence. But to go on —

Soon after this *Miranda* seeing *Ferdinand* by an odd Caprice (which we never cou'd expect from her Character as drawn

in *Shakespear*) she fancies him a Spirit. Tho she had before seen *Hippolito*, and had been told, that he was a Man, and assur'd by her Father, that she shou'd soon see another Man of riper Growth, than him she had seen. But this artless trifling Ignorance of *Miranda* spoils that Character *Shakespear* has given her, where she is innocent indeed, but not a Fool: whereas this might be call'd, as alter'd, *The Comedy of Fools*.

But now for *Hippolito*, bred to Books and Philosophy, under so wise a Master as *Prospero*.

Hippolito and Prospero.

Hip. *Methinks I wish, and wish for what I know not;
But still I wish: — yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, cou'd tell me what I wish for.*

This is indeed indulging Fancy with a vengeance, and throwing all Art, Nature, and Judgment aside as useless. Certainly the first Wishes of Innocence in Love must be the Company of the Object belov'd; and that he might easily find and tell. But why shou'd he fancy (if it were not absurd to ask a Reason for any thing in such a Character) that the Woman cou'd tell him what he wish'd for, when he did not know himself?

Prosp. *What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?*

Hip. *I'd quit the rest of the World, that I might be alone with her; she never shou'd be from me, &c.*

This is Nature indeed, and this is the real Effect of a real Passion: this is what *Tibullus*, that tender Lover, said about 1700 years ago —

*Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis,
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi Curarum Requies, in Nocte vel atra
Lumen, & in solis Tu mihi turba Locis, &c.*

But

But then our young Lover, if he wou'd have maintain'd his Character of Innocence and Love, shou'd have kept to that Point, and not immediately after, contrary to the Nature of Love and Innocence, run mad for all the Women in the World, as if not bred in a Cave, but a Brothel. This has neither Sense nor Reason in it, but is perfectly monstrous. In the beginning of this Scene betwixt him and *Ferdinand* he discovers all the Symptoms of a real Passion, which makes his after Extravagance impossible in Nature, even for a *Debochee*, at least till Enjoyment was past.

Ferdinand's fighting him is a monstrous Incident, and an intolerable Breach of his Character, and contrary to the Manners; he not being only a tender Stripling, but as ignorant of a Sword as a very Woman: as is plain in the Scene before the Duel; for *Hippolito* has desir'd his Friendship, and told him, *that next a Woman he found he cou'd love him.*

This with his Ignorance and Innocence ought to have deterr'd a Man of any Honour, especially a Prince of no ill Character, from committing so barbarous and inhuman a Murder for a childish Impertinence.

But here we must have a nice touch at Jealousy. *Miranda* tells him,

*That he is a Stranger,
Wholly unacquainted with the World, &c.*

But all this will not do, *Ferdinand* must be jealous without any reason, to make him the more resolute in so scandalous an Attempt, as the killing *Hippolito*; at least of wounding him so, that nothing but *Moly*, and the Influence of the Moon, forc'd down by his good Angel, cou'd recover him to Life again. 'Tis true, when *Ferdinand* proves such a Coxcomb to be jealous on what *Miranda* says of *Hippolito*, tho she had assur'd him of her Love, and as far as appear'd to him, ventur'd her Father's displeasure by coming to him, we may easily suspect he wou'd be guilty of any Folly, nay the Villany of fighting with *Hippolito*; nay it was a Mercy that he did not draw on *Miranda* too, for it had been full as heroic.

Dorinda

Dorinda is more sensible of Nature and Love than *Hippolito*: she can tell that he can truly love but one at a time, and naturally resents his professing, that he will have all the Women. But he is more learn'd in the World in this fourth Act, than in the former: I suppose he had receiv'd some Intelligence of the Incontinence of the Men of this World from one of the Devils of *Sycorax*, for he says —

I've heard Men have abundance of them there —

Of whom could he hear this? of *Prospero*? impossible; his Business had all along been to fright him from the Conversation of *Women*, making them Enemies and noxious to Men, and his Safety; which is directly contrary to the letting him know, that other Men had convers'd with so many without hurt. In this Place indeed a *Poeta loquitur* had not been amiss. He had convers'd with no Body but *Ferdinand* once, who, tho he told him that there were more Women in the World, yet was so far from letting him know that one had many, that he told him, that one Man was to have but one Woman.

But as knowing as *Hippolito* is in some things, and in some lucid Intervals, he knows not a Word of Death; tho we must think he had read strange Books, and heard odd Instructions, that cou'd leave him so entirely ignorant of that point: but were this just, yet that very Ignorance makes *Ferdinand* still the more inexcusable; nay, *Ferdinand* himself at last, in the fourth Act, seems sensible of his Ignorance, for he says,

*He's so ignorant, that I pity him,
And jain wou'd avoid Force —*

And indeed a Man wou'd think, that he might very easily avoid Force if he wou'd, at least till *Hippolito* had seiz'd his Mistress, which he had sufficient reason to imagine that *Prospero* wou'd never permit. But he that notwithstanding all that had pass'd between them, cou'd not before this find out his Ignorance, may do any thing.

But

But *Hippolito* in one Line says, he does not know what Right is, and yet in the next tells us of *Baseness*, and *Honour*. His Lectures were very peculiar, that cou'd give him a notion of one, and not of the other.

The Terms of the Combat or Duel are as ridiculous as all the rest—that is—to fight till Blood is drawn from one of the two, or his Sword taken from him. *Ferdinand* was resolv'd to be on the sure side of the Hedge with him; but he is so dull of Apprehension, that he may well be a Rascal; for as *Montfieur Rochfoucault* says, *a Fool has not Matter enough to make an honest Man of*. Tho *Hippolito* had told him, that they had no Swords growing in their World, yet *Ferdinand* did not find it out till he had wounded him, that he was unskilful in his Weapon.

I'm loth to kill you, Sir, you are unskilful.

Risum teneatis? was ever such stuff wrote since the Time of *Gammur Gurton's Needle*? But it would be endless to observe all the Blunders of these added Scenes, they are all of a piece, and scarce guilty of a Thought, which we could justly attribute to *Shakespear*. I have given Instances enough I hope to show what I propos'd, that the Alteration has been no Benefit to the Original.

I shall only take notice of some fine things in this Play both as to Topicks and Descriptions, and moral Reflections and then pass to the next.

Ariel's Description of his managing the Storm is worth remarking; and *Ferdinand's* Speech, when *Prospero* is leading him away at the end of the first Act, is pathetic, and justly expresses the Nature of a true Lover.

*My Father's Loss, the Weakness that I feel,
The Wreck of all my Friends, nor this Man's Threats,
To whom I am subdu'd; are but light to me,
Might I but thro my Prison once a Day
Behold this Maid. All Corners else o' th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of; Space enough
Have I in such a Prison,*

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I must not omit the Description, that *Francisco* makes in the second Act, of *Ferdinand's* swimming ashore in the Storm.

*I saw him beat the Surges under him,
And ride upon their Backs ; he trod the Water,
Whose Enmity he flung aside ; and breasted
The Surge most swoln, that met him. His bold Head
'Bove the contentious Waves he kept ; and oared
Himself with his good Arms in lusty Strokes
To th' Shoar ; that over his wave-worn Back bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him.*

The Reader may compare this with *Orway's* Description of *Fassier's* Escape. His Reflections and moralizing on the frail and transitory State of Nature are wonderfully fine.

Prosop. ——— *These our Actors
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air ;
And like the baseless Fabrick of their Vision,
The cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe it self,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Track behind. We are such Stuff
As Dreams are made on ; and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep.*

The Argument of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

TH O this Play be plac'd after the *Tempest*, 'tis evident from the Writing, and the Faults, and even Absurdities, that it was writ long before it, for I can by no means think that *Shakespear* wrote worse and worse ; for if his Fire may be suppos'd to abate in his Age, yet certainly his Judgment

Judgment increas'd: but most of the Faults of this Play are Faults of Judgment, more than Fancy.

Valentine and *Protheus* are two intimate, bosom, nay, sworn Friends, Natives of *Verona*, and give the Name to the Play. *Valentine* is for travelling (tho indeed the Journey is not long) and *Protheus* is in love with a beautiful Lady nam'd *Julia*, of the same Town. *Valentine* being arrived at *Milan*, succeeds in his Amour with *Silvia* the Duke's Daughter; whose Lover *Sir Thurio* is favour'd by the Father as a Man of large Demesns, but he is silly, insolent, and cowardly. *Valentine* is not long gone from home, but *Antonio*, *Sir Protheus's* Father, will send him to travel too, especially to *Milan*, where his Friend had acquir'd so good a Reputation. He takes leave of his Mistress privately, and gives her his Oaths and Vows that he will love only her till Death. But coming to *Milan*, he falls in love with *Silvia* his Friend's Mistress; and to compass his own Ends, discovers the Amour betwixt her and *Valentine* to the Duke, tho trusted as a Friend by the Lovers. This causes the Banishment of *Valentine*, and the Misery of the Lady who lov'd him extreamly. *Protheus* on the Credit of his having a Mistress in his own City, with whom he was mightily in love, gets the Management of *Sir Thurio's* Passion; and under that Pretence, makes it his Endeavours to promote his own, which *Julia* being come to *Milan* in Man's Clothes discovers, and is taken by him for a Page. *Silvia* being weary of *Sir Thurio's* Suit, and eager to be with her Lover *Valentine*, engages *Sir Eglamour* to assist her in making her escape to *Mantua*, where she heard that he was, tho indeed he was taken by the *Out-laws* about three Leagues out of *Milan*, and made their Captain. These same *Out-laws* seize *Silvia*, who is rescu'd from the Force of one of them by *Sir Protheus*, got thither in pursuit of her; who pressing his Amour here in vain, attempts to ravish her, but is prevented by *Valentine*, who had o'er-heard all his Treachery: but on *Protheus's* Repentance all Animosities are forgot, and *Sir Protheus* returns to his old Mistress *Julia* here discover'd, and *Silvia* is by the Duke given to *Valentine*, *Sir Thurio* not daring to claim her; nay, out of fear of *Valentine* he gives her up in disdain.

Beside s

Besides the Defect of the Plot, which is too visible to criticize upon, the Manners are no where agreeable, or convenient. *Silvia* and the rest not behaving themselves like Princes, Noblemen, or the Sons and Daughters of such. The Place where the Scene is, by the original Error of the Press, is not yet corrected: for to be sure the Author cou'd not make the Blunder sometimes the *Emperor's Court*, sometimes *Milan*, and sometimes *Padua*, as is plain from running the Eye over it.

But how defective soever this Interlude may be in the Plot, Conduct, Manners and Sentiments, we yet shall see, that it is not destitute of Lines, that discover the Author to be *Shakespear*.

Love, or against Love, when slighted.

*To be in love where Scorn is bought with Groans,
Coy Looks, with Heart-fore Sighs: One fading Moment's
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious Nights. [Mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a hapless Gain;
If lost, why then a grievous Labour won!
However, but a Folly bought with Wit,
Or else a Wit by Folly vanquished.*

On Love.

*Oh! how this Spring of Love resembleth
Th' uncertain Glory of an April Day;
Which now shows all the Beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.*

I must here let the Reader know, that because in going thro *Shakespear*, the same Topics will occur in several Places, I shall put my References to the *Latin* Poets on those Topics to the alphabetical Table of them, which will be at the end of this Volume.

A comical Description of Men in Love.

Speed ——— *First, you have learned (like Sir Protheus) to
wreath your Arms like a Malecontent: to relish a Love-Song*
like

like a Robin-red-breast: to walk alone like one that had the
Pessilence: to sigh like a School-boy that had lost his ABC:
to weep like a young Wench that had lost her Grandame: to
fast like one that takes Diet: to watch like one that fears rob-
bing: to speak pining like a Beggar at Hallow-Mass. You
were wont when you laugh'd, to crow like a Cock; when you
walk'd, to walk like one of the Lions: when you fasted, 'twas
presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want
of Money. And now you are so metamorphosed with a Mistress,
that when I look on you I can hardly think you my Master.

You must observe, that this is the Speech of a pert Page
to his Love-lick Master, and that will atone for some of the
Smiles, while the Humour is pleasant.

On Banishment for Love.

Val. And why not Death, rather than living Torment?
To die is to be banished from my self!
And Silvia is my self. Banished from her
Is self, from self! a deadly Banishment!
What Light is Light, if Silvia be not seen?
What Joy is Joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection?
Except I be by Silvia in the Night,
There is no Musick in the Nightingale.
Unless I look on Silvia in the Day,
There is no Day for me to look upon.
She is my Essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair Influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

This is extremely pathetic, as indeed all the following
Scene is betwixt him and his false Friend Sir Protheus.

On Hope.

Hope is a Lover's Staff—walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing Thoughts.

X

Sir

Sir *Protheus's* Advice to Sir *Tourio* in the managing his Addressees to *Silvia*, is pretty and sprightly. I can't omit the Words of *Julia* expressing her Condition when slighted by her Lover.

— But since she did neglect her Looking-Glass,
And threw her Sun-expelling Mask away,
The Air has starv'd the Roses in her Cheeks,
And pinch'd the Lilly-Tincture of her Face, &c.

The fifth Act of this Play is much the best, but *Valentine* is too easily reconciled to a Man, whose Treachery and Villany deserv'd the Stab, especially when it is discovered at the very Time that he goes to ravish his Friend's betrothed.

The merry Wives of Windsor.

I Cannot pass this Play without a Word or two of Comedy in general, tho I shall be far from laying down all the Rules of that Poem, which tho not so excellent as Tragedy, yet is valuable enough to merit our Esteem above all others, except the Tragic. This Poem, tho the last and least encourag'd in the polite Times of *Athens*, yet was first and most advanc'd in *Rome*, and in *England*; for Politeneſs did not prevail very early in either of those warlike Nations. As we have none of the *Greek* Comedies extant, but those of *Aristophanes*, who was Master of the old Comedy, except what we have in *Terence*, who is said to have translated two of *Menander's* into one of his; so we cannot make a fair Judgment who excell'd in this Poem, the *Greek*, the *Latin*, or the *English*; yet having those of *Plautus* and *Terence*, we may justly, with Mr. *Dryden* in his Essay, give the Victory to our own Nation over the *Romans*. We can indeed discover nothing of the Remains of Antiquity in this kind, comparable to Ben. *Johnson*, and to this Play of *Shakespeare's*. This and our Advantage in Comedy over all the Moderns, is justly proved by Mr. *Dryden* in his Essay on Dramatic Poesy.

Poesy; but I confess I am surpriz'd at the Weakness of his Arguments in preferring our *Tragedies* and *Tragi-comedies* to those of the *Greeks*; in which Parallel, he has betray'd so great Ignorance both of the *Greek Plays*, and of the very Design and Art of *Tragedy*, that I wonder he corrected not those gross Mistakes before he dy'd; but suffer'd them to pass to Posterity with such Defects, of which he himself was so sensible, as to own that when he wrote them, he knew little of the Art.

Among these is his Assertion in the Beginning of the Discourse, p. 3. that *Aristotle* had given us no Definition of a Play, his Words are these—*He had no sooner said thus, but all desir'd the Favour of him to give the Definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate with him, because neither Aristotle, nor Horace, nor any other, who writ on that Subject, had ever done it—A Play (goes on Mr. Dryden) ought to be a just and lively Image of human Nature, representing its Passions and Humours, and the Change of Fortune, to which it is subject, for the Delight and Instruction of Human-kind.*

First *Aristotle* has defin'd *Tragedy* and *Comedy* too, but did not, like Mr. *Dryden*, blend things so contrary in their Nature in one Definition, as *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. He might indeed well say, that it was a *Description* rather than a *Definition*; for what is applicable to all sorts of Dramatic Poetry, to the *Epopée*, and *Satire*, is no Definition at all. That of *Aristotle* is more close, and to the purpose; for what he has said will not agree in all its Parts with any thing but *Tragedy*; nor will his Definition of *Comedy* agree with the former. I think it so material to maintain the Distinction which Nature has made between these two Poems, that I shall set down the Definitions of both from *Aristotle*: First of *Tragedy*. *Tragedy is an Imitation of an Action that is grave, and entire, and hath a just Length, of which the Style is agreeably relishing, but differently in all its Parts, and which, without the Assistance of Narration by the means of Terror and Compassion, perfectly refines in us all sorts of Passions, or whatever else is like them.*

I have already said enough of this Definition, and shall only observe here, that the Action which *Tragedy* imitates

must be *grave*; which shews the Defect of Mr. Dryden's Description, for the imitation of any Part of human Life, will not come up to that. But all that is not Great, Solemn, and Grave, is left to the Imitation of *Comedy*, which he thus defines—*Comedy* is an Imitation of the worst Men, I mean not in all sorts of Vices, but only in Ridicule. *For Ridicule is properly a Defect, and Deformity without Pain, and which never contributes to the destruction of the Subject in which it is*— This is *Aristotle's* Definition and Explanation of it. He has told the Subject of the Comic Imitation, which is only what is *ridiculous*; all other sorts of Wickedness, and Vice, can have no place here, because they raise Indignation, or Pity, which are Passions that ought by no means to reign in Comedy. Princes, Kings, and great Men ought therefore naturally to be excluded the *Sock*; because Ridicule ought always to be the Subject of this Poem, and those solemn Characters ought never to be made *ridiculous*.

In all these Particulars, *Shakespear* has come up to the Rules, and Definition of *Aristotle*; for he has in his Characters chosen the Defects and Deformities, which are without Pain, and which never contribute to the Destruction of the Subject in which it is.

'Tis pity, that what *Aristotle* wrote of comedy is lost, except this very Definition; but the Loss is the less, because we may very well draw sufficient Rules to walk by in Comedy from those which remain of *Tragedy*, observing this Difference, that as nothing ridiculous can come into *Tragedy*, so nothing grave or serious can come into Comedy, justly, except it be so artfully join'd to the *Ridiculous*, that it seems natural and no Patch, as the Character of Mr. *Fenton* in the Play under our Consideration; his Character is the only serious one in the Play.

But as *Tragedy* has Parts of *Quality*, and Parts of *Quantity*, so has *Comedy*. The Parts of *Quality*, as in the other, are the *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*, without which no Comedy can be truly intitled to that Name. The Comic Poet must first invent his *Plot*, or *Fable*; and when he has fix'd that, he must take care that the *Manners* of the divers Persons be plainly express'd in his Characters;

acters; that is, that they be perfectly distinguish'd, as every one of these of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* are. The *Sentiments* are added, because without them there is no knowing the Thoughts, Designs, and Inclinations of the Dramatic Persons; and these being not to be express'd but by Discourse, the Diction is added. The Fable of Comedy, that is, the Comic Fiction or Imitation, must be entirely free from the *Marvelous*, and the *Prodigious*, which are frequent in *Tragedy* and the *Epopée*; for it has no manner of regard to Great, Illustrious, Grave, Mournful, Terrible, or in one word, *Tragical Things*, but only domestic and civil Incidents, and Persons. There is a natural Difference in Persons and Quality, or Manners; for that which is praiseworthy in one degree is not so in another; nay, it may be a Disgrace, for example in some Arts: for one of the vulgar to play well on the Fiddle, or Heautbois, merits Praise, but the same Art in a King, is look'd on as trifling, if not despicable. A Woman ought to be a good Sower, Knitter or the like; at least these Qualities are commendable in a Woman, but ridiculous in a Man. Thus 'tis a Praise in a Servant, that he's no Thief, but it is no Praise to a Nobleman or a Man of any Figure and Quality. This is sufficient to show that different Manners are agreeable to different Degrees. To know perfectly therefore what *Manners* we ought to give to our several Dramatic Persons, we ought to study these following Précepts of *Horace*.

*Ætatis cujusq; notandi sunt tibi Mores,
Mobilibusq; decor naturis dandus, & Annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit Puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & Iram
Colligit, ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.
Imberbis Juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet Equis, Canibusq; & aprici Gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, Monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus Provisor; prodignus Æris;
Sublimis, cupidusq; & amata relinquere Pernix.
Conversis studiis Ætas, animusque virilis
Quærit Opes, & Amicitias; inservit honori.*

*Commisſiſſe cavet, quod mox mutare labores.
 Multa Senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
 Quarit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti;
 Vel quod res omnes timide, gelideq; miniſtrat;
 Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, aviduſq; futuri,
 Difficilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti
 Se puero; Cenſor, Caſtigatork; Minorum.*

And to the juſt obſerving the Characters, he juſt before gives this Advice.

*Intererit multum Davus ne loquatur, an heros,
 Maturuſne Senex, an adhuc florente Juventa,
 Ferviduſ; An Matrona potens, an ſedula Nutrix,
 Mercatorne vaguſ, Cultorne virentis Agelli,
 Colchuſ, an Aſſyriuſ, Thebiſ nutrituſ, an Argiſ,
 Aut Famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia ſinge.*

And again,

*Qui didicit Patria quid debeat, & quid Amicis,
 Quo ſit amore Parens, quo Frater amanduſ, & Hoſpeſ,
 &c.*

That is, he who knows the Duties of every Order and Degree of Men, both in regard of themſelves and others, is fit to meddle with the *Drama*.

The Excellence of the Sentiments is juſtly to expreſs the Manners, and of the Diction to give uſ the Sentiments in a Language agreeable to the Subject; for if it be otherwiſe it is abominable. But the Style of *Comedy* ought not to be ſo ſublime as *Tragedy*, nor ſo low as *Farce*; but ſtill diverſify'd according to the Character and Humour of the Perſon that ſpeaks.

I ſhould ſay ſomething here of *Humour*, but that Mr. *Congreve* has already handled that Point ſo nicely, that I refer the Reader to his Letter to Mr. *Dennis* on that Subject; and I ſhall only add Mr. *Dryden*'s Definition of it in his Eſſay on dramatic Poefy, which is this.

Humour

Humour is the ridiculous Extravagance of Conversation, wherein one Man differs from others. Whether this be expressive enough, I leave to the Reader. But in my mind, Humour is what the Antients and *Aristotle* meant by the *Ridiculous*, and according to *Aristotle* it consists in those Vices and Follies of Mind, as well as Conversation, which carry with them a ridiculous Appearance. The Passions and Vices of Mankind have two different Faces, one serious and the other ridiculous; the one supplies *Tragedy*, the other *Comedy*. The manner how this is done may perhaps be better taught by Example than Precept: I wou'd therefore advise a Comic Writer to study *Randolph's Muscs Looking-Glass* thorowly; for there, I am apt to believe, he will find the Source of all Humours that are in Nature; from which Originals he may be able to make such agreeable Compounds as may divert the People justly, to an equal Profit of his Purse, and Reputation. At least so much I am very sure of, that no Man can show me any Humour on the Stage that is worth taking notice of, but I will show it in the *Muscs Looking-Glass*; which proves that he has gone to the Source of Things for the Draughts he has made, since those who never read him, have fallen into the Humours he has drawn. He was one of the Sons of the famous *Ben. Johnson*, and of *Cambridge*.

As for the Parts of Comedy which relate to the Quantity, they are the same with those of Tragedy. That is the *Protasis* or *Prologue*, which gives an Insight into the Characters and Design or State of the Action of the Play, and this is generally the first Act; the *Episode* is all that is contain'd in the second, third or fourth Acts, that is the Intrigue, and Struggles, and Obstacles of the Plot: and the *Exode* or *Catastrophe* is the *Unravelling* or *Discovery*, where all things settle in Peace and Tranquillity, with Probability, and to the Satisfaction of the Audience.

Having thus premis'd a general View of Comedy, I shall come more close to this under our present Consideration, and first to the Argument —

The Argument of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

There are two *Walks* in this Play, but much better join'd, connected and incorporated, than in any Play that I remember, either in *Latin*, or *English*. The chief Plot or *Walk* is that of exposing the Character of Sir *John Falstaff* for his ridiculous Amours, or attempt on two Women at once, when by Years and other Defects he cou'd be agreeable to neither, as Mrs. *Page* and the rest tell him on the Discovery in the fifth Act—*Why Sir John do you think, tho we cou'd have thrust Virtue out of our Hearts by Head and Shoulders, and have given our selves without Scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil cou'd have made you our Delight?* Ford. *What a Hodge-Pudding?* Mrs. *Page*. *A puffed Man?* Page. *Old and cold; wither'd and of intolerable Entrails?* Ford. *And one that is as slanderous as Satan?* Page. *As poor as Job?* Ford. *And as wicked as his Wife?*

Sir *John* sends two Letters of the same Contents to both the Women, that he lov'd them; but they being intimate Friends, and both past their Prime, communicate their Letters to each other, consult on his Punishment; and employ to that end Mrs. *Quickly*, who in Mrs. *Ford's* Name makes the Appointment of Rendezvous. Ford the Husband, being of a jealous Temper, has his Suspicion so heighten'd by the Information of two of Sir *John's* Sharpers, who had refus'd to carry the Letters, and were for that refusal cashier'd, that he resolves to go to Sir *John*, and under the Name of Mr. *Broom*, try what Discovery he cou'd make of the truth of the Information. He finds the false unwieldy Knight just full of his Success, and gives him Wine and Money to pursue Mrs. *Ford*, so as to make her Frailties known to him, that so he might beat her out of her Retrenchments of pretended Modesty, and Virtue to his Wishes. *Falstaff*, blinded with this Pretence, and the Money, tells him of the Appointment, and assures him of Success in his Amours with *Ford's* Wife. *Ford* being gone, the Knight moves to the Damsel; who having by Concert Mrs. *Page* with her, makes her retire into another Room till her proper Cue of appearing. Mrs. *Ford* having already ordered her Servants

to get the *Buck-basket* ready, and on notice, to carry and empty it into a Ditch in *Datches* Mead, admits the Knight; who having past his first Complement, and made his awkward Professions, News is brought, that Mrs. *Page* is coming in, which makes the Knight retire. Mrs. *Page* tells her, that her Husband and half the Town, were coming to search for some Gallant of her's in the House. The Knight is terribly alarm'd, and, as Mrs. *Page* had propos'd, gets into the *Buck-basket*; and as he is carrying away, the Husband comes in, but after a little stop suffers it to be carry'd away. Thus Sir *John* is thrown into the Ditch after he had been stew'd up in dirty Linnen all the way; and the Husband exposes his ridiculous Jealousy to no purpose, being not able to find anybody in the House. The Knight is appeas'd by Mrs. *Quickly*, and agrees on another Meeting the next Morning by eight or nine; is again trapan'd by the Husband, to whom, as Mr. *Broom*, he had told all his past Adventure, and his new Assignment. So being disguis'd on the Husband's approach, like the old Witch of *Brentford*, he is sufficiently beaten by the Husband, and yet gets off, leaving *Ford* as much confounded, and expos'd to the Company for his causeless Jealousy as before, being yet not able to find any body with his Wife. Upon this Mrs. *Page* and Mrs. *Ford* agree to let their Husbands into the Secret, and by their Consent to proceed to a third Punishment. This Discovery cures *Ford* of his Jealousy, and 'tis by all agreed that the Knight shou'd, as he ought, be expos'd. He is prevail'd on by Mrs. *Quickly* at last to meet at Mid-night in *Windfor* Park, dress'd up as the Vulgar suppos'd *Horne* the Hunter to appear, &c. Mrs. *Ford* and Mrs. *Page* meet him first; and just as he is rejoicing on his good Luck, and dividing himself and Favours betwixt them, Sir *Hugh* with his *Fairies* start out of the *Saw-pit*, where they were hid for that purpose, and pinch and burn him with their Lights; from whom endeavouring to run away, they all come in, and the Discovery is made, and the Knight expos'd to publick Shame as he ought to be. Here the *under-Plot* or second Walk is join'd in the Conclusion; for Mrs. *Ann Page*, Mr. *Page*'s handsome Daughter, is in love with Mr. *Fenton*, a well-bred Gentleman, and of Quality superior to *Page*, tho he had been a little wild, and

a Companion of the *Prince*, by which he had something run his Estate aground, and for that reason rejected by *Page* and his Wife. The Father is for *Slender*, a very silly Country-Gentleman, of three hundred pound a year; the Mother was for Dr. *Caius*, an impertinent old *French* Physician, because he was rich, and had Friends at Court. So that the Wife taking this opportunity of the nocturnal Mask to abuse Sir *John Falstaff*, orders the Doctor to take her Daughter who shou'd be dress'd in white, and so go off with her, and marry her immediately before the Father cou'd hinder it. The Father had order'd *Slender* to take his Daughter dress'd in Green, and lead her away to *Eton*, and there marry her without her Mother's knowledge; but the young Lady loving *Fenton*, deceives both Father and Mother, to obey both whom she had promis'd, goes and is marry'd to her Beloved: which Discovery coming on that of Sir *John's*, concludes the Play.

All the other Persons of the *Drama* are plainly join'd to and depending on those two *Walks*, and their incorporating them into the Plot seems very well contriv'd. The Quarrel betwixt Sir *John* and Justice *Shallow* occasions Sir *Hugh's* Proposal of a Mediation, and the Match betwixt Mr. *Slender* and Mrs. *Ann Page*. This brings Mr. *Page* and Sir *John* out of Mr. *Page's* House, where the Motion is made, and approv'd, and all invited in to dinner, where all the principal Characters of both *Walks* are brought acquainted with each other. The comical Duel is likewise to effect the Plot; for Sir *Hugh* sends to the Doctor's House-keeper to assist his Friend *Slender* in his Amour, she being intimately acquainted with Mother and Daughter. This Messenger is intercepted by the Doctor, on which he sends the Priest a Challenge; which produces the comical Scene of both their Passions, and Preparations for Fighting. In short, the least Incident of the Play, except Mrs. *Page's* and her Son's Confabulation with Sir *Hugh* his Master, cannot well be left out, without leaving a Gap in the Plot, and Connection of the Play.

I confess, that the Unities of Time, Place, and Action, are not exactly observ'd according to the Rule and Practice
of

of the *Antients*; yet as they are now manag'd among us, they may well pass. The Time is not above two Days and a half at most; the Place *Windsor*, and the adjacent Fields and Places. The Action is visibly double, but so it is in all the Comedies of *Terence*.

The first Act shows all the principal Characters, except the two *Fords*; prepares all the Business of the Play, and enters a little into the Action, in the two Letters sent by Sir *John*, and the Match propos'd by Sir *Hugh*, and the Doctor's Challenge to the *Welsh* Levite. So that 'tis an exact *Pro-tasis* or *Prologue*. The *Episode* begins with the second Act, and carries all on to the fifth; where the *Exode* is in the Discovery and Punishment of the old Letcher, and the disappointment of a forc'd Match in *Fenton's* marrying Mrs. *Anne Page*. Mrs. *Ford's* Relentment of Sir *John's* Letter, puts her and Mrs. *Page* on the Revenge of the Affront, and that Revenge furnishes the Intrigue, or Episcodical Turns of the Play.

The Information of *Pistol* and *Nim* prepares, and rouses *Ford's* Jealousy, admirably and with a great deal of Art and Nature. Nor can any thing be more ridiculous, and entertaining, than the Scenes betwixt *Ford* under the name of *Broom*, and Sir *John*.

Upon the whole I think it is pretty plain, that nothing can be more agreeable to *Aristotle's* definition of *Comedy*; for he says 'tis an Imitation of the worst Sort, and that in *Ridicule*; it having thus all the Parts both of Quality, and Quantity.

But to make the Parts of Quality more plain, it wou'd be necessary to speak of the Humours; yet that wou'd be too tedious, as well as unnecessary, being so many and yet so various, and so plainly distinguish'd from each other, that there is no need to point out Particulars. I shall only give you what Mr. *Dryden* says of the Character of *Falstaff* in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry — *Falstaff is the best of Comic Characters* — there are (says he) many Men resembling him — old, fat, merry, cowardly, drunken, amorous, vain, and lying: and the Duke of *Buckingham* confirms it in this Verse,

But

But Falstaff seems inimitable yet.

Ford's is an excellent Character of a politic, cautious, jealous Coxcomb; and all his Endeavours at the cautious and cunning Management of the Discovery of his Doubts and Fears, involve him the more, and make him the more ridiculous; for the Conferences he has with Sir *John* confirm him in his Suspicions, and his Disappointments expose his Folly.

The *Fairys* in the fifth Act make a handsome Complement to the Queen, in her Palace of *Windsor*, who had oblig'd him to write a Play of Sir *John Falstaff* in love, and which I am very well assured he perform'd in a Fortnight; a prodigious Thing, when all is so well contriv'd, and carry'd on without the least Confusion.

The Argument of *Measure for Measure*.

V*Incentio* Duke of *Vienna*, pretending to go a private Journey, leaves a severe Lord of his Court call'd *Angelo* his Deputy, to govern in his Absence, that he might not have the Odium of reviving some Sanguinary Laws, which had for some time lain dormant, and for other Reasons. *Æscalus* is left with him as a Counsellor, and next under *Angelo* in Authority. The Duke being gone, *Angelo* begins to revive those Laws, and *Claudio*, a young Gentleman, is taken up to make the first Example of one of them; which made it Death for any Man to lie with a Woman out of Marriage. *Claudio* got *Fuliet* with Child, whom he lov'd and design'd to marry. *Angelo* being inexorable, *Isabella* *Claudio's* Sister, just going to be profess'd a Nun, goes to beg her Brother's Life; and wins the Heart of *Angelo* so far, that he tempts her to redeem her Brother's Life by yielding to his Embraces, vowing that no other Terms shou'd save him; which she telling her Brother, the Duke (who goes not to travel as he pretended, but is disguis'd in a *Fryar's* Habit, and observes all things unknown) over-hears it.

it, and perswades her to pretend to yield to him, and appoint such a time in the Night, that *Mariana* his contracted Wife, whom he had rejected on the loss of her Fortune, might go in her Place. This being done, *Angelo* sends orders to have *Claudio's* Head brought to him by four in the Morning. The Duke manages it so with the *Provost*, that the Head of one dying that Night in the Prison, and who was not unlike *Claudio*, shou'd be carry'd to him; and then ordering *Mariana*, and *Isabella* to complain to the Duke on his Return, which wou'd be that Morning, he sends the Deputies word of his Return, and orders them to meet him at the City Gates, there to give up his Authority. The Ladies make their Complaints, and after some Difficulties the Duke discovers his Knowledge of the whole Matter, commands *Angelo* to marry *Mariana* immediately, and then to be beheaded as *Claudio* was; but upon the Intercession of the new Wife and *Isabella*, and the discovery that *Claudio* was preserv'd alive, *Angelo* is pardon'd, and has no other Punishment than a Wife, and the publick Disgrace.

There are some little under-Characters in this Play, which are produced naturally enough by the Severity of the new Law, as that of the Bawd and the Pimp, as well as of *Lucio*; which Character is admirably maintain'd, as *Shakespear* does every where his Comic Characters, whatever he does in his Tragic.

The Unities of Action and Place are pretty well observed in this Play, especially as they are in the modern Acceptation. The Design of the Play carries an excellent Moral, and a just Satire against our present Reformers; who wou'd alter their Course of Nature, and bring us to a Perfection, Mankind never knew since the World was half peopled. But while they are so very severe against the Frailties of Men, they never think of their Villanies, Oppression, Extortion, Cheating, Hypocrisy and the like, which are the Vices of Devils, not of Men: nay, which is extremely merry, many of the foresaid Character are zealous Reformers; which proves thus much at least, that the Kingdom of Hell cannot stand long when it is so divided in it self. But to return to this Play.

The

The *Scene* betwixt *Isabella* and *Angelo* in the second Act is very fine; and the not bringing the yielding of *Isabella* to *Angelo* on the Stage, is artfully manag'd; for it wou'd have been a difficult matter to have contriv'd it so, that it shou'd not have given a slur to her Modesty in regard to the Audience, tho they knew it dissembled.

Allowing for some *Peccadillos*, the last Act is wonderful, and moving to such a degree, that he must have very little Sense of Things and Nature, who finds himself calm in the reading it.

The main Story or Fable of the Play is truly *Tragical*, for it is adapted to move Terror and Compassion; and the Action is one. Its having a fortunate *Catastrophe* is nothing to the purpose, for that is in many of the *Greek* Tragedies; tho *Aristotle* indeed makes the unfortunate Ending the most beautiful, and perfect. Leaving therefore a farther Examen of the Fable, Conduct, &c. to the Reader, and the Rules which I have laid down, I shall proceed to the fine moral Reflections and Topics of it. But it contains so many Beauties of this kind, that to transcribe them all I should leave very little untouch'd; I shall therefore content my self to give a Sample of them.

Mercy.

Isa.—Well, believe this,
 No Ceremony, that to great Ones longs,
 Not the King's Court, nor the deputed Sword,
 The Marshal's Trunchion, or the Judge's Robe.
 Become them with one half so good a Grace
 As Mercy does.—

Great Mens Abuse of Power.

Isa. —Con'd great Men thunder,
 As Jove himself does, Jove wou'd ne'er be quiet:
 For every pelting petty Officer
 Wou'd use his Heav'n for Thunder;
 Nothing but Thunder. Merciful Heav'n!

Thou

*Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous Bolts
Split'st the unwedgable, and gnarled Oak,
Than the soft Myrtle. Oh! but Man! proud Man!
Drest in a little brief Authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassy Essence;) like an angry Ape,
Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the Angels weep——*

The Privilege of Authority.

*Isa. —Great Men may jest with Saints, 'tis Wit in them;
But in the less, foul Profanation——*

*——That in the Captain's but a Cholerick Word,
Which in the Soldiers is flat Blasphemy.*

Ang. Why do you put these Sayings upon me?

*Isa. Because Authority, tho it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it self,
That skins the Vice o' th' Top——*

Angelo's last Speech in the second Scene of the second Act, is very beautiful in the Agitations of Angelo's Soul on his falling in love with Isabella, and the Simile very fine, which only I shall transcribe.

*What's this? what's this? Is this her Fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt, but it is I,
That lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Do as the Carrion does, not as the Flower,
Corrupt with virtuous Season.——*

The rest of the Speech is well worth noting, nor is Angelo's Speech in the fourth Scene of the same Act less agreeable, or the following Simile in it less beautiful——

*——The State, whereon I study'd,
Is like a good Thing being often read,
Grown fear'd, and tedious.——*

On Place and Form.

— Oh! Place! Oh! Form!

*How often dost thou with thy Case, thy Habit,
Wrench Awe from Fools? and tye the wiser Souls
To this false seeming?*

I cannot omit the charming Simile in the same Scene.

*So play the foolish Throngs with one that swoons;
All came to help him, and so stop the Air
By which he shou'd revive; and even so
The general Subject to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own Part, and in obsequious Fondness
Croud to his Presence, where their untaught Love
Must needs appear Offence.*

On Life.

Duke. — Reason thus with Life:

*If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing,
That none but Fools wou'd keep. A Breath thou art,
Servile to all the Skiey Influences;
That do'st this Habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict. Merely thou art Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy Flight to shun,
And yet run'st towards him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' Accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by Baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou do'st fear the soft and tender Fork
Of a poor Worm. Thy test of Rest is Sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy Death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist's on many a thousand Grains,
That issue out of Dust. Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, for get'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy Complexion shifts to strange Effects,
After the Moon. If thou'rt rich, thou'rt poor;*

For

For like an *Ass*, whose Back with Ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
 And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thy own Bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The mere Effusion of thy proper Loins,
 Do curse the Gout, Serpigo, and the Rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor Youth nor Age,
 But as it were an after-Dinner's Sleep,
 Dreaming on both. For all thy blessed Youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms
 Of Palsied-Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty,
 To make thy Riches pleasant. What yet is this,
 That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life
 Lie hid more thousand Deaths. Yet Death we fear,
 That makes these Odds all Even.

It were to be wish'd, that the Pulpit cou'd declaim in this
 pathetic Manner; then we might perhaps have fewer Hy-
 pocrites, than Usurers.

Death:

Claud. Death is a fearful Thing.

Ha. And shamed Life as hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where's
 To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot!
 This sensible, warm Motion to become
 A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
 To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
 In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds;
 And blown with restless Violence round about
 The pendant World! Or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless, and uncertain Thought
 Imagine, howling! 'Tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,
 That Age, Ache, Penury, and Imprisonment
 Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
 To what we fear of Death.

Y

No

No shunning Slander.

*No Might, nor Greatness in Mortality
Can Censure'scape. Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What thing so strong
Can tie the Gall up in the slanderous Tongue?*

Place and Greatness.

*Oh! Place and Greatness! Millions of false Eyes
Are stuck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quests,
Upon thy Doings. Thousand Escapes of Wit
Make thee the Father of an idle Dream,
And rack thee in their Fancies——*

The Plot of this Play is taken from *Cynthia Giraldi*, December 8. November 5. You may also look into *Lippi Monita*, p. 125. *Histoires admirables de Nostre Temps*, p. 216.

The Fable or Argument of *The Comedy of Errors*.

A Merchant of *Syracuse* going to *Epidamnium* to take care of his Affairs, left in disorder by his Factor's Death; his Wife big with Child comes after him, and is brought to bed of Twins so like, that they could not be known from one another. And in the same Inn were, at the same time, two Boys born to a poor Woman, as much alike as the Merchant's Sons: who therefore buys them of the Mother, to be brought up with, and to wait upon his Sons. When returning home from *Epidamnium*, a Storm arose, and the Sailers having left the Ship, he and his Wife and Children were left there, and cast away: The Wife and one Son and his Slave were taken up by the Fishermen of *Corinth*.

Corinth; and he and his younger Son and his Slave, by another Vessel. And when his Son was grown up to Eighteen, he got his Consent to go seek his Brother; and with him; went his Slave, and in their Travel they came to *Ephesus*; whither after five Years search, the Father likewise is arriv'd, and seiz'd, and to be put to death for entring that Port contrary to a Law, that made it Death for any *Syracusan* to come to *Ephesus*. They being thus all come to the same Town, the Play begins with *Ægeon's* Account of all that is gone before; on which the Duke of *Ephesus* gives him that Day to raise a thousand Duckats to redeem his Life. The two Sons, nam'd both *Antiphollis*, and their two Slaves, both call'd *Dromio*, by their Likeness cause various Errors; being taken by the very Wife, and Mistress, and Acquaintance of that *Antiphollis*, who liv'd at *Ephesus*; for one another: Till the Wife taking his Man and him to be mad, has them seiz'd and bound by a Doctor to cure them. But while they think them secure, the other Brother and his Man come in with their Swords drawn; and they all fly away, wondring how he got loose, taking him for her Husband. But rallying, the other Brother and his Man fly for't into an Abbey, and are there protected by the Abbess. The Duke coming to see *Ægeon* beheaded by the Abbey, *Adriana*, the Wife of one of the Brothers, applies to him, and complains of the Abbess; in the mean while the Husband *Antiphollis* getting loose, with his Man, comes in and complains to the Duke of his Wife's Treatment of him: this produces the Abbess, and with her the other *Antiphollis*, the whole company being surpriz'd, the Discovery is made, and these found to be Brothers, and *Ægeon* their Father, and the Abbess *Æmilia* their Mother; which ends the Play.

This Play is exactly regular, as any one may see who will examine it by the Rules: The Place is part of one Town, the Time within the artificial Day, and the Action the finding the lost Brother, &c. Allowing for the *Puns* which were the Vice of the Age he liv'd in, it is extremely diverting; the Incidents are wonderfully pleasant, and the *Catastrophe* very happy, and strongly moving. I have wondred that Mr. *Dryden* chose rather *Amphitruon* than this, because the Probability of that depending entirely on the Pagan Sys-

tem, strain even Credulity to render it agreeable: But this Likeness between the Twins is what has happen'd many times; and there is, or was lately, a living Instance of it in two Brothers, Twins too, so very like, that they were perpetually mistaken for each other; and such a Sympathy between them, that when one was ill, the other sicken'd. One was of the Band of Music, that belong'd to Drury-Lane Play-House; the other, if I mistake not, a Dancing-Master in the Country.

This Comedy is an undeniable Proof, that *Shakespeare* was not so ignorant of the *Latin* Tongue as some wou'd tain make him. *There is* (says the Writer of his Life) *one Play of his indeed, the Comedy of Errors in great measure taken from the Mencechmi of Plautus. How that happen'd I cannot easily divine, since, as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been Master of Latin enough to read it in the Original; and I know of no Translation of Plautus so old as his Time.*

I confess, with submission to the Writer of his Life, that I can find no such need of Divination on this Head: for as it is beyond Contradiction plain, that this Comedy is taken from that of *Plautus*; so I think it as obvious to conclude from that, that *Shakespeare* did understand *Latin* enough to read him, and knew so much of him as to be able to form a Design out of that of the *Roman* Poet; and which he has improv'd very much in my Opinion. He has made two Servants as like as their Masters, who are not in *Plautus*. And the very Character of *Adriana* is copy'd from the Wife of *Menæchmus Surreptus*, as is visible from his first Entrance on the Stage, in the second Scene of the first Act. For this is the Character he gives her.

*Ni mala, ni stulta, ni indomita imposq; Animi,
Quod viro esse odio videas, tute tibi odio habeas.
Praterhac si mihi tale post hunc Diem
Faxis, saxo foris Vidua visas Patrem.
Nam quoties foras ire volo, me retines, revocas,
Rogitas quo ego eam? Quam rem agam? Quid negoti-
geram?
Quid petam? Quid seram? Quid foris egerim? &c.*

How far *Shakespear* was beholden to *Plautus*, may, in some measure, be seen by the Argument of the *Menæchmi*.

" A *Sicilian Merchant* had *Twin Boys*, so like, that they
 " cou'd not be distinguish'd; but one of them being stolen
 " away, the Father dy'd with Grief; and his Uncle gives
 " the Boy that remain'd, the Name of his Brother *Menæchmus*,
 " his before being *Sosicles*; who, being grown
 " up to be a Man, goes in search of his Brother all round
 " the Coasts of the *Mediterranean*, *Archipelago*, &c. and
 " comes at last to *Epilamnum*; where his stolen Brother
 " was settled, and marry'd to a termagant sort of a Lady
 " before describ'd. When *Sosicles* arriv'd, every one took
 " him for his Brother; his Mistress, Friends, his Wife, and
 " his Father-in-law; till at last meeting together, they
 " discover themselves to be Brothers: which ends the Play.

But this Controversy of *Shakespear's* total Ignorance of the *Latin*, will be no longer on foot when we come to his Poems, where there are several Translations of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and his *Epistles*. This Play, tho' so full of Action, is not without beautiful Reflections, and Speeches.

Adr. *Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,*
Some other Mistress has some sweet Aspects.
I am not Adriana, nor thy Wife!
The Time was once, when thou un-^ug'd won'dst vow,
That never Words were Musick to thine Ear;
That never Object pleasing in thine Eye;
That never Touch was welcome to thy Hand;
That never Meat sweet-savour'd to thy Taste;
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.

The Superiority of Man,

Luc. *There's nothing situate under Heav'n's Eye,*
But has his Bound in Earth, in Sea, or Sky.
The Beasts, the Fishes, and the winged Fowls,
Are their Male's Subjects, and at their Controuls.
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide World, and wide watry Seas,

*Indu'd with intellectual Sense and Soul,
Of more Pre-herminence than Fish or Fowl,
Are Masters of their Females and their Lords:
Then let your Will attend on their Accords.*

Slander.

*For Slander lives upon Succession,
For ever hous'd, where once it gets Possession.*

The Argument of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

THE Scene lies at *Messina* in *Sicily*, and in and near the House of *Leonato*. *Don Pedro* of *Arragon*, with his Favourite *Claudio*, and *Benedict*, a gay young Cavalier of *Padua*, and *Don John*, the Bastard Brother of *Don Pedro*, come to *Leonato's* the Governor of *Messina*. *Claudio* is in love with *Hero*, *Leonato's* Daughter, whom *Don Pedro* obtains for him; and while they wait the Wedding-Day, they consult how to make *Benedict* and *Beatrice*, the Niece of *Leonato*, in love with each other, both being gay and easie and averse to Love, and like great Talkers railing always at each other. However, by letting them over-hear their Discourse, they persuadethem, that they are in love with each other. In the mean time, *Don John*, the very Soul of Envy and Mischief, contrives how to break the Match betwixt *Claudio* and *Hero*; and to this purpose, by his Engines *Conrade* and *Borachio*, they make *Claudio* and the Prince believe that *Hero* is a Wanton, and put a plausible Cheat on them to confirm the Suspicion, by having *Borachio* talk to *Hero's* Maid *Margaret*, at the Chamber Window at Midnight, as if she were *Hero*. Convinc'd by this Fallacy, *Claudio* and *Don Pedro* disgrace her in the Church where he went to marry her, rejecting her, and accusing her of Wantonness with another. *Hero* swoons away; and the Priest interposing, and joining in the Attestation she makes of her Virtue, she is privately convey'd away, and reported dead.

The

The Rogue *Borachio* being taken by the Watch, as he was telling the Adventure to his Comrade, discovers the Villany, and clears *Hero*; but *Don John* is fled. Her Innocence being known, her Father is satisfied with *Claudio*, that he hang Verses on her Tomb that Night, and marry a Niece of his the next Morning without seeing her Face, which he agrees to and performs; and then it is discover'd that it is *Hero* whom he marry'd: and so the Play ends, withan Account of *Don John's* being taken.

This Fable is as full of Absurdities, as the Writing is full of Beauties: the first I leave to the Reader to find out by the Rules I have laid down; the second I shall endeavour to shew, and point out some few of the many that are contain'd in the Play. *Shakespear* indeed had the Misfortune, which o-ther of our Poets have since had, of laying his Scene in a warm Climate, where the Manners of the People are very different from ours; and yet has made them talk and act generally like Men of a colder Country. *Marriage A-la-mode* has the same Fault.

This Play we must call a *Comedy*, tho some of the Incidents and Discourses too are more in a *Tragic* Strain; and that of the Accusation of *Hero* is too shocking for either Tragedy or Comedy; nor cou'd it have come off in Nature, if we regard the Country, without the Death of more than *Hero*. The Imposition on the Prince and *Claudio* seems very lame, and *Claudio's* conduct to the Woman he lov'd, highly contrary to the very Nature of Love, to expose her in so barbarous a Manner, and with so little concern and struggle, and on such weak Grounds, without a farther Examination into the Matter; yet the Passions this produces in the old Father, make a wonderful amends for the Fault. Besides which, there is such a pleasing Variety of Characters in the Play, and those perfectly maintain'd, as well as distinguish'd, that you loose the Absurdities of the Conduct in the Excellence of the Manners, Sentiments, Diction and Topics. *Benedict* and *Beatrice* are two sprightly, witty, talkative Characters, and, tho of the same Nature, yet perfectly distinguish'd; and you have no need to read the Names, to know who speaks. As they differ from each
Y 4 other,

other, tho so near a-kin, so do they from that of *Lucio* in *Measure for Measure*, who is likewise a very talkative Person; but there is a gross Abusiveness, Calumny, Lying, and Leudness in *Lucio*, which *Benedict* is free from. One is a Rake's Mirth and Tattle; the other that of a Gentleman, and a Map of Spirit, and Wit.

The Stratagem of the Prince on *Benedict* and *Beatrice*, is manag'd with that Nicety and Address, that we are very well pleas'd with the Success and think it very reasonable and just.

The Character of *Don John* the Bastard is admirably distinguish'd, his Manners are well mark'd, and every where convenient, or agreeable; being of a sour, melancholy, saturnine, envious, selfish, malicious Temper; Manners necessary to produce the villanous Events they did: these were productive of the *Catastrophe*, for he was not a Person brought in to fill up the Number only, because without him the Fable could not have gone on.

To quote all the Comic Excellencies of this Play, would be to transcribe three Parts of it. For all that passes betwixt *Benedict* and *Beatrice* is admirable. His Discourse against Love and Marriage, in the latter end of the second Act, is very pleasant and witty, as is that which *Beatrice* says of Wooing, Wedding, and Repenting. And the Aversion that the Poet gives *Benedict* and *Beatrice* to each other in their Discourse, heightens the Jest of making them in love with one another. Nay, the Variety and natural Distinction of the vulgar Humours of this Play, are remarkable.

The Scenes of this Play are something obscure, for you can scarce tell where the Place is in the two first Acts, tho the Scenes in them seem pretty entire, and unbroken. But those are things we ought not to look much for in *Shakespeare*. But whilst he is out in the Dramatic Imitation of the Fable, he always draws men and Women so perfectly, that when we read, we can scarce persuade our selves, but that the Discourse is real, and no Fiction.

On Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

*Save in the Office and Affairs of Love:
 Therefore all Hearts in Love use their own Tongues.
 Let every Eye negotiate for it self
 And trust no Agent: For Beauty is a Witch,
 Against whose Charms, Faith melteth into Blood.*

Patience under Misfortunes easier advis'd than maintain'd,

Leonat. *I pray thee cease thy Counsel,
 Which falls into my Ears, as profitless,
 As Water in a Sieve. Give not me Counsel,
 Nor let no Comfort else delight mine Ear,
 But such an one, whose Wrongs do sute with mine,
 Bring me a Father that lov'd his Child,
 Whose Joy of her is over-whelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of Patience;
 Measure his Woe the Length and Breadth of mine
 And let it answer every Strain, for Strain;
 As thus, for thus, and such a Grief for such,
 In every Lineament, Branch, Shape, and Form;
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his Beard,
 And Holla! wag, cry hem! when he should grean;
 Patch Grief with Proverbs; make Misfortunes drunk
 With Candle-Wasters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather Patience.
 But there is no such Man. For, Brother, Men
 Can counsel and speak Comfort to that Grief.
 Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
 Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
 Wou'd give preceptial Medicine to Rage;
 Fetter firing Madnes in a silken Thread;
 Charm Ache with Air, and Agony with Words.
 No, no, 'tis all Mens Office to speak Patience
 To those, that wring under the Load of Sorrow:
 But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself. Therefor e give me no Counsel—
 My Grievs cry louder than Advertisement.*

I have given more than the bare Topic, because the Speech is pathetic, and extremely Natural. Nor can I omit another Speech, tho it contain neither Topic nor Description.

*If they wrong her Honour,
The proudest of them all shall hear of it.
Time has not yet so dry'd this Blood of mine,
Nor Age so eat up my Invention,
Nor Fortune made such Havock of my Means,
Nor my bad Life rest me so much of Friends;
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both Strength of Limb, and Policy of Mind,
Ability in Means, and Choice of Friends,
To quit me of them thorowly.*

Of this I shall speak in my Remarks on his Verses, where he has more than once made use of the same Figure. For the Plot of this Play, consult *Aristotle's Orlando Furioso*, Book V. and *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, Book II.

The Argument of *Love's Labour's lost*.

THE King of *Navarre*, and some of his Nobles, make a Vow of retiring from the World to their Books for three Years, and forswear the Conversation of all Women. But the King of *France's* Daughter, and some Ladies her Attendants, come in an Embassy from her Father to the King of *Navarre*, which obliges them to a Conversation with the Ladies; and that makes them all in love, and endeavour, after they have found out each others Frailty and Breach of Oath, to win the Ladies to yield to love them. But they admit them to hope, on condition they remain in the same mind a Year, and perform certain Penances. This and the News of the *French King's* Death, ends the Play.

Tho

Tho I can't well see why the Author gave this Play this Name, yet since it has past thus long, I shall say no more to it but this, That since it is one of the worst of *Shakespear's* Plays, nay, I think I may say the very worst, I cannot but think that it is his first, notwithstanding those Arguments, or that Opinion, that has been brought to the contrary. " Perhaps (*says the Author of his Life*) we are not to look " for his Beginnings like those of other Authors, among " their least perfect Writings. *Art* had so little, and *Nature* " so large a Share in what he did, that for ought I " know, the Performances of his Youth, as they were the " most vigorous, and had the most Fire of Imagination in " them, were the best. I wou'd not be thought by this to " mean, that his Fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to " be independent of the Rule and Government of Judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, " so justly and rightly concerted in it self, that it wanted " little or no Correction; and was immediately approv'd " by an impartial Judgment at first Sight."

But since this Gentleman has only given us a Supposition of his own, without confirming it with any convincing, or indeed probable Reason; I hope I may be permitted to throw in another *Perhaps* for the Opinion of Mr. *Dryden* and others, without offending him by the Opposition. I agree with him, that we have indeed in our Days seen a young Man start up like a Mushroom in a Night, and surprise the Whim of the town into a momentary Reputation, or at least by a surprizing first Play (as Plays go at this Time) and in all his after Tryals give us not one Line that might supply our Credulity with the least Reason to believe he wrote the first himself. Thus *Love's last Shift* was an excellent first Play, and yet that Author, after so many Tryals, has not only never come up to his first Essay, but scarce to any thing tolerable, except in one, that like a Cheddar Cheese was made by the Milk of a Parish.

But in *Shakespear* we are not considering those Masters of the Stage, that glare a little in the Night, but disappear in the Day; but fix'd Stars, that always show their unborrow'd Light. And here the common Experience is directly against our

our Author; for all the Poets, that have without Controversy been Masters of a great Genius, have rose to Excellence by Degrees. *The Wild Gallant* was the worst of Dryden's Plays, and the first; and *The Plain Dealer* was the last of Mr. Wycherley's: *Otway*, the brightest and most Tragick Genius of our Age, gave us three moderate Plays before the *Orphan*, and *Venice Preserv'd*. And why we shou'd think that *Shakespear* shou'd grow worse by Practice, I can find no shadow of a Reason from what is advanc'd. But—the Performances of his Youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most Fire and Strength of Imagination in 'em, were the best.—But still this is begging the Question, and taking that for granted, which wants to be prov'd, viz. that the Productions of his Youth had the most Fire and Strength of Imagination. The last Works of Mr. Dryden, tho past Seventy, had much the most Fire and Strength of Imagination, his *Fables* excelling all that he ever wrote before. Nor can we think but that *Shakespear* was far from Dotage when he died at fifty three, and had retir'd some Years from the Stage, and left off writing Plays. But shou'd we allow what our Author contends for, his Supposition wou'd not hold; for the Play before us, and all his most imperfect Plays, have the least Fire and Strength of Imagination; and that Fancy which is in them, is almost every where independent of that Rule of Judgment, which our Author supposes him Master of. I am sure Judgment encreases with Years and Observation; and where *Shakespear* shews that he is least extravagant, 'tis plain he depends most on that Rule of Judgment. I confess the Terms are something obscure and equivocal; but I pretend not to enter into a Debate with him on this Head; all I have said being to justify Mr. Dryden and some others, who yet think that we ought to look into *Shakespear*'s most imperfect Plays for his first. And this of *Love's Labour's Lost* being perhaps the most defective, I can see no Reason why we shou'd not conclude, that it is one of his first. For neither the Manners, Sentiments, Diction, Versification, &c. (except in some few places) discover the Genius that shines in his other Plays.

But tho this Play be so bad, yet there is here and there a Stroke, that persuades us, that *Shakespear* wrote it. The
Pro-

Proclamation, that Women shou'd lose their Tongues if they approach'd within a Mile of the Court, is a pleasant Penalty. There are but few Words spoken by *Jaquenetta* in the latter end of the first Act, and yet the very Soul of a pert Country Lass is perfectly express'd. The several Characters of the King's Companions in the Retreat are very pretty; and the Remarks of the Princess very just and fine. *Longaville's* good Epigram furnishes a Proof, that these publish'd in this Volume are genuine, and for that Reason I will transcribe it.

*Did not the heavenly Rhetoric of thine Eye,
'Gainst whom the World cannot hold Argument,
Persuade my Heart to this false Perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not Punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love;
Thy Grace being gain'd, cures all Disgrace in me.
Vows are but Breath, and Breath a Vapour is.
When thou fair Sun, which on my Earth doth shine,
Exhal'st this Vapour-Vow, in thee it is.
If broken then, it is no Fault of mine
If by me broke; What Fool is not so wise
To lose an Oath, to win a Paradise?*

The Discovery of the King's, *Longaville's* and *Dumain's* Love, is very prettily manag'd; and that of *Biron*, by *Costard's* mistake, is a well contriv'd Incident. The whole indeed is a tolerable Proof how much in vain we resolve against Nature; nor is *Biron's* Casuistry amiss, when he strives to salve their common Breach of Oath,

Of Delights.

*Biron. Why all Delights are vain, and that most vain,
Which with Pain purchased, does inherit Pain, &c.*

On Study.

*Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy Looks;
Small have continual Plodders ever won,
Save base Authority from other Books, &c.*

Beauty.

*Beauty is bought by Judgment of the Eye,
Not utter'd by base Sale of Chapmens Tongues, &c.*

A pleasant Description of Cupid, or Love.

*This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward Boy,
This Signior Junio's Giant-Dwarf, Don Cupid,
Regent of Love-Rhymes; Lord of folded Arms,
The anointed Sovereign of Sighs and Groans;
Liege of all Loyerers, and Malecontents;
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpieces, &c.*

Of a Wife.

————— *I seek a Wife;
A Woman that is like a German Clock;
Still a repairing, ever out of Frame, &c.*

There is a pretty Account of Love, beginning,

But Love first learn'd in a Lady's Eye, &c.

*And on Womens Eyes there are some pretty Reflections,
beginning thus,*

*From Womens Eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the true Promethean Fire, &c.*

The Argument of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

T*hesens* having brought *Hippolita* from the *Amazons*, designs to marry her in a few Days: whilst he is appointing the Time, *Egeus* one of his Courtiers, complains of his Daughter *Hermia's* Love to *Lysander*, and Aversion to *Demetrius*, for whom he design'd her; tho' *Demetrius* had been in love with *Helena*, and was contracted to her. *Hermia* refuses to comply with her Father. the Duke allows her four Days to consider of it, in which time she must, by the *Athenian* Law, either obey, be put to death, or vow perpetual Chastity on the Altar of *Diana*. This makes *Lysander* persuade *Hermia* that Night to fly with him from *Athens*, to an Aunt of his out of the Jurisdiction of that City, and there marry him; she consents, and informs *Helena*, her intimate Friend, of her Design, and wishes *Demetrius* may on her Flight return to his Duty. *Helena*, out of Dotage on her Lover, informs him of *Hermia's* Flight, who goes after her, and she after him, and so they all meet at a Wood a little from *Athens*, where they becomeliablen to the Power of the *Fairies*. For *Oberon*, and his *Queen Titania*, being come to dance in the Palace of *Theseus*, to give a Blessing to his Wedding, quarrel about a Changeling Boy that the Queen had stolen, and which she lov'd, to the raising Jealousy of *Oberon*, denying to give him to her Husband. In Revenge, *Oberon* sending *Puck* for a Charm, lays it on the Queen when asleep, to make her fall in love with whatever she saw when she wak'd. *Puck* in the mean while is sent to put some on the Eyes of *Demetrius*, so that he may fall in love with *Helena*, whom *Oberon* had seen him treat very ungratefully, and making no Return for her Love; but *Puck* mistaking the Man, *Oberon* having bid him do it to one in an *Athenian* Habit, puts it on *Lysander's* Eyes, which makes him in love with *Helena*, and use *Hermia* very unkindly. But *Oberon* finding the Mistake, charms *Demetrius* so, that he likewise loves

Helena;

Helena; this produces a Quarrel, but the Rivals are hindered from fighting by *Puck's* Artifice. Then the Lovers being all asleep, and restor'd to rights, *Oberon* puts an end to the Charm that held his Queen enamour'd of a Clown, whose Head was turn'd into that of an Ass, she having then given *Oberon* the Boy he had before beg'd in vain. They being so reconcil'd, appoint to dance the next Night in Duke *Thebes's* Palace. The Morning being come, *Theseus*, *Hippolita*, *Egeus*, &c. come into the same Wood to hunt, and find the four Lovers asleep by one another. They being waken'd by the Horns, and avowing their Loves to one another, as they shou'd, *Demetrius* relights *Hermia* to *Lysander*, and takes his former Love *Helena*; so being marry'd, all at the same time, with *Theseus*, *Bottom*, and his Companions, present a strange sort of a Play of *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*; which ends our Play.

Great part of this Play depending on a sort of Notion of Fairies and their Power, it falls not under the Consideration of others, whose Actors are all Human. Of the Nature of these things I have already spoke in my Notes on the *Tempest*. It is plain from the Argument, that the Fable can never bear the Test of the Rules. The time is by *Theseus* in the first Scenes of the Play fixt to at least four Days, in these Words:

*Now fair Hippolita, our nuptial Hour
Draws on apace; four happy Days bring in
Another Moon, &c.*

The new Moon being the time for their Marriage. But it does not appear that there is any more time spent in the Action than one Day and one Night, and a piece of a Day, and part of one Night.

Tho this cannot be call'd either Tragedy, or Comedy, as wanting the Fable requir'd to either; yet it contains abundance of beautiful Reflections, Descriptions, Similies, and Topics. Much of it is in Rhyme, in which the Author is generally very smooth, and flowing. The first Scene of the Complaint of *Egeus* to *Theseus* is very pretty; the Ob-

stinacy

stinacy of a peevish old Father, who will dispose of his Daughter without regard to her Inclinations, is well expressed; and the Manner of his representing how *Lysander* had robb'd her of her Affections, is extremely agreeable to that Character.

But I cannot omit *Hermia's* Oath to meet her Lover that Night, and fly with him from *Athens*.

Her. My good *Lyfander*;

*I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest Bow ;
By his best Arrow with the golden Head ;
By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves ;
By that which knitteth Souls, and prospers Love ;
And by that Fire, which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the false Trojan under Sail was seen ;
By all the Vows, that ever Men have broke,
(In Number more than ever Woman spoke ;)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.*

Tho we cannot perhaps trace the Antients in the Thoughts of *Shakespear*, yet it is plain from these Verses, and several others about his Plays, that *Shakespear* was acquainted with the Fables of Antiquity very well: That some of the Arrows of *Cupid* are pointed with Lead, and the others with Gold, he found in *Ovid*: And that which speaks of *Dido* he has from *Virgil* himself; nor do I know of any Translation of those Poets so antient as *Shakespear's* Time.

Titania's Description of the Disorder of the Season, on account of the difference betwixt her and *Oberon*, is very fine.

The Similies which *Lysander* uses to express or rather justify his Falshood, are very fine.

*For, as a Surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest Loathing to a Stomach brings ;
Or as the Heresies, that Men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
So thou, my Surfeit, and my Heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most by me.*

Z

Titania's

Titania's Order to the *Fairies* to honour her Love, being what *Mr. Dryden* has often instanc'd as one of the prettiest Flights of Fancy in *Shakespear*, I must not omit.

Qu. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman;
Hop in his Walks, and gambol in his Eyes;
Feed him with Apricots, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs and Mulberries;
The Honey-bags steal from the humble Bees,
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glow-worm's Eyes;
To have my Love to Bed, and to arise:
And pluck the Wings from painted Butter-flies,
To fan the Moon-Beams from his sleeping Eyes:
Nod to him Elves, and do him Curtesies.

Puck's Similies on the Scene of *Bottom* and his Companions, are very apt. Such is *Demetrius's* Description of *Helena's* Beauty, when he wakes, after charm'd by *Oberon*; and is worthy looking on. The Reflection of *Theseus* on the Diversion offer'd by the Clowns is just.

————— For never any thing
Can be amiss, when Simpleness and Duty tender it.

His Reflections on Duty and Respect are fine: but giving an Instance or two of the Topics, we'll pass to the next Play.

True Love.

The Course of true Love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in Blood——
Or else misgrafted in respect of Years,
Or else it stood upon the Choice of Merit;
Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice;
War, Death, or Sicknes did lay Siege to it,

Makin

*Making it momentary, as a Sound,
Swift as a Shadow, short as any Dream,
Brief as the Lightning in a collid Night,
That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth;
And e'er a Man has Power to say, Behold!
The faws of Darknes do devour it up.
So quick bright things come to Confusion !*

The Simile of Lightning is a perfect Hypotyposis; and the Epiphonema in the last Line, concludes the Topic beautifully.

Love.

*Things base and vile, holding no Quantity,
Love can transpose to Form and Dignity.
Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor has Love's Mind of any Judgment Taste;
Wings, and no Eyes, Figure unheedy Haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a Child;
Because in Choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggish Boys themselves in Game forswear,
So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.*

Whether these Reflections are not too just for one in Helena's Condition to make, I leave to the Judicious; but as they are here divested of all Persons, they are admirable.

Night.

*Dark Night, that from the Eye its Function takes,
The Ear more quick of Apprehension makes;
Wherein it does impair the seeing Sense,
It pays the Hearing double Recompence.*

And Puck makes a Description of Night, which the Reader may add to this.

Lovers, Poets, and Madmen, fanciful.

*Lovers and Madmen have such seething Brains,
Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more,
Than cold Reason ever comprehends.*

*The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact.*

*One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold,
That is the Madman. The Lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's Beauty in a Brow of Ægypt.*

*The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rowling, [ven;
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Hea-
And as Imagination bodies forth the Form of things
Unknown, the Poet's Pen turns them to Shapes,
And gives to airy nothing, a local Habitation,
And a Name.*

All his Fairies, Goblins, and the like, are of this kind,
which he describes here.

Imagination.

*—Such Tricks has strong Imagination,
That if it wou'd but apprehend some Joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that Joy;
Or in the Night, imagining some Fear,
How easy is a Bush suppos'd a Bear?*

The Fairy Queen was taken from this Play; but whence
Shakespear took the hint of it I know not, but believe it to
be his own Invention.

The Argument of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Antonio, a wealthy and a generous Merchant of Venice,
having a perfect Friendship for Bassanio a young Gentleman

gentleman of fine Accomplishments of the same City, is bound for him to one *Shylock* a *Jew* for three thousand Ducats, for three Months, to forfeit on missing his Day of Payment, a Pound of Flesh where the *Jew* wou'd take it: *Bassanio* having the Mony, goes to *Belmont* to obtain *Portia*, a rich and beautiful Lady, who was to be won by guessing at the Casket out of three which held her Picture; to which end divers Princes came from several Parts of the World, taking an Oath not reveal which Casket they chose, if they mis'd, and to go immediately away on their Miscarriage: one Casket was of Gold, and another of Silver, and a third of Lead. The rest misled by Show, chose all wrong; but *Bassanio* choosing the Lead, won the Lady to both their Satisfaction. But then *Salanio* with *Lorenzo*, who had run away with *Shylock's* Daughter and married her, and made her a *Christian*, brings the News of *Antonio's* Misfortune; that his Ships are all cast away, and his Bond forfeited to the *Jew*. *Bassanio* having inform'd *Portia* of the Distress of his Friend, is married to her, and his Attendant *Gratiano* to her Maid *Nerissa*; and he with *Salanio* speeds away to *Venice*, to help *Antonio*. The Husbands are no sooner gone, but the Wives, leaving the care of the House to *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*, haste to *Venice* after them; where *Portia* in the Habit of an Advocate, or Doctor of the Civil Law, hears *Antonio's* Case; and having a little held the *Jew* in Suspence, and hope of Success to his cruel Revenge, and he having refus'd all Considerations in Money, gives the Cause to *Antonio*; and will not only not let the *Jew* have his Principal, but proves, that he has forfeited his Life and Goods, which he is oblig'd to give his Daughter on his Death, or to turn *Christian*.

The Ignorance that *Shakespear* had of the *Greek Drama* threw him on such odd Stories, as the Novels and Romances of his time cou'd afford; and which were so far from being natural, that they wanted that Probability, and Versimilitude, which is absolutely necessary to all the Representations of the Stage. The Plot of this Play is of that Number. But the Errors of the Fable, and the Conduct, are too visible to need Discovery. This Play has receiv'd considerable Advantages from the Pen of the present Lord Land-

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The Character of the *Jew* is very well distinguish'd by Avarice, Malice, implacable Revenge, &c. But the Incidents that necessarily shew these Qualities are so very romantic, so vastly out of Nature, that our Reason, our Understanding is every where shock'd; which abates extremely of the Pleasure the Pen of *Shakespear* might give us. This is visible in his Speech to the *Doge*; for notwithstanding that Distinction of Character, which is beautiful and otherwise pleases you, the Incredibility of such a Discourse to such a Prince, and before such a Court of Judicature, has so little of Nature in it, that it is impossible to escape the Censure of a Man of common Sense.

The Character of *Portia* is not every where very well kept, that is, the Manners are not always agreeable or convenient to her Sex or Quality; particularly, where she scarce preserves her Modesty in the Expression.

The Scene betwixt *Shylock* and *Tubal* in the third Act, is artfully managed; and the Temper of the *Jew* excellently discover'd, in its various Turns upon the different News, of which *Tubal* gives him an Account.

This Play, as well as most of the rest gives Instances that *Shakespear* was perfectly well acquainted with the fabulous Stories of the old Poets: which is to me a Confirmation, that he understood the antient *Latin* Authors, whence only he could learn them.

Tho there are a great many Beauties in what our modern Gentlemen call the *Writing* in this Play, yet it is almost every where calm, and touches not the Soul; there are no lively Passions, which ought every where to shine in a serious Dramatic Performance, such as most of this is.

*You have too much Respect upon the World;
They lose it, that do buy it with much Care.*

Of Mediocrity.

Nere. And yet for ought I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: therefore it is no small Happiness to be seated in the Mean: Superfluity comes sooner by white Hairs, but Competency lives longer.

Easier

Easier to advise than do.

Por. If to do were as easy, as to know what were good to do, Chappels had been Churches, and poor Mens Cottages, Princes Palaces. It is a good Divine that follows his own Instructions. I can easier teach twenty what is good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The Brain may devise Laws for the Blood; but a hot Temper leaps o'er a cold Decree. Such a Hare is Madness, the Youth, to skip over the Meshes of good Counsel, the Cripple.

That we are more eager in the Pursuit of what we have not, than the Preservation of what we have possess'd, take his own words: O! ten times faster Venus' Pidgeons fly, &c. In Portia's Speech, when Bassanio is going to make his Choice, there are several beautiful Similies.

Against Appearance, for near forty Lines together. He is generally excellent in his Choice of Epithets of a strong, proper, and natural Signification, and such as denote the Quality of the thing wonderfully; as here——

Port. How all the other Passions fleet to Air!

As doubtful Thoughts, and rash-embrac'd Despair,
And shuddring Fear, and green-ey'd Jealousy, &c.

Bassanio's Description of Portia's Picture, when he chooses the Leaden Casket, is very fine. There are likewise in that or the next Page two fine Similies; the first begins thus——Like one of two contending in a Prize: And the other thus——As after some Oration fairly spoke, &c.

An Affectation in Words, begins thus——Oh! dear Discretion, how his Words are suited, &c.

Mercy.

Por. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle Rain from Heaven,
Upon the Place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.

Z 4

On

On the Power of Musick.

*The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive,
For do but note a wild and wanton Herd, &c.*

The Expression is very fine on the Moonshine Night—
This Night, methinks, is but the Day-light sick, &c.

The Argument of *As you like it.*

FREDERICK, The Duke of some part of *France*, is depos'd, and banish'd by his younger Brother, and retir'd to the Forest of *Arden*; many People of Fashion following him thither, out of love to him, and hatred of the Usurper: he retains *Rosalinda*, his Brother's Daughter, to gratify his own Daughter *Celia*, who doated on her with a very peculiar Love and Affection; but being afterwards jealous of her Popularity, banishes her likewise. But his own Daughter flies with her, *Rosalinda* being in Man's Clothes, under the Name of *Ganymede*; and *Celia* in Woman's, under the Name of *Aliena*. Hither likewise comes *Orlando*, the youngest Son of Sir *Rowland Dubois*, fled from his elder Brother's Cruelty, and the Usurper's Hate. He wrestling before the Duke, kills his Wrestler *Charles*, and wounds the Heart of *Rosalinda*, as she did his. But meeting in the Forest, he makes love to her as *Rosalinda*, tho' in appearance a Lady, which Habit betray'd *Phoebe* a Shepherdess, to fall likewise in love with her as a Man, whom she uses scurvily to make her pity *Silvius* the Swain, that is in love with her. *Orlando's* Brother *Oliver*, being forc'd to fly from the Rage of the Usurper, because his Brother had made his Escape, is deliver'd from a Lioness by the Valour of *Orlando*, whose Life he had before so basely sought: but being thus reconcil'd, falls in Love with *Celia*, and she with him. So the Marriage being resolv'd on, *Rosalinda*, or rather *Ganymede*, promises

promises *Orlando* that he shall have his true *Rosalinda* the next day, and *Phabe* that she will have her, on condition that if she refuse him, she shall marry *Silvius*. Having perform'd all this, and the banish'd Duke having given her to *Orlando*, *Faques*, *Orlando's* and *Oliver's* Brother, brings News that the Usurper coming with Forces against them, was on the way converted and gone into a Monastery, leaving the Dukedom again to his Brother.

This Story has nothing Dramatic in it, yet *Shakespear* has made as good use of it as possible.

The Scene betwixt *Orlando* and his Brother *Oliver*, in the opening of the Play, is well manag'd; discovering something that goes before in the Quarrel between them: and *Oliver's* Management of the provoking *Charles* the Wrestler against *Orlando*, is artful and natural.

Martial has this Distick—

*Quem recitas meus est, Oh! Fidentine! Libellus;
Sed malè dum recitas incipit esse tuus.*

I will not say that *Shakespear* took the following Thought from this, but it is plainly the same: *Orlando* says to *Faques*—*I pray thee marr no more of my Verses by reading them ill-favour'dly.* The old Duke's Speech preferring that Solitude to the World, is full of moral Reflections: *Now my Co-mates, and Brothers in Exile, &c.* The third Scene of the second Act betwixt *Orlando* and *Adam*, moving by the Gratitude of the old Servant, is that fine Speech of *Faques*, taken notice of by Mr. *Rowe* in *Shakespear's* Life. His Pleasantry as to the different Motion of Time, is worthy remarking: And *Rosalinda's* Character of a Man in love, is very pretty.

On the several sorts of Melancholy.

Jaques. I have neither the Scholars Melancholy, which is Emulation; nor the Musicians, which is fantastical; nor the Court

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Courtiers, which is proud; nor the Soldiers, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyers, which is political; nor the Ladies, which is nice; nor the Lovers, which is all these.

Love.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of Venus, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madneſs, that blind rascally Boy, that abuses every one's Eyes, because his own are out; let him be judge how deep I am in love.

A Courtier.

— *He has been a Courtier he ſwears.*

Clown. If any Man doubt that, let him put me to the Purgation, — I have trod a Measure; I have flatter'd a Lady; I have been politic with my Friend, ſmooth with my Enemy; I have undone three Taylors; I have had four Quarrels, and had like to have fought one.

The Argument of *The Taming the Shrew*.

A Gentleman of *Padua* has two Daughters, *Catherina* the Elder, and *Biancha* the Younger. The Elder is ſo known a Shrew, that no body wou'd make love to her in order to Matrimony; while *Biancha* had many, that addreſs'd to her for that end, But the Father declar'd he wou'd not diſpoſe of the youngeſt till the eldeſt was marry'd: which made all the Pretenders deſpair, till *Petrucio* of *Verona* ventur'd upon the Match, wooes her madly, marries her quickly, and treats her intolerably, till he broke her Stubbornneſs ſo, that ſhe was the moſt obedient of the three Wives then there, *viz.* her Siſter, who was married to *Lucentio*, and a Widow who juſt marry'd *Hortenſio*, a Suiter of *Biancha's*, till his Diſguſt at her liſtning to *Lucentio*, who appear'd only to be a School-maſter.

This

This Play is indeed Dramatic, for it is all Action, and there is little room left for Reflections and fine Topics. Tho it be far from regular as to Time and Place, yet it is perfectly so in the Action; and some of the Irregularities of Time might easily have been prevented. In a matter of twelve Lines there is plainly suppos'd at least twelve, if not twenty four Hours to have pass'd; there is scarce indeed a Line for an Hour. The Distich of *Ovid*, which *Lucentio* construes in a pleasant way, is a fresh Proof that *Shakespear* was well acquainted with *Ovid*; and that he had a peculiar Value for that Poet, is plain from what *Tranio* says in the first Scene:

*Let's be no Stoicks, nor no Stocks I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's Checks,
As Ovid be an Out-cast quite abjur'd, &c.*

The Reader, by regarding this whole Speech of *Tranio*, will find that *Shakespear* was far from being that *Ignoramus* in Literature, as some wou'd unaccountably make him.

Grumio's Account of *Petrucio's* Journey with his Bride, is very entertaining.

The Mind, not the Habit, valuable.

*For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich.
And as the Sun breaks thro the darkeſt Clouds,
So Honour peereth in the meanest Habit.
What, is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Because his Feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eele,
Because the painted Skin contents the Eye? &c.*

Catherine's Harangue to her Sister and the Widow, on the Duty of Wives to their Husband, if the Ladies wou'd read it with a little Regard, might be of mighty use in this Age.

The Story of the Tinker, by which this Comedy is introduc'd, may be found in *Goulart's Histoires Admirables*,
and

and in *Pontus Heuterus Rerum Burdicarum*. The Comedy it self is his own Invention, as far as we can discover, and so good, that tho it has been alter'd by Mr. *Lacy*, yet I do not think it much improv'd. That Comedian committed an odd Blunder in laying the Scene in *England*, and adding *Sawney the Scot*, and yet retaining all the other Names that were purely *Italian*. The additional Trial of Skill on their Return to her Father, is well contriv'd.

The Argument of *All's well that ends well*.

Helena, Daughter of Gerard de Narbonne, a famous Physician in *France*, is bred up by the Countess Dowager of *Roussillon*, as her own: She falls in love with *Bertram* the young Count, who being sent to Court, her Passion for him is discovered by the Dutchesse, and she encourag'd in her Attempt to cure the King of a Fistula, when all the Doctors had given him over. She therefore arrives at Court, and after much Importunity cures the King; and in right of his Promise, chooses Count *Bertram* for her Husband: but he disdaining her for a Wife, is compell'd for fear of the King to marry her; but then he orders her immediately to return to his Mother, assuring her that he wou'd follow her. But on the contrary, he steals away privately with *Perolles*, a Braggadocio that misled his Youth, and goes to the Wars in *Tuscany*, sending a Letter to his Wife by a Friend, of this Import, That she shou'd never call him Husband, till she cou'd get the Ring from his Finger, and show him a Child begotten by him on her Body, and that till he had no Wife he cou'd have nothing in *France*. Upon this *Helena* goes away privately in a Pilgrim's Habit, and comes to *Florence*, meets with a Widow, whose Daughter *Diana* Count *Bertram* endeavours to debauch. *Helena* discovering her self to them, prevails with the Daughter to get the Ring on his Finger, in consideration of her surrendering her Maiden-head to him, and that she shou'd supply her

her Place in bed at Night. After this Piece of Cunning, and News that *Helena* was dead, Count *Bertram* returns to *France*; *Helena*, the Widow and the Daughter follow him: and having prov'd all this before the King, the Count receives his Wife into Favour, and the King forgives all that is past.

The Irregularity of the Plot is visible enough, when we are in one Part of a Scene in *France*, in another in *Italy*, &c. The Story it self is out of a Possibility almost, at least so far out of the way of Custom and Experience, that it can't be call'd natural. The Character of *Perolles* is taken notice of by Mr. *Rowe* very justly for its Excellence, being, I think, preferable to all in that kind, except his own *Falstaff*. He has indeed drawn variety of Cowards; *Nym*, *Bardolph*, *Pistol*, Sir *Andrew Ague-Cheek*, &c.

This Play is not destitute however of fine Reflections, and instructive Sentences: the Speech of the Countess to her Son, on his leaving her to go to Court, is very good:

— *Bethou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy Father
In Manners as in Shape; thy Blood and Virtue
Contend for Empire in thee.*

Nor can I omit *Mariana's* Advice to the Widow's Daughter.

*Well, Diana, take heed of the French Earl:
The Honour of a Maid is in her Name,
And no Legacy is so rich as Honesty.*

And a little after, thus—*Beware of them, Diana, their
Promises, Enticements, Oaths, &c.*

Life is chequer'd.

I L. *The Web of our Life is of mingled Yarn, good and ill
together: our Virtues wou'd be proud, if our Faults whipt
them not; and our Crimes wou'd despair, if they were not che-
rish'd by our Virtues.*

A Braggadocio.

—Who knows himself a Braggart;
 Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
 That every Braggart shall be found an Ass.

The Plot of this Play is taken from *Boccace's Novels*.
 Day. 3. Nov. 9.

The Argument of *Twelfth Night*, or what
 you will.

O*Rsino*, Duke of *Illyria*, is in love with *Olivia*, a Lady of great Beauty, Quality and Fortune, but in vain. *Viola* and *Sebastian* Twins are cast away at Sea, but each by the other thought to be drown'd; *Viola* being cloathed in one of her Brother's Suits, under the Name of *Casario*, is admitted to be Page to the Duke, with whom she is secretly in love, but by him oblig'd to go between him and his Mistress; by which *Olivia*, who cou'd not hear of any such Motion from the Duke, falls in love with the Page. *Sebastian* in the mean while coming to the same City, and being taken for *Casario*, beats Sir *Toby Belch* and Sir *Andrew Ague-Cheek*, and by the same Mistake is marry'd to *Olivia*: the Duke and *Casario* coming to *Olivia* to press his Fortune the last time, he threatens *Casario's* Life, she owns her Marriage, and calls him Husband; which being resented by the Duke, is deny'd by the Page, till Sir *Andrew Ague-Cheek* comes in to complain of *Sebastian*, who following, proves so like that they cou'd not be distinguish'd; so they being discover'd to be Brother and Sister, the Duke marries *Viola*; and that ends the Play.

There is a sort of under-Plot of Sir *Toby's* bubbling Sir *Andrew*, in hopes of his having *Olivia*, of their imposing on *Olivia's* Steward *Malvolio*, as if his Lady was in love with him, and the Quarrel promoted betwixt *Casario* and Sir

Sir *Andrew*; which yet are so interwove, that there is nothing which is not necessary to the main Plot, but that Episode of the Steward. This, as well as some others of his Comedies, has some Confusion about the chief Person; for sometimes *Orsino* is Duke or Sovereign of the Country, at other times he is Count *Orsino*, and *Olivia* speaks of him as of an Equal, a private Man, not a Prince — thus she says to *Cesario*, toward near the end of the Play; *Take thy Fortunes up, and that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art as great as that thou fear'st.*

Malvolio, Sir *Toby* and Sir *Andrew*, are three Characters truly comical, that is, ridiculous.

Love.

Duke. O! Spirit of Love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy Capacity
Receiveth as the Sea, nought enters there,
Of what Validity and Pitch so'er,
But falls into Abatement, and low Price,
Ev'n in a Minute; so full of Shapes is Fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

What the Duke says in the next Page is very fine, and the natural Effect of Love and Desire. The Thought is extremely pathetic.

Duke. Oh! She that has a Heart of that fine Frame,
To pay a Debt of Love but to a Brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden Shaft
Has kill'd the Flock of all Affections else
That live in her? When Liver, Brain and Heart,
These Sovereign Thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd
(Her sweet Perfections) by one self-same King?

The Captain's Description of *Sebastian's* coming ashore is fine, and if compar'd with that before of *Ferdinand's* Escape, describ'd in the *Tempest*, wou'd show the Fertility of the Author in his Variety on the same Subject: — *I know your Brother,*

ther most provident in Peril, &c. There are several fine Lines and Thoughts in the Scene betwixt *Olivia* and *Viola*. Nor must we omit the Duke's Advice to *Viola*, that a Man shou'd marry one younger than himself.

Olivia's Declaration of Love to *Viola* is very fine and pathetic: *Casario*, by the *Roses of the Spring*, &c. There is in the Likeness of the Brother and Sister, a Hint taken from the *Menæchmi* and *Amphitryo* of *Plautus*, as well as *The Comedy of Errors*.

The Argument of *The Winter's Tale*.

Polyxenes, King of *Bohemia*, having made a Visit to *Leontes*, King of *Sicily*; *Leontes* being jealous that he had corrupted his Wife, employs *Camillo* to poison him; but he honestly informs *Polyxenes* of the matter, and flies away with him and his Train. On which *Leontes* confines her to Prison, and causes her Daughter, of which she is deliver'd in the Goal, to be carry'd and expos'd by *Antigonus*, and she try'd for her Life; but she is clear'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*: And the King not giving ear to the Oracle, his Son and Heir immediately dies, and his Queen is likewise left tor dead of Grief; he being struck with this, is extremely penitent. *Antigonus* is cast on the Coast of *Bohemia*, and there exposing the Child with a Fardel full of Proof for her after Discovery, he is devour'd by a Bear, the Ship cast away, and the Child taken up by a Shepherd, and bred up as his own. But at about sixteen Years old, *Florizel*, the King's Son, flying his Hawk o'er her Father's Ground, sees and falls in love with her, vows Marriage; but being by his Father discover'd, he flies with his Wife to *Sicily*, by the Advice of *Camillo*, and in the Ship the Shepherd and his Son; *Polyxenes* goes after him with *Camillo*, and comes so near him, that he has no Time to marry; but the Shepherd being taken, she is found to be the Daughter of *Leontes*, expos'd by *Antigonus*, and is so marry'd to *Florizel*; and her Mother being found to be alive, the Play, or History, ends happily.

This

This Story needs no Critick, its Errors are visible enough, *Shakespear* himself was sensible of this Grossness of making the Play above sixteen Years; and therefore brings in Time as a Chorus to the fourth Act, to excuse the Absurdity; to which I refer you. *Polixenes* on Art and Nature I must transcribe, because it shews *Shakespear's* Notion, contrary to that of our *Anti-Artists*, suppos'd Art, and Nature consistent.

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their Pideness shares
With great creating Nature.

Polix. Say there be:

Yet Nature is made better by no Mean,
But Nature makes that Mean: so over that Art,
(Which you say adds to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes. You see (sweet Maid!) we marry
A gentler Cyon to the wildest Stook,
And make conceive a Bark of baser kind
By Bud of nobler Race. This is an Art,
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The Art it self is Nature.

Which last Line holds perfectly true of the Art of Poetry. The Narration of the Discovery in the last Act, is not only entertaining but moving, and he seems accidentally to have hit on something like the Antients, whose *Catastrophes* were generally in Narration: And 'tis a Proof that if our Poets had the Genius of *Shakespear*, the shocking Representations of the Stage might easily, and with Beauty, be thrown into Narration, and so leave room for the Poet to shew his Eloquence, and his Imagery.

This Tale is taken from an old Story-Book of *Dorastus* and *Faunia*; whence I suppose the Absurdities are copied, and the making *Bohemia* of an Inland, a maritime Country.

I Come now to the historical Plays of *Shakespeare*; which, with Submission to the Writer of his Life, cannot be placed under *Tragedy*, because they contain no Tragic Imitation. They are Draughts of the Lives of Princes brought into *Dialogue*; and in regard of serious and comical Characters, may be compared to the *Greek Pieces*, that were wrote before *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* had reformed the Stage of *Athens*; or the rambling unartful Pieces first represented in *Rome*, after the calling in of the *Etrurian Players*, nay, after the Time of *Livius Andronicus*. In their Extent they may be compar'd to the *Theſeids*, the *Heracleids*, written by some *Greek Poets*, and reflected on by *Aristotle* in his Art of Poetry, for imagining that the Unity of the Hero, made the Unity of the Action.

These Instances from this polite Nation will be a very good Plea for this Error of *Shakespeare*, who liv'd when the Stage was not regarded by the State as it was in *Athens*. For had a Reformation then begun, he wou'd doubtless have done as Monsieur *Corneille* did upon the studying the Art of the Stage; by which, the Plays which he wrote afterwards, excell'd those he wrote without any Knowledge of that Art.

I shall only add here, that since these Plays are Histories, there can be no manner of Fable or Design in them. I shall not therefore give the Plot, but refer the Reader to those Historians, where he may find the Stories at large, and by them judge how near *Shakespeare* has kept to the Character History has given us of them. He begins with *King John*, whose History you will find not only in the common *English Chronicles*, but also in Mr. *Daniel*, in Mr. *Tyrel*, and Mr. *Echard*; especially in Mr. *Tyrel* in all its Extent and Particularities. But it must be remark'd, that he begins not the History with the Birth of *King John*, or the Manner of his obtaining the Crown; but with the Breach betwixt him and *France*, on the behalf of *Arthur* the Son of *Geoffry Plantagenet*, the true Heir.

I had some Thoughts of placing an Abstract of the Reigns of the Kings before each of his history Plays; but considering father, I found that to make it of any use, they wou'd
take

take up much more room than I cou'd by any means allow; and the Princes being all *English*, I find it might seem a little superfluous; since that is what every Gentleman that is capable of reading this Poet, is very well acquainted with.

As for the Characters of this History, I think there are none of any Figure but the *Bastard* and *Constance*; they indeed engage your Attention when ever they enter. There is Boldness, Courage, Self-Assurance, Haughtiness, and Fidelity, in whatever he says, or does. But here is the Misfortune of all the Characters of Plays of this Nature, that they are directed to no end, and therefore are of little use; for the Manners cannot be necessary, and by consequence must lose more than half their Beauty. The Violence, Grief, Rage, and Motherly Love and Despair of *Constance*, produce not one Incident, and are of no manner of use; whereas if there had been a just Design, a tragic Imitation of some one grave Action of just Extent, both these Characters being form'd by the Poet, must have had their Manners directed to that certain End, and the Production of these Incidents, which must beget that End.

There are too many good Lines in this Play for me to take notice or point to them all.

On new Titles.

For new made Honour doth forget Mens Names, &c.

The Description which *Chastillion* makes of the *English* Army, that comes with King *John*, is very good, and a handsome Compliment of a Patriot to his Country. You will find it beginning thus—*His Marches are expedient to his Town, &c.*—But I must not omit King *John's* first speech to the *French* King, since it was so lately and so happily apply'd to the present *Lewis*, on the breaking off the Treaty of the *Hague*.

*K. John. Peace be to France, if France in Peace permit
Our just and lineal Entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and Peace ascend to Heaven;*

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Whilſt

*Whilst we, God's wrathful Agent do correct
Their proud Contempt, that beats his Peace to Heaven.*

The Scolding betwixt *Eliana* and *Constance*, is quite out of Character; and indeed 'tis a difficult matter to represent a Quarrel betwixt two Women, without falling into something indecent for their Degree to speak, as most of what is said in this Scene is. For whatever the Ladies of *Stocks-Market* might do, *Queens* and *Princesses* can never be suppos'd to talk to one another at that rate. The Account which the *French* and *English* Heralds give of the Battle to the Town of *Angiers*, is very well worded; and it had been better we had heard more of the Battles, and seen less of those ridiculous Representations. The Citizens Proposal of the Lady *Blanch*, &c. to the King's, contains many Lines worth reading and remarking, from this Line:

--If lusty Love shou'd go in Quest of Beauty, &c.

There is a considerable Part of the second Act lost of this Piece, it containing only two Pages, which are so well adorned with the well drawn Passion of *Constance*, that we are oblig'd to Fortune that it is not lost with the rest. Her Passion in the first Scene of the third Act is likewise just and masterly, and well worthy our perusing with Care.

The Topic of Interest or Advantage is well handled in *Falconbridge's* Speech, beginning thus:

—Rounded in the Ear,

With that same Purpose-changer, that fly Devil, &c.

Whatever *Pandulph* might really have urg'd to make a Breach betwixt the Kings, what *Shakespeare* makes him speak is perfectly the natural Result of the Notions and biggotted Opinions of those Times. The Passion of *Constance* in the third Scene of the third Act, is extremely touching; among the rest this one Line is admirable.

He talks to me, that never had a Son.

The pleading of Prince *Arthur* with *Hubert*, is very natural and moving, allowing for two or three playing on Words, which seems not so proper for that place. See Scene I. Act IV. *Hubert's* Description of the Peoples Confusion on the Prodigies, is very well.

Old Men and Beldames in the Streets do prophesy on it.

And King *John's* Anger with *Hubert* in the next Page, is well drawn, as the King's Madnefs is. The hearty *Englishman* appears so well in the last Speech of the Play, that I must point it out for some of the Gentlemen of this Age to study.

Remarks on the *Life and Death of Richard II.*

Shakespear has drawn *Richard's* Character according to the best Accounts of History; that is, insolent, proud, and thoughtless in Prosperity, and full of the Notion, that he cou'd not any way forfeit his Crown being the Lord's Anointed; the common Flattery by which Kings are perverted into Tyrants. But then he is poor, low, dejected, despairing on the appearance of Danger; in Distress always dissembling Compliance in all things, but never sincere in Performance when the Danger is over. There are, indeed, several things that look something whimsical and extravagant, which yet are agreeable to what History has said of his Actions and Temper, in which our Poet has ever observ'd the *Likeness*.

The Topicks are not many in this Piece, but there are several Speeches, which are worth remarking, as that part of *Bullinbrook's* Speech which addressesto his Father, and *Mowbray's* on his Banishment.

The Impotence of mortal Power.

Gaunt. But not a Minute (*King*) that thou can'st give:
Shorten my Days thou can'st with sudden Sorrow,

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*And pluck Nights from me, but not lend a Morrow.
Thou can'st help Time to furrow me with Age,
But stop no Wrinkle in this Pilgrimage.
Thy Word is current with him for my Death,
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my Breath.*

His Speech in the same Page is pathetic :

Things sweet to taste, &c.

Richard's Account of Bullinbrook's cajoling the Mob :

—How he did seem to dive into their Hearts, &c.

Gaunt's Speeches to York and the King, before he dies, are very moral and good. And from York's Speech, we find that *Italy* was then, or at least in the Poet's Time, as much in vogue with our *English* Gallants as *France* has been since for *Fashions*, &c. And indeed *Harry Stephens*, a French-Man, who liv'd much about *Shakespear's* Time, by this Complaint, *That the more a French-Man was Romaniz'd, or Italianiz'd the sooner he should be promoted by the Great Men, as having bestow'd his Time well, and as being a Man fit for Employment.* Gaunt's Praise of *England* is noble, and worthy so great a Genius and so great a Poet. He thought the Name of a *Trueborn Englishman* was so far from contempt, like some of our modern Scriblers, that he makes *Bullinbrook* comfort himself in his Banishment with the Thought of being so. York's Speeches to the King on his seizing Gaunt's Estate, are dramatic enough,

On Hope.

*I will despair, and be at Enmity
With countenancing Hope, he is a Flatterer, &c.*

Richard's Speeches, Act 3. Scene 2. have in them some few Lines very good; and in many of his Speeches you will find something of Passion that is not amiss. What the Gardener says is not only very poetical, but shows that *Shake-*

peare

Shakespear was well acquainted with that Art, and perfect in the Terms. But the finest thing in this Play is the Description that the Duke of York makes of *Bullinbrook's* and *Richard's* Entry into *London*.

—Then, as I said, *The Duke great Bullinbrook,*
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed, &c.

This is worthy our Poets Study, that they may learn how to make beautiful Descriptions of what is fitter to employ their Eloquence in Narrations, than to be expos'd to the Eye. The Scene between *Bullinbrook*, *York*, *Aumerle*, and the Dutchess, is well; but it seems a little too forc'd in *York* to be so earnest to have his only Son and Heir hang'd, when the King himself seems willing to pardon him. The Speech of the Dutchess is very well, beginning thus:

—Pleads he in earnest? look upon his Face, &c.

The want of a regular Design brings in abundance of unnecessary Characters, of no manner of Use and Beauty, as the Groom in the fifth Act of this Play.

There are some moral Reflections in *Richard's* Speech in Prison. The same Chronicles and Histories quoted to the former, will furnish this Kings Life.

Remarks on the first and second Part of *Henry IV.*

THO the Humour of *Falstaff* be what is most valuable in both these Parts, yet that is far more excellent in the first, for Sir *John* is not near so diverting in the second Part. *Hotspur* is the next in Goodness, but what would have shewed much more had it been in a regular Tragedy, where the Manners had not only been necessary, but productive of Incidents noble and charming. *Glendour* is fine for Comedy. As for the Speeches, Reflections, &c. I shall

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point out the best. *Hotspur's* Description of the finical courtier is very good; and most of the passionate Speeches of *Hotspur*, except that ridiculous Rant of leaping up to the Moon, and diving to the bottom of the Sea, &c. which is absolute Madness. *Falstaff's* Speeches, when he personates the King, are very pleasant. *Worster* to *Hotspur* contains some very judicious Reflections; and so there are some very politic in the Speech of King *Henry* to his Sons, and in all the Scene betwixt them. Sir *R. Vernon's* Speech is very pretty. *Falstaff's* Account of his Men is very pleasant. What I have to add on this first Part is only asto the Character of *Falstaff*, in which I think my self oblig'd to justify him in his Choice. Speaking of this Character, the Author of his Life tells us, That he once call'd him Sir *John Oldcastle*, but was oblig'd to alter that Name, some of the Family being then alive — *But I don't know* (says our Author) *whether the Author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second Choice; since it is certain, that Sir John Falstaff, who was a Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a Name of distinguish'd Merit in the Wars of France, in Henry V. and Henry VIth's Times.* But to shew that *Shakespear* is not in the least to blame in this Particular, we must consider, that tho History makes this Sir *John Falstaff* a Man of Figure in the Army, and Knight of the *Garter*; yet that it is so far from making him a Man of Merit there, that his Cowardice lost the Battle, and betray'd the brave *Talbot*, as *Shakespear* himself gives account to the King in Act 5. Scene 1. Part 1. of *Henry VI*. And such a Cowardice ought to stigmatize any Character to all Posterity, to deter Men from the like. So that in this poetic Justice, I think *Shakespear* so far from Blame, that he merits Applause.

The second Part begins with a Speech of *Rumour*, describing his own Nature from Experience and Fact. *Virgil* in the fourth Book of his *Aeneis*, and *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, have describ'd the same under the Name of *Fame*. The Reader therefore may compare the two *Latin Bards* with our *English*. The Rage of *Northumberland* on the Death of *Hotspur* in some of the last Lines, is very well.

On Glory built on the *Multitude*.

*An Habitation giddy and unsure
Has he, that buildeth on the vulgar Heart.
Oh! thou fond Many.*

On the restless Cares of *Kings*, and *Sleep*.

*How many thousands of my poorest Subjects
Are at this Hour asleep? Oh! Sleep! Oh gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft Nurse! how have I frighted thee?*

Westmorland's Speech to the Arch-bishop of York, and the Rebels on Rebellion, is very good. Falstaff's Defence of drinking is pleasant. King Henry's Advice to Clarence is worth observing.

On Fortune.

*Will Fortune ever come with both Hands full?
But write her fair Words still in foulest Letters, &c.*

On a Crown.

*Oh! polish'd Perturbation! golden Care!
Thou keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide, &c.*

On Gold.

*For this the foolish over-careful Fathers)
Have broke their Sleeps with Thought.*

The Scene betwixt King Henry and his Son the Prince, to the end of the fourth Act, is worth reading; as is the Chief Justice's Speech, in the second Scene of the fifth Act. For these two Plays consult the same *English Histories*, which are already quoted.

The Life of *Henry V.*

THE Prologue to this Play is as remarkable as any thing in *Shakespeare*, and is a Proof that he was extremely sensible of the Absurdity, which then possess'd the Stage, in bringing in whole Kingdoms, and Lives, and various Actions, in one Piece; for he apologizes for it, and desires the Audience to persuade their Imaginations to help him out, and promises a Chorus to help their Imagination.

*For 'tis your Thoughts (says he) that now must deck our
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er Times; [Kings,
Turning the Accomplishments of many years
Into an Hour-Glass: for the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this History.*

We here, and in the foregoing Lines, expresses how preposterous it seem'd to him and unnatural, to huddle so many Actions, so many Places, and so many Years into one Play, one Stage, and two Hours. So that it is not to be doubted but that he wou'd have given us far more noble Plays, if he had had the good Fortune to have seen but any one regular Performance of this Nature. The Beauty of Order woud have struck him immediately, and at once have made him more correct, and more excellent; and I do not at all doubt but that he wou'd have been the *Sophocles* of *England*, as he is now but little more than the *Thespis*, or at most the *Æschylus*. Tho Tragedy in *Greece* was founded on Religion, and came early under the Care of the Magistrate; yet by what I can discover, the Stage was as rude as our's, till *Æschylus* gave it Majesty. But in *England* it had no such advantageous Foundation, nor any such nourishing Influence; yet *Shakespeare* by his own Genius brought it so far, as to leave it some Beauties, which have never since been equal'd.

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The Character of *Henry V.* given by the Bishop of *Canterbury*, is very noble. His Discourse of the *Salique Law*, is a Proof, that *Shakespear* was well acquainted with the History of modern Times, and that very Controversy; which was an Argument of his Application to reading, and will not let me think, that having some Foundation of *Latin*, he should totally neglect that.

Obedience and Order.

*Therefore doth Heaven divide
The State of Man in divers Functions, &c.*

The fine Description of the State of the Bees is worth a careful Observation in this same Speech. The King's Answer to the *French Ambassadors*, on the *Dauphine's* Present, is not only fine, but shews that *Shakespear* understood Tennis very well, and was perfect in the Terms of the Art. The *Chorus* is forc'd to come in to fill up the Gap of Time, and help the Imagination of the Audience with a Narration of what is not represented. In this *Chorus* are a few Lines of good Morals to the *English*, and therefore I transcribe them,

O! England: Model to thy inward Greatness,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:
What mightst thou do, that Honour wou'd thee do,
Were all thy Children kind and natural?

King *Henry Vth's* Speech to *Scroop*, &c. from this Line, is very fine.

*Oh! how hast thou with Jealousy infected
The Sweetness of Affiance—*

The latter end of the Constable of *France's* Speech, and part of the *French King's*, is worth perusing, as giving a noble Character of two *English Kings*; and *Exeter's* Answer to the *French* in the next Page, shews the Spirit of an *English Nobleman*. The *Chorus* is necessitated to come in again,

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again, to tell all that must be suppos'd to connect the Representation before to that which follows. King Henry's Encouragement of his Men contains a great many fine Lines. Another *Chorus* begins the third Act, to help out the Lameness of the Representation; and I wonder when *Shakespear* was sensible of the Absurdity of the bringing a Battle on the Stage, he shou'd in some measure do it notwithstanding.

*Where O! (for Pity) we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged Foils
(Right ill-dispos'd in Brawl ridiculous)
The Name of Agin-Court, &c.*

A King but a Man.

— *I think the King is but a Man, as I am. The Violet smells to him as it does to me, &c.*— Tho the Discourses of the King to *Williams*, &c. are very good, and full of Reason and Morality, yet contain they nothing Dramatic, and are indeed fitter for a Philosopher, than a King.

On a King and Greatness.

*Upon the King, &c.
Oh! hard Condition, twin-born with Greatness
Subject to the Breath of every Fool.*

Of Ceremony.

And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony? &c.

See *Grandpree's* Description of the low Condition of the English Army.

What I have already said of *Shakespear's* being sensible of the Defect of these historical Representations, is confirm'd plainly in the *Chorus* of the fifth Act.

*I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of Time, of Numbers, and due Course of things,*
Which

*Which cannot in their huge and proper Life
Be here presented.*

He shows how sensible he is of this in the short Chorus that ends this Play, saying,

*Thus far with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursued the Story,
In little Room confining mighty Men;
Mangling by Starts the full Course of their Glory.*

And indeed all that can be done in these Cases, is only a Collection of so many Themes of different Subjects: As in *Burgundy's* Speech, the Description of *Peace*, and its Advantages.

The Character of *Fluellen* is extremely comical, and yet so very happily touch'd, that at the same time when he makes us laugh, he makes us value his Character. The Scene of Love betwixt *Henry V.* and *Catherine*, is extravagantly silly and unnatural; for why he should not allow her to speak in *English*, as well as all the other *French* I cannot imagine, since it adds no Beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force.

The first and second Parts of *Henry VI.*

THE Scene betwixt *Talbot* and the Countess of *Auvergne* contains something pretty enough. In the Bishop of *Winchester* he has perfectly drawn a haughty proud Church-Man, that prefers his own Ambition to all things divine and human; and in the King, a weak tho pious Prince. And indeed all the Parts shew the Confusion of a Government under such a Prince. The Speech of the *Pucelle* to the Duke of *Burgundy*, is very fine and artful. *Talbot's* Persuasion of his Son to leave the Field, and secure in himself the Hopes of the Family, and his Refusal to leave his Father, is very pathetic. The Scene between *Suffolk* and

and Queen *Margaret* is full of natural Passion, and contains many fine Lines. The Praise of *England*, in the Lord *Say's* Speech to *Jack Cade*, is good.

On War.

—Oh! War! thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their Minister, &c.

The frequent and calm Debates in Council, in many of these historical Pieces, have nothing dramatic in them, as in the first Part of *Henry VI*.

Remarks on the third Part of *Henry VI*.

ALL the Scene between *Henry*, *York*, and the *Peers*, is shocking, and unworthy the Character of Noblemen and Soldiery, to insult a Prince when in their Power; and tho we allow such a thing might have been done in Fact, yet that is not sufficient to bring it on the Stage, where Verisimilitude prevails; whereas Truth, that is, Matter of Fact, is sometimes so far from Probability, that a Man would scarce think it possible. *York's* Passion is just. *Richard's* Simile, where he compares his Father's fighting to a Lion in a Herd of *Neat*, is very good. There are several Lines of *Olifford's* Speech very good. All these Skirmishes and Battles are ridiculous on the Stage, as *Shakespear* himself has said in his *Chorus* before quoted; and yet he has scarce a Play without a great deal of Drums, and Trumpets, &c. Howe'er I think four or five Battles in this Play too much. In one he has taken occasion to introduce King *Henry VI*. bemoaning the Misery of *Civil War*, and what he says on this head is very well; and the Son bringing in his Father, whom he had kill'd in the Battle, not knowing him, and the Father his Son, gives him greater occasion of moralizing. The same Fault of insulting the Vanquish'd and even the Slain, is repeated.

The

The Mob.

*Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again.*

The long Soliloquy of *Richard* in the third Act, is highly unnatural; for as the Duke of *Buckingham* justly has observ'd, they ought to be few and short. Nor wou'd this, which is so frequent in our Poet, be borne from the best Hand, that cou'd now arise: but there is always by the Many a bigotted deference paid to our Predecessors; and Years add Authority to a Name. Our young Poets shou'd never imitate our *Shakespear* in this: for tho a Man may be suppos'd to speak a few Words to himself in the Vehemence of a Passion, as it does happen in Nature, of which the *Drama* is in all its Parts an Imitation; yet to have near fourscore Lines of calm Reflections; nay Narrations to my self, by which the Hearer shou'd discover my Thoughts and my Person, as here, and before when *Henry VI.* is discover'd and taken, is unpardonable, because against Nature, and by consequence not at all according to Art. There are several good Lines in this Speech of *Richard*, but ill brought in. The Instances which *Shakespear* makes him give of *Nestor*, *Ulysses*, and *Sinon*, are a Proof still of his Knowledge at least in *Ovid*, and some other of the *Latin Classics*. The ill Omens given by *Henry VI.* of *Richard's* Death, are poetical enough.

Remarks on the *Life and Death* of *Richard III.*
and *Henry VIII.*

THE first of these Plays begins with a long soliloquy of *Richard's*, of forty or fifty Lines, to let the Audience know what Contrivances he had made for the Destruction of *Clarence*, and what a Villain he intended to be. But *Richard* as he is here drawn, is not a fit Character for the Stage, being

being shocking in all he does; and we think (notwithstanding the huddling so much time into two Hours) that Providence is too slow and too mild in his Punishment. The Antients have indeed introduc'd an *Atræus* and *Thyestes*, a *Medea*, &c. but the Cruelties committed by them have been the sudden Effects of Anger and Revenge: but *Richard* is a calm Villain, and does his Murders deliberately, wading thro a Sea of his nearest Relations Blood to the Crown.

The second Scene, betwixt the Lady *Anne* and *Richard*, is admirably written: and tho we cannot entirely agree with her in her yielding to the Murderer of her Husband, and Father-in-law; yet we allow that the Poet has made her speak all that the Subject and Occasion wou'd allow. *Clarence's* Dream is poetical and natural.

2 Vil. *I will not meddle with it, it makes a Man a Coward*, &c. *Edward's* Speech is pathetic enough. And the Queen's Passion on King *Edward's* Death is just and natural.

On the momentary Grace and Favour of Men.

Oh! momentary Grace of mortal Men!
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God, &c.

Buckingham's Account of his negotiating with the Citizens is well enough.

On Words in Grief.

Windy Attorneys to their Clients Woes;
Airy Succeeders of intestine Joys, &c.

Against Conscience.

For Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the Strong in awe.

The Prologue to *Henry VIII.* shows that *Shakespeare* thought more justly of the Stage than he perform'd; perhaps

haps in mere compliance with what then pleas'd the Audience, never considering that his Authority wou'd have refin'd their Tastes. After having told us, that this Play wou'd move Pity, contain'd Truth, and was not destitute of Show; he goes on,

— Only they

*That come here to hear a merry, bawdy Play;
A Noise of Targets; or to see a Fellow
In a long motley Coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: For, gentle Hearers, know
Torank our chosen Truths with such a show
As Fool and Fight is, besides forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring,
That makes that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an Understanding Friend.*

And indeed the Managers of our Stage have been all along afraid of reforming the Stage, lest they should run any hazard of a bad Audience, by giving them something more noble, than they had known. And this has supported Barbarism and Bawdy so long, where Art and true Wit should reside.

On Fashions.

— New Customs,

*Tho they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd, &c.*

What *Lovel* says will hold good of the Ladies of our Times:

— A French Song, and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.

Now indeed *Italian* has got the start of the *Monsieur*, but much of the same Excellence. *Shakespear* in all probability wrote this Play to compliment *Queen Elizabeth*; at least it is plain that he has taken every Opportunity of the Story

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to insert her Praises : as the Lord Chamberlain having brought *Ann Bullen* news of her being made *Marchioness of Pembroke*, says,

— *I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King : And who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a Gem,
To lighten all this Isle!*

The same is again hinted, which is compleated by the Prophecy of Archbishop *Cranmer*, which concludes the Play. To which he there adds a praise of *James* the first, as the Effect and Reward of her Merits.

Queen *Catherine's* Speeches are good, for they are the natural result of the Manners and Sentiments ; as all that she says to *Campeius* and *Wolsey* in the third Act is very pathetic, and agreeable to a Lady of her Spirit in her Condition. *Norfolk's* Description of the Cardinal's discomposure is good. The Scene betwixt *Norfolk*, *Surrey*, and *Wolsey*, is dramatic, and that which follows betwixt *Cromwel* and *Wolsey* very moving.

The State of Man.

*This is the State of Man : to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes ; to morrow blossoms,
And wears his blushing Honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a Frost, a killing Frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do, &c.*

Ambition.

*Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that Sin fell the Angels : how can Man then,
The Image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?*

The two different Characters of *Wolsey*, by Queen Catherine, and *Griffith*, are worth perusing.

This concludes the *English* historical Plays: tho the rest are indeed little better, yet they generally are within a narrower Compass of Time, and take in fewer Actions. Tho when they exceed the Unities, I see no Reason why they may not as well, and with as good Reason, stretch the Time to five thousand Years, and the Actions to all the Nations and People of the Universe: and as there has been a Puppet-Show of the Creation of the World, so there may be a Play call'd the History of the World.

Remarks on the Tragedies of SHAKESPEAR.

The Argument of *Troilus and Cressida*.

TROY having been long besieg'd, *Achilles* is by *Polyxena* kept from the Field, for he was in love with her. *Antenor* is taken Prisoner, and in exchange for him, *Cressida* Daughter to *Chalchas*, is given to *Diomedes* by the Trojans. *Troilus*, who is in love with her, and first possess'd of her by the Care of *Pandarus* her Uncle, parts with her not without the utmost Reluctance, they having vow'd Constancy to each other. *Hector* being to fight *Ajax* during the Truce, *Troilus* goes with him; and after the Fight gets *Ulysses* to go privately with him to the Tent of *Chalchas*, where he discovers her Falshood to him, and Love to *Diomedes*. The Truce ending, the Battle is renew'd; and *Patroclus* being kill'd, *Achilles* comes out and kills *Hector*: and *Troilus* and *Diomedes* both fighting after in vain, the Play ends with the Death of *Hector* by *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons*.

This Play is alter'd by Mr. *Dryden*, and tho clear'd of some Errors, is far from a Play, even according to the Rules laid down by Mr. *Dryden* before this very Play, as he indeed confesses; but to alter a Play and leave the fundamental Errors

of Plot and Manners, is a very whimsical Undertaking; *Shakespeare* is to be excus'd in his falsifying the Character of *Achilles*, making him and *Ajax* perfect Idiots, tho sometimes *Achilles* talks like a nice Reasoner, as with *Ulysses*; so making the Manners unequal as well as unlike: I say, *Shakespeare* is excusable in this, because he follow'd *Lollius*, or rather *Chaucer's* Translation of him. But Mr. *Dryden*, who had *Homer* to guide him right in this particular, is unpardonable. Thus *Achilles* is made to absent himself from the Field for the sake of *Polyxena*: Whereas the receiv'd Story is, that it was upon the Quarrel betwixt *Agamemnon* and him for taking away *Briseis*. But I know not on what account both the Poets seem fonder of the Barbarians than the Greeks, of arbitrary Power than Liberty, Ignorance than Learning. I know not but the Reason which gave *Virgil* the Trojan for his Hero, is that which has made our Bards so indulgent to the same side, viz. a Notion that the *Trojans* were the Source of our two Nations, tho with much less Reason and Probability on our side, than on that of the *Romans*.

I wonder Mr. *Dryden* continued the Error of *Shakespeare* in making *Cressida* a Harlot. Her Character is too scandalous to draw our Pity, and therefore he shou'd have made her virtuous, and not of blasted Honour: Yet it must be acknowledged, that Mr. *Dryden* has corrected the Diction, and added a considerable Beauty in that Scene, betwixt *Hector* and *Troilus*, upon the Surrender of *Cressida*, with whom he seems to part in the original with too small Reluctance. Mr. *Dryden* himself tells us, that he took the Hint of that Scene from that in *Euripides* between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, which I shall give the Reader in my Remarks on *Julius Caesar*, that he may compare it with that of *Shakespeare*, and this of Mr. *Dryden*, from whom I must a little dissent in the Occasion; for the Ground of the Quarrel in the Greek, is stronger than either Mr. *Dryden's*, or *Shakespeare's*. For the Glory and Honour of Greece depends on that of *Euripides*; but I can't find the Liberty of Rome much interested in that of *Brutus* and *Cassius*. But more of this when I come to that Play.

I am something of Mr. *Dryden's* mind, that this was one of his earliest Plays, both for the Manners and Diction, which

are both more faulty than usually in any of his later Tragedies. There are, notwithstanding what I have said, a great many fine Lines in this Piece worth the remarking, as the very first Lines.

*Call here, my Varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the Walls of Troy,
That find such cruel Battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is Master of his Heart,
Let him to Field; Troilus alas has none!*

The several Pauses, &c. in the following Lines.

*Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their Strength,
Fierce to their Skill, and to their Fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder than Ignorance,
Less valiant than a Virgin in the Night,
And skilless as unpractis'd Infancy.*

That Women are best when they are courted and not won.— The Fate of Grumblers, or Contemners of the supreme Rule or Governour.— Two short but passionate Speeches of *Troilus*: the first begins, O! *Pandarus*, I stalk about her Door, &c. The second,—*Even such a Passion doth embrace my Bosom*, &c.

Pride cures Pride.

—Pride has no other Glass
To show it self but Pride. For supple Knees
Feed Arrogance, and are the proud Man's Fees.

Fallen Greatness.

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with Men too.

Great Actions forgot unless continued.

*Time has, my Lord, a Wallet at his Back,
Wherein he puts Alms for Oblivion.*

The Discovery of her Departure to her by *Troilus* is as finely express'd,

I love thee with so strange a Purity, &c.

The Cautions he gives her against the *Grecian* Youth, are not amiss.

The *Grecian* Youths are full of subtle Qualities.—*Ulysses* gives a very good Description of a lascivious Woman.

There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip.

And his Character of *Troilus* is not less lively and beautiful.

—Not yet mature, yet matchless.

The Argument of *Coriolanus*.

CAIUS *Martius* going to the Wars against the *Volscians*, takes *Corioli*, and beats *Tullus Aufidius*, and has the Glory of the War attributed to him by the Consul. On this he is to sue for the *Consulship*, which he disdains a great while; but at last submitting, he does it awkwardly, and almost bursting with Disdain and Pride. This makes him lose the *Consulship*; and on the Tribunes of the People having Words with him, he rails so at the Commons and the Tribunes, that he is accus'd as a Traitor, and at last banish'd. He goes over to the *Volscians*, and heads their Forces against *Rome* not yet prepar'd to receive him: *Cominius* first, and *Menenius* next, go to intreat him, but he proves inexorable, till his Mother, Wife, Son, *Valeria*, &c. prevail, and he makes Peace betwixt the *Romans* and *Volscians*. *Aufidius* on his return to *Antium* accuses him of Treason, and with the Conspirators stabs, and kills him.

The Character of *Martius* is truly dramatic, for his Manners are not only equal, but necessary to his Misfortunes. His Pride and Rashness are what History gives him; but his Modesty and Aversion to Praise I cannot find in *Plutarch*, who

who makes him very well satisfy'd with the Praise given by *Cominius*. And indeed it seems something opposite to his Pride, which both in the Play and History was so signal in him. Our Poet seems too fond to lay the Blame on the People, and every where is representing the Inconstancy of the People: but this is contrary to Truth; for the People have never discover'd that Changeableness, which Princes have done. And *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Pyrrhus*, seems sensible of this, when he says — *Thus Kings have no Reason to condemn the People for changing for their Interest, who in that do but imitate them, as the great Teachers of Unfaithfulness and Treachery, holding him the bravest, who makes the least Account of being an honest Man.* And any one that will look over the Roman History, will find such Inconstancy, and such a perpetual Changeableness in the Emperors, as cannot be parallel'd in the People of any Time, or Country. What the Greeks or Romans have ever done against any of their fortunate or great Generals, is easily vindicated from a guilty Inconstancy, and Ingratitude. For the Fault has always been in the great Men, who swelling in the Pride of their Success, have thought in deference to that, that they might and ought to do whatever they pleas'd; and so often attempted the Ruin of that Liberty themselves, for the Preservation of which their warlike Actions were only valuable. And so it was their changing their Manners, and not the People, that produc'd their Misfortunes; they lov'd them for defending their Country and Liberties, but by the same Principle must hate them when they fought by their Ambition and Pride to subvert them, and this by a Constancy, not Variableness of Principle, or Temper.

This is plain in the very Story of this Play; for their Anger was just against *Coriolanus*, who thought so well of his own Actions, as to believe that even the Rights, Customs, and Privileges of his Country were his due for his Valour and Success. His turning a Traytor to his Country on his Disgrace, is a Proof of his Principle. *Camillus* on the contrary, banish'd on far less Occasion or Ground, brought his Country in Distress, Relief against the *Gauls*; so far was he from joining them.

This Contempt of the People often proceeds from an over-value of our selves, and that not for our superior Knowledge, Virtue, Wisdom, &c. but for the good Fortune of our Birth, which is a Trifle no farther valuable in truth, than as it is join'd to Courage, Wisdom or Honour; yet that, when blindly valu'd by the Possessor, sets aside all Thoughts and Endeavours to obtain those nobler Advantages.

Our *English* Poets indeed, to flatter arbitrary Power, have too often imitated *Shakespear* in this particular, and preposterously brought the Mob on the Stage, contrary to the Majesty of Tragedy, and the Truth of the Fact. *Shakespear* has here represented, as in *Julius Caesar*, the Commons of *Rome*, as if they were the Rabble of an *Irish* Village, as senseless, ignorant, silly and cowardly; not remembering that the Citizens of *Rome* were the Soldiers of the Commonwealth, by whom they conquer'd the World; and who, in *Julius Caesar's* Time, were at least as polite as our Citizens of *London*: and yet if he had but consulted them, he wou'd have found it a difficult matter to have pick'd out such ignorant unlick'd Cubs, to have fill'd up his Rout.

It is no hard matter to prove that the People were never in the wrong but once, and then they were bias'd by the Priests to chuse *Barabbas*, and cry out *Crucify*.

I have not room here to examin this Point with that Clearness that I might, nor is it so much to our present Purpose; and yet I presume the Digression is not so foreign to the Matter, as to deserve a judicious Censure.

The Character of *Martius* is generally preserv'd, and that Love of their Country, which is almost peculiar to *Rome* and *Greece*, shown in the principal Persons. The Scene of the Mother, Wife, and *Valeria*, is moving and noble. There are a great many fine Lines in this Play, tho the Expression or Diction is sometimes obscure, and puffy. That of the Citizens is very just on all proud Men.

— And cou'd be content to give him good Report for't,
But that he pays himself with being proud.

The Fable that *Menenius* tells the People, tho in History, is very well brought in here, and express'd.

Honour

Honour ill founded upon the People.

He that depends upon your Favours, swims with Fins of Lead. You may look in the beginning of this Speech in the foregoing Page. The noble Spirit of *Volumnia* is well express'd in her Speech, and in all that Scene, where the Character is admirably distinguish'd from *Virgilia* and *Valeria*. The Speech of *Coriolanus* to the Soldiers is good; beginning,

— *If any such be here
(As it were Sin to doubt) that love this Painting, &c.*

The Discourse betwixt the two Officers in the *Capitol* is worth reading, on the head of *Popularity*.

Against Custom,

Custom calls me to it.

In the Scene betwixt the *Tribunes* and *Martius*, the haughty Pride, and insolent and virulent Temper of *Coriolanus*, is justly painted.

Menenius is drawn an old humorous Senator, and indeed he talks like one in defence of the Pride and Outrage of his Friend; and the next page, when he asks what he has done against *Rome*, &c. when it is plain he was against the Rights of the Commons, as essential to the Government as the Nobles, perhaps more if that State be thorowly consider'd. *Volumnia's* Speech to her Son is not amiss. And that of *Coriolanus* is well express'd.

— *Away my Disposition, and possess me,
Some Harlot's Spirit, &c.*

The Thoughts are not only pretty, but very natural to his Pride on this Occasion.

On the Turns of the World.

*Oh World! thy slippery Turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double Bosom seem to wear one Heart, &c.*

For the Life and Character of this Man, you may read
Plutarch's Lives, Dion. Halicarn.

The Argument of *Titus Andronicus*.

ON the Death of some Emperor, his Sons *Saturninus* and *Bassianus* stand Candidates for the Empire. But *Titus Andronicus* returning from the Wars against the *Goths* in Triumph, brings *Tamora* Queen of the *Goths*, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*, and *Alarbus* her Sons, &c. He gives the Empire to *Saturninus* the eldest, and *Lavinia* for his Wife, as well as all his Prisoners for a Gift; *Bassianus* seizes *Lavinia* as his Spouse, and bears her off. *Titus* kills his Son *Mutius* for stopping him in the pursuit of her. The Emperor falling in love with *Tamora*, marries her, and *Bassianus* *Lavinia*. But *Chiron* and *Demetrius* being both in love with her, quarrel who shall have her; till *Aaron* a Negro Favourite of the Empress reconciles them, advises them to murder her Husband in the Chase, and ravish her by turns, cutting off her Hands and Tongue; to which the Mother agrees, resolv'd to ruin the whole Family, in revenge of her Son *Alarbus's* Death by the *Andronici*, at their Brother's Tomb. They execute their Design, and having thrown the Body of *Bassianus* into a Pit, *Aaron* trains two of *Titus's* Sons to the Place, where they falling in, the Emperor is brought to find them; and so the Murder, by a Letter, &c. being put on them, they are order'd to be try'd, are condemn'd, and put to death for the Murder. *Lavinia* in the mean while is found in that Condition by her Uncle *Marcus*, carry'd home, and by the help of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and an Arrow writing in the Sand, discovers her Husband's Murderers, and

and her Ravishers. *Aaron* before the Death of the Brothers comes to *Titus*, and gets his Hand to redeem his Sons Life, and has their Heads brought to him soon after. *Lucius*, the only surviving Son, is banish'd for endeavouring to rescue his Brothers; he goes to the *Goths*, and brings them against *Rome* to revenge the Wrongs of his House, having taken the *Moor* in his march with the black Bastard he had by the Empress, to save whose Life he discovers all the Villanies done by them. On the News of the Approach of the *Goths* with *Lucius* at their head, *Tamora* undertakes to wheedle old *Titus* to pacify his Son, &c. so disguising her self like *Revenge*, and her two Sons like *Murder* and *Rape*, she goes to him; he knows them, and complies so far, that he will send for *Lucius*, provided she and the Emperor meet him at his House; and he stops *Chiron* and *Demetrius*, kills them and bakes them in a Pye, of which the Mother eats: then *Titus* kills his Daughter *Lavinia*, upon the Emperor's saying, that *Virginus* did well in doing so; then he stabs the Empress, and the Emperor him, and *Lucius* the Emperor: and having declar'd all the Matter to the People, he is chosen Emperor, the *Moor* condemn'd to be bury'd alive, and so the bloody butchering Play concludes.

As this Play is not founded in any one particular on the Roman History, tho' palm'd upon *Rome*, so the whole is so very shocking, that if there be any Beauties in the Diction, I could not find them, or at least they are very faint and very few. I can easily believe what has been said, that this is none of *Shakespear's* Play, that he only introduc'd it and gave it some few Touches. Such Devils incarnate are not fit for the Drama: the *Moor* describes himself a degree more abandoned than the Devil himself; and *Tamora*, when *Lavinia* is seiz'd, and *Bassianus* kill'd, shows her self not much better. This is so contrary to Nature and Art, that all the Crimes are monstrously beyond the very Name of scandalous. Well might *Rapin* throw the Infamy of *Barbarity* upon us, as a People divided from the rest of the World, and wanting that Politeness and Civility, because we lov'd Blood in our Recreations. But I think this only the Fault of the Poets, who have been too ignorant or too cowardly to venture

ture on a Reformation of an Abuse, which prevail'd through the Mistake of the first Attempts this way, supposing that Tragedy must be something very barbarous and cruel; and this false Notion has ever since fill'd the Scene with inhuman Villanies that ought to be seen no where but at *Tyburn*, nay worse than ever suffer'd in this Climate, which brings forth Men too brave to be guilty of such Inhumanities, and cannot therefore be pleas'd with them in the Representation; at least wou'd be much better pleas'd with the contrary Practice, according to the *Antients*.

The Argument of *Romeo and Juliet*.

THE *Montagues* and *Capulets*, two eminent Families of *Verona*, being at mortal Odds, *Romeo*, the Son and Heir of *Montague*, falls in love with *Juliet* the Heiress of the *Capulets* at a Mask, and she with him. They agree, and are marry'd privately at Fryer *Laurence's* Cell. After which, *Tybal*t, a hot fiery *Capulet*, meets *Romeo* in the Street, and wou'd needs quarrel with him; but *Romeo*, in regard of his having just marry'd his Cousin, took all so patiently, that *Mercutio* the Prince of *Verona's* Relation cou'd not bear *Tybal*t's Insolence, so fighting him is kill'd; and *Romeo* on this, *Tybal*t returning, fights and kills him, and makes his escape to the Fryer's Cell. The Prince hearing the Case from *Benvolio*, condemns *Romeo* to Banishment on pain of Death; when having past the Night with his Wife, by the help of a Ladder of Cords, he goes to *Mansua*, the Fryer having agreed to send him News perpetually of his wife. But Count *Paris* having been in love with *Juliet*, presses her Father to marry her out of hand, and obtains his Suit. She to prevent it takes a Potion, that shou'd make her seem dead, and she was bury'd in the Monument of the Family. *Romeo* hearing of her Death, buys Poison, and comes by Night to *Verona*, and going to her Monument to take it and die there with her, finds Count *Paris*, who forces him to fight, and is kill'd by him; but then *Romeo* enters

enters the Monument, takes his Poison, and dies; the Fryer comes, and *Juliet* awakes, finds *Romeo* dead, and so stabs her self and dies. The Prince and both the Fathers being come, the Fryer and *Romeo's* Man, and *Paris's* Page, make a full Discovery of the whole; so the two Fathers are reconcil'd, and resolve to set up Statues to them both.

Tho this Play has no less than five or six Murders, yet they are nothing a-kin to those of the foregoing Piece; these for the most part are the Effect of Heat and Passion, and by way of Duels, which Custom has given a sort of Reputation to, as being upon the Square. It therefore they are faulty, they yet are of that Nature that we pity, because every Gentleman is liable to fall into that by the Necessity of Custom. Tho this Fable is far from Dramatic Perfection, yet it undeniably raises Compassion in the latter Scenes.

There are in it many Beauties of the Manners, Sentiments, and Diction. The Character of *Mercutio* is pleasant and uniform; that of *Tybalt* always equal, as indeed they all are: the Nurse is a true Comic Character tho some of our *Chit-chat* Poets wou'd look on it as Farce, or low Comedy. In *Benvolio's* Account of *Romeo* to his Father and mother, are many fine, musical, and sounding Lines,

Love.

*Love, is a Smoak made of the Fume of Sighs;
Being purg'd, a Fire sparkling in Lovers Eyes;
Being vex'd, a Sea nourish'd with loving Tears;
What is it else? A Madness most discreet,
A choaking Gall, and a preserving Sweet.*

To point to particular Lines wou'd be endless; for there often comes a fine sounding Verse well express'd, in the midst of others of little or no Beauty. *Mercutio's* Harangue on Dreams is extremely pleasant and whimsical, and the latter end very good Satire.

Of Dreams.

— True, I talk of Dreams,
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain Phantasy,
Which is as thin a Substance, as the Air,
And more inconstant than the Wind, who woos
Even now the frozen Bosom of the North.

What *Romeo* says on his first seeing *Juliet* is very pretty

*Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
Like a rich Jewel in an Æthiop's Ear.*

Whether Passion be so pregnant of Similies as *Romeo* and *Juliet* every where give us, I dare not determine; since to say that all they speak is not natural, wou'd be to provoke too many who admire it as the Soul of Love.

Mercutio's conjuring for *Romeo* is pleasant, tho it ends a little too smutty for an Audience. It begins, *Romeo, Humour, Passion, Madman, Lover, &c.* The Scene betwixt *Romeo* and *Juliet*, when he is in the Garden, and she at her Window, tho it contains many things that will not join with Probability, and tho perhaps *Shakespeare* like *Cowley* was a little corrupted by reading *Petrarch*, that modern Debaucher of Poetry into Conceits and Conundrums; yet the Fancy is every where so fine, and Nature so agreeably painted, that we are pleas'd with the very *Fucus*, and persuade our selves that it is pure, unsophisticated Nature. And on the *Earth* and its Products the Fryer speaks well. And what he says to *Romeo* on early Rising is pretty enough. The Soliloquy of *Juliet* contains several good Lines; as

— Love's Heralds shou'd be Thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's Beams,

Against violent Delights.

These violent Delights have violent Ends,

*And in their Triumph die like Fire and Powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.*

There are likewise a great many fine Lines in *Juliet's Soliloquy*; but her Thought of cutting him out into little Stars is ridiculous. The Parting of *Romeo* and *Juliet* is very pretty. The Fryer's Comfort to the Father and Lover in their clamorous Sorrow for the suppos'd Death of *Juliet*, is not amiss.

Romeo's Description of the poor *Apothecary*, and his Shop, is excellent, and copy'd by *Orway*. This Story is taken out of *Bandello's Novels*.

The Argument of *Timon of Athens*.

T*imon*, a Nobleman of *Athens* of a vast Estate and Riches, by his Bounty brings himself to want, tries his Friends, who forsake him in his Distress, and deny him the Money he desires to borrow of them. This makes him so wild, that he leaves *Athens*, and retires to a Wood, where he turns Man-hater; but digging accidentally for Roots, finds a hidden Treasure, of which he gives *Alcibiades*, and his Whores great Store: This brings several to him to make their Court, in hopes of his shining again; but he despising all, gives only Money to his faithful Steward, who came to do him service in his Distress. The Senators come to make him Offers and Places to appease *Alcibiades*, but he refuses all, with Curses on Mankind: And dying, leaves his Epitaph in these Words —

*Here lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Life bereft,
Seek not my Name; a Plague consume you, Caitiffs left.
Here lie I Timon, who all living Men did hate;
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy Gate.*

This Play is plainly taken from *Lucian's Timon*, and I wonder that *Shakespear* rather chose to give Roman Names to

to his Persons, as *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, &c. than *Gnathonides*, *Philiades*, *Demeas* a flattering Orator, from whence our Author seems to have taken his Poet; *Thrasycles*, a Philosopher, but not of *Appemantus*'s kind, but a Lover of Money, or rather a Hypocrite; *Blapsius*, *Laches*, *Gniphon*. *Appemantus* is indeed *Shakespeare*'s own, and much better for the end he introduces him than *Thrasycles* cou'd have been, tho the latter is better in *Lucian*. *Shakespeare* has thrown the Infamy on the Poet, which *Lucian* threw on the Orator; not considering, that Poets made another sort of Figure in *Athens*, where the Scenelies, than they do in *England*; the State thinking them so useful to the Public, that on the Death of *Eupolis* in a Sea-Fight, all Poets were for the future forbid to go the War. Yet a Poet methinks shou'd have more regard to his Art and himself, than to bring in a Character of one mean or ridiculous. But Mr. *Shadwell*, who has pretended to alter this Play, has made him a very Scoundrel; and the Players always take care in Dress and Action to make him more so.

But this is not the only thing in which Mr. *Shadwell* has made this Poem worse in the Copy or Amendments, than it is in the Original. He has created two Ladies of his own, with a very odd Design. *Melissa* he makes a Woman of Quality and Honour, but has given her Qualities more abandon'd than a Prostitute; and *Evandra* is a Whore profess'd, but to her he has given Gratitude, Love, and Fidelity, even to the forsaking of the World to bear the Hardships of *Timon*'s Miseries, to persuade the Town that a Whore is a more eligible and excellent Creature than a Woman of Honour. Such Doctrines as these have rais'd so many Enemies to the Stage with too much Reason and Justice. For in them indeed the Stage has lost all its Beauty and Greatness; nay, and all its Art and *Genius*, it being so easy a matter to please at the Expence of Religion and Morality, but so hard to do it on the solid Grounds of Art, which are subservient to Virtue, and I may say an Assistant of Religion, in purging and reforming the Manners.

It is plain that the Plot is not regular as to Time or Place, but the Action may be look'd on as pretty uniform, unless

we wou'd make the Banishment and return of *Alcibiades* an under-Plot, which yet seems to be born of the main Design.

The Play is full of moral Reflections and useful Satire. The Characters are well mark'd and observ'd, and the Diction generally speaking expressive.

On Ceremony or Complement.

— Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a Gloss on faint Deeds, hollow Welcomes, &c.

The Glory of this Life.

Like Madnes is the Glory of this Life, &c.

The Trying and Refusal of the Friends is very touching, and too natural and obvious to need a Comment; a Hint of this is in the latter end of *Lucian's* Dialogue of *Timon*.

Against Duelling.

*Your Words have took such Pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Manslaughter into Form, and set Quarrelling
Upon the Head of Valour.*

Nor is *Alcibiades's* Answer much amiss.

The false Supper *Timon* invites his false Friends to, is all *Shakespear's* Contrivance. *Timon's* Curses on *Athens* in the beginning of the fourth Act, are worthy his Rage and Passion.

*Let me look back on thee, O thou Wall,
That girdles in those Wolves——*

The parting of the Servants is something touching. *Timon's* Speech, tho disguis'd too much in affected Words, contains good satirical Reflections.

On Gold.

—*Thus much of this will make
Black, White; Foul, Fair; Wrong, Right;
Base, Noble; Old, Young; Cowards, Valiant, &c.*

The Scene betwixt him, *Alcibiades*, *Timandra*, &c. is full of wholesome Satire against Whoring. And the Speech of *Timon*, after they are gone out, is very moral. The Scene betwixt *Timon* and *Apemantus* contains many fine Reflections and Lines, the whole being very Dramatic.

Gold.

*What a God's Gold, that he is worshipp'd
In a baser Temple, than where Swine feed?
'Tis thou, that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Foam,
Settlest admired Reverence in a Slave, &c.*

In short, the Scenes betwixt him and his Steward, and the Senators and him, are worth reading. The Epitaph seems to be taken from this,

*Hic jaceo, vitâ miserâque inopique solutus;
Nomen ne queras, sed male, tute, peri.*

The Argument of *Julius Caesar*.

C*aius Julius Caesar* having now vanquish'd all his Enemies, and fix'd himself in the perpetual Dictatorship, the Party of Liberty conspir'd to dispatch him; *Caius Cassius*, *Metellus Cimber*, *Casca*, and *Brutus*, agree to stab him in the Senate-House. He is deterr'd by Dreams, Prodigious, and his Wife *Calpurnia*'s Prayers, from going to the Senate that Day, being the Ides of *March*; but *Decimus Brutus*, and the other Conspirators coming to him, per-

suade

suade him from his Superstition: so he goes, and by the way receives a Paper with a List of the Conspirators, but will not look at it. In the Senate-House *Metellus Cimber* kneels to beg the Repeal of his Brother's Banishment, which when *Cesar* denies, they all come in the same manner, till *Casca* gives the first stab; and when *Brutus* wounds him, he falls with *et tu Brute?* *Anthony* being drawn aside by *Trebonius*, flies away on the Noise of *Cesar's* Death; but coming to them by Permission, agrees with the Murderers, and obtains leave to bury and praise *Cesar* in the Market-Place, or *Forum*, according to Custom. *Brutus* having first given the People an Account of what the Conspirators had done, and justify'd it with Reasons, *Anthony* makes such an Oration that he sets the People in a Mutiny, who burn the Conspirators Houses, &c. *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and the rest of them, fly out of *Rome*. At the Camp at *Sardis*, *Cassius* meets *Brutus*, and there happens a Quarrel betwixt them about *Brutus's* not pardoning *Lucius Pella*, and on *Cassius's* not sending Money to pay the Army. This being over, and they Friends, and separated, the Ghost of *Cesar* appears to *Brutus*, and says he'll meet him again at *Philippi*. Whither when the Armies are gone, *Octavius*, and *Mark Anthony* follow, fight, and beat them: *Cassius* kills himself on a Mistake, and *Brutus* on his being close pursu'd.

This Play, or History, is call'd *Julius Caesar*, tho it ought rather to be call'd *Marcus Brutus*; *Cesar* is the shortest and most inconsiderable Part in it, and he is kill'd in the beginning of the third Act. But *Brutus* is plainly the shining, and darling Character of the Poet; and is to the end of the Play the most considerable Person. If it had been properly call'd *Julius Caesar*, it ought to have ended at his Death; and then it had been much more regular, natural, and beautiful. But then the Moral must naturally have been the Punishment or ill Success of Tyranny.

I know that a Nobleman of great Judgment in the *Drama*, is, and has been for some time, altering this Play. In which I believe *Shakespear* will have a better Fate, than in most of those which have been alter'd: For generally they who have undertaken this Province, have been careful to

leave all the Faults, and to rob him of many of the Beauties; but this has been because few, who have attempted it, knew more of the Art of the Stage than our Author, and wanted his Genius to relish those things, which were really good. But the principal Character, *Caesar*, that is left so little touch'd by *Shakespeare* will merit his Regard; and the Regulation of the Design without doubt will be the Object of his Care and Study: and then there cannot be so much of this remaining, as to rob the Alterer of the Honour of the whole; for the two best things in the Play are after the Death of *Caesar*, where the Action ends, viz. the Orations of *Brutus*, and *Anthony*, and the Quarrel betwixt *Brutus* and *Cassius*. These Orations are indeed the beginning of a new Action, the Deaths of *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, and have nothing (in a Dramatic Sense) to do with the Death of *Caesar*, which is the first Action. But this is a Part of the *Drama*, which our *Shakespeare* is not to be accountable for. We shall therefore proceed to those Beauties of which he is undoubtedly Master. The *Manners* first; and here I think he is generally wonderful, for there is the *Likeness* in all, and a perfect *Convenience*, and *Equality*.

What *Mark Anthony* says to the imaginary People of *Shakespeare's Rome*, is so artful, so finely taken from the very Nature of the thing, that I question whether what the real *Mark Anthony* spoke cou'd be more moving, or better calculated to that Effect. *Plutarch* says nothing of it; but we find that *Appian* has given us some Fragments of *Anthony's* Oration on this Occasion, which, in Honour of our *Shakespeare*, I'll transcribe: for tho he seems to follow this Author chiefly in his Play, yet he has not borrow'd the Oration either of *Brutus* or *Anthony*, tho one he found there entire, and the other so supply'd that he might easily gather the Connection.

Anthony's Oration in Appian.

It is not just, Gentlemen, that I alone should undertake the Funeral Praises of this great Man, it were fitter his Country did declare them. I will therefore with the Voice of the Republick,

publick, and not my own, only make Recital of those Honours, which, whilst he was living, the People of Rome conferr'd upon him for his Virtues.

" Having said this, he began with a sad and sorrowful Countenance the Recital of *Caesar's* glorious Titles, pronouncing every thing distinctly, and stopping more particularly at those by which they had made him more than Man; as *Sacred, Inviolable, Father of his Country, Benefactor, Prince*, and many others which till then had never been given to any Man. At every Word turning towards the Body, and animating his Speech by his Gesture; and when he pronounc'd any one of those Titles, he added some intermingled Terms of Grief, and Indignation; as when he recited the Decree of the Senate, calling him *Father of his Country*" — See there, said he, the Testimony of your Acknowledgements — And in pronouncing these Words — *Holy, Sacred, Inviolable*, and the Refuge of the miserable, he added — *never any one, that fled to him for Refuge, perish'd; yet he himself is murder'd, tho' made Holy and Sacred by our Decrees, without having exacted these Titles from us, or ever desir'd them.* And surely we are in a shameful Slavery indeed, if we give those Titles to unworthy Persons, who never ask them of us. But Oh! faithful Citizens, you purge your selves well from this Reproach by the Honours you now pay his Memory. After this reciting the Act of the Oath, by which they were all oblig'd to guard the Person of *Caesar*, and to employ all their Forces so, that if any attempted his Person, whoever expos'd not his Life in his Defence shou'd be execrable, he rais'd his Voice, and extending his Hands towards the Capitol, cry'd out — Oh Jupiter! Protector of my Country, behold me ready to revenge, as I have sworn; and since it is a thing resolv'd by the Judgment of all good Men, I beseech thee with all the other Gods to be favourable to me. A Tumult hereupon arising among the Senators, who believ'd these Words to be manifestly address'd to them; *Anthony* to appease them turn'd the Discourse, and said, — But Gentlemen, this Accident must rather be attributed to some God, than to Men; and we ought rather to provide against the present Necessities, than speak of things

things past, since we are threatned with extreme Miseries for the future, and are upon the Point of falling again into our ancient Seditions, and the seeing all the Nobility of the City perish. Let us then conduct this sacred Person among the Gods, solemnly in mournful Elegies singing his Praises.—After having said these Words, he tuck'd up his Robe, as if he had been possels'd with some Spirit; and girding it about him, that he might have his Hands more at liberty, he went and plac'd himself near the Bed where the Corps lay, upon an eminent Place; and opening the Curtain, and looking in, he began to sing his Praises, as of a Celestial Divinity. And the better to make him be believ'd to be of that Race, he lifted his Hands up to Heaven; reciting even to the Loss of Breath, his Wars, his Combats, his Victories, the Nations he had subdu'd, the Spoils he had brought away, speaking of every thing as a Miracle; and crying out many times—*Thou alone art he, who hast return'd victorious from so many Fights; thou alone art he, who hast reveng'd thy Country of the Injuries done her for three hundred Years together, and constrain'd People till then unconquerable, viz. the Gauls, who alone took and burnt the City, to ask Pardon on their Knees.* Having said these things and many more, as of a divine Person, he lower'd his Voice, and in a mournful Tone with Tears in his Eyes, lamented the unworthy Death of his Friend, wishing that he cou'd redeem his Life with his own; and at length abandoning himself to Grief, he was so far transported as to discover the Body of *Cæsar*, and to show at the Top of his Pike his Robe pierc'd with the Stabs he had receiv'd, and all stain'd with his Blood, &c.

I have given all this from *Appian*, that the Reader may see, as it were, the whole Procedure of *Anthony* on this occasion; and from this make a Judgment on his Oration and what *Shakespeare* has made him speak: Which, if not so adapted to the *Roman* People, certainly was very agreeable to them, as represented by him in his Play.

The other thing in this Play, is the famous Quarrel betwixt *Brutus* and *Cassius*, in the second Scene of the fourth Act. This has always receiv'd a just Applause, and has Mr. *Dryden*, in his Preface to *Troilus* and *Cressida*, been prais'd

terr'd to a no less famous Scene of a Quarrel betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of *Euripides*. His Words are these — *The Occasion which Shakespear, Euripides, and Fletcher, have all taken, is the same, grounded upon Friendship; and the Quarrel of two virtuous Men rais'd by natural Degrees to the Extremity of Passion, is conducted in all three to the Declination of the same Passion, and concludes with the warm renewing of their Friendships. But the particular Ground-work which Shakespear has taken, is incomparably the best; because he has not only chosen two of the greatest Heroes of their Age, but has likewise interested the Liberty of Rome and their own Honours, who were the Redeemers of it, in the Debate.*

I hope it will be no Injury to our Countryman, to do Justice to an old Greek Poet of the first Magnitude. To that end I must needs say, that the Advantage Mr. *Dryden* gives to the *Briton*, is equally due to *Euripides*; for certainly *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, in the poetic World at least, and in the System of Heroes in the Time *Euripides* wrote, were as great as *Brutus* and *Cassius*, one of whom perhaps cannot carry away the Prize of the greatest Hero of his Age without some Dispute. Next, in the Quarrel of *Euripides*, not the Disappointment of some Pay of Legions, or the Denial of quitting a Man guilty of Bribery, which both were past, but the Fate, the Glory, and the Honour, if not the Safety of all *Greece*, depended on the Ground of their Difference.

But whether this of *Shakespear* be either so well prepar'd, have those fine Turns in it, or come as naturally to its Declination as this of *Euripides*, I leave to the Judgment of the Reader. But I must desire that some Grains of Allowance may be made for the Badness of a Translation; which, however good, must fall much short of the Beauties of the Original.

To shew the Preparation of this Quarrel, I shall give the Argument of the first Act; for Mr. *Barnes*, in his Edition of *Euripides*, has divided his Plays into Acts.

Agamemnon now repenting that he had agreed to the sacrificing of his Daughter, in the night-time consults with an

old faithful Servant of his, how to prevent her Arrival in the Camp, where she was hourly expected with her Mother Clytemnestra. To this Servant therefore he entrusts a Letter to be deliver'd to his Wife, in which he desires her not to bring Iphigenia to Aulis. In this Act Agamemnon declares the first Seeds of the Trojan Expedition, and gives an Insight into the present Fable.

The second Act begins with Menelaus intercepting the Messenger, and striving to get the Letter from him.

Old Man. Oh! Menelaus! spare your self a Guilt,
Unworthy of your self, and of your Fame.

Mene. No more, no more, thou'rt to thy Lord too faithful.

Old M. T'upbraid me with a Virtue, not a Crime.

Mene. If thou persist, thou shalt soon repent thee.

Old M. They are the King's Dispatches you wou'd seize;
And those you ought not, Sir, to violate.

Mene. Thou ought'st not, Wretch, by guilty Faith misled,
To bear Perdition to the Grecian Glory.

Old M. Of that am I no Judge — forgoe my Packet.

Mene. I will not.

Old M. Nor will I quit it.

Mene. Or let it go, or from my Hand receive
Immediate Death.

Old M. I count it Glory for my Lord to die.

Mene. Villain, let go thy Packet — dares a groveling Slave
Contend in saucy Words with mighty Kings!

Old M. My Lord! my Lord! O! Agamemnon, hear me!
With violent Hands he robs me of thy Letters.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. What Noise, what Tumult's this within my Hearing?

Old M. Hear me, great Sir, I will the Truth unfold.

Agam. Why, Menelaus, hast thou thus abus'd
My faithful Servant?

Mene. Ha! Agamemnon! Gods! immortal Gods!

Turn,

Turn, turn thy guilty Eye, and look on me!
If still thou canst behold my injur'd Face.

Agam. Yes, did the deadly Basilisk it self
Ride on thy fiery Balls, I thus durst view thee—
The Son of Atreus will by none be brow-beat.

Mene. See'st thou these Letters full of base Contents?

Agam. Yes, I do see them, and in them thy Crime,
Which I—but give 'em to me strait.—

Mene. Not till the Grecian Chiefs have heard them read.

Agam. And have you then—but sure you durst not do't.
Thou durst not break thy Sovereign's Letters open.

Mene. Yes, yes, I know 'twill vex thy haughty Soul,
To have thy secret Treasons thus expos'd.

Agam. O! all ye Gods! what Insolence is this!

Mene. From Argos you expect your Daughter here?

Agam. And what have you to do, with saucy Eye
To over-look my Actions?

Men. My Will, Sir, is my Right—I'm not thy Slave.

Agam. 'Tis well, Sir, wondrous well, that I, Supreme
Of Lords and Kings, must be depriv'd the Right
To govern my own Family as I please!

Mene. You are not fit t' enjoy that common Right,
Your Mind's unsettled, veering as the Wind.
For, with thy self at War, it now determines
One thing, the following Moment whirls about,
And then designs another; nor fix'd in that,
Succeeding Minutes vary your Resolves.

Agam. Oh! Spite, spite, spite! a spiteful Tongue is odious!

Mene. But an inconstant and a various Mind
Is still unjust, and still to Friends unknown.
Your self I will lay open to your self;
But let not Pride and Anger make you deaf,
Averse to Truth—I shall not praise you much.
Look back, look back, recall, recall the Time,
When your Ambition zealously pursu'd
Supreme Command o'er all the Grecian Chiefs,
To lead our vengeful Arms to treacherous Troy.
A humble Seeming you indeed put on,
As if you'd shun what most your Heart desir'd.

How

How lowly then! how fawning then on All!
 With flattering Hand you courted every one;
 Your Gates set wide to the inglorious Vulgar;
 Familiar with the meanest; hearing All,
 And seeking those, who sought not Agamemnon.
 Yes, with obsequious Bows you brib'd the Mob,
 To give that Empire, you so ill can bear.
 No sooner had you gain'd your Wish, Command,
 But all your supple Manners were thrown by.
 You to your Friends no more confess'd the Friend,
 Hard of Access, and rarely seen abroad;
 Ail mean and low! A Man of Honour shou'd
 Then be most fixt, and zealous for his Friends,
 When by his Fortune he can most assist them.
 As soon as I perceiv'd this shameful Error,
 I like a Friend and Brother told you of it.
 Again in Aulis here——

Since the great Gods deny'd to swell our Sails
 With prosperous Gales, your haughty Spirit fell;
 You were dismay'd, dejected, and forlorn:
 The Grecians cry aloud to be dismiss'd,
 And not to languish in this Port in vain.
 How wretched hadst thou been, and how inglorious,
 How full of Anguish, Agonies of Death;
 Had you then ceas'd to lead these strong Battalions,
 To fill the Trojan Fields with warlike Greeks?
 In this Distress you then cou'd think of me,
 Ask my Advice, how to avoid this Shame.
 But then, when Calchas from the Victims found,
 Your Daughter offer'd at Diana's Altar,
 Wou'd give the Greeks a safe and speedy Voyage;
 Thy well pleas'd Eyes confess'd the sudden Joy,
 That spread it self thro all thy inward Pow'rs;
 Thy ready Tongue declar'd thy willing Mind,
 That she shou'd know the Goddess' sacred Knife,
 Free, unconstrain'd, and not by any Force.
 Pretend not, that your high Commands you sent,
 That she to Aulis shou'd with speed repair;
 Deceiv'd by thee, with the false promis'd Joy
 Of being the long-wish'd Bride of great Achilles:

But here by a strange Whirle and Change of Will,
 You other Letters send to countermand her.
 You will not be the Murderer of your Daughter!
 How many thus with an unsteady Hand
 Do steer the dangerous Helm of Government?
 Fond to engage in some great bold Design,
 Yet swift to quit it when they are engag'd:
 Aw'd by the People some, and some more justly
 Compell'd to guard from Foes their own Dominions.
 But I the unhappy Fate of Greece deplore,
 All arm'd, and ready to assault the Foe,
 And with full Glory quash the proud Barbarian,
 Are left their Sport, and Scorn——
 For the Repose of the great Agamemnon!
 Oh! ne'er advance a Man for Wealth, or Power:
 Wisdom alone deserves supreme Command,
 And a wise Man is naturally a King.

Chor. All Brothers Quarrels are unhappy Things.

Agam. With Truth I shall reproach you in few Words,

For Insolence like this deserves not many;
 A Brother's Name shall teach my injur'd Tongue
 A Modesty, it seems, to you unknown.
 Tho Modesty does seldom touch the base;
 For when bright Honour has the Breast forsook,
 Seldom confederate Modesty prevails.
 Then, tell me, Sir, the Cause of all this Rage,
 Whence all this Anger? whence this Indignation?
 Who is't that injures or affronts you here?
 What is't you want? pray what is your Desire?
 Your virtuous Wife? your happy nuptial State?
 At my Expence must I restore your Wishes,
 Which when possessest, your own ill Conduct lost you?
 What! to regain your beauteous, faithless Wife,
 Wou'd you thus tread on Honesty, and Reason?
 The Pleasures of ill Men are evil all!
 Oh! vain! oh! doating Madnes! oh! blind Folly!
 The Gods, indulgent to thy Happiness,
 Have rid thee of a false, injurious Wife;
 And thou, fond Fool, now burn'st with strange Desire,

To

To force the distant Plague home to thy Bosom!
 The Suitors to this Helena with you
 Each, by fallacious Hope of her betray'd,
 To Tynd'rus swore, that with united Arms
 They wou'd defend the happy Man she chose.
 Apply to these, with these pursue the War;
 But conscious of the Weakness of that Oath,
 Compell'd by Fraud or Folly you despair:
 If I forsake your foul detested Cause,
 Will not be strong enough to lead them on.
 But Menelaus, this assure thy self,
 My guiltless Child for you I shall not murder.
 Shou'd I comply, wild Horror and Remorse
 Wou'd haunt my daily Thoughts, and nightly Slumbers.
 What I have said, is, Sir, so plain and easy,
 You need no Comment to explain my Meaning.
 But if you still to Justice will be blind,
 I shall however, Sir, protect my own.
 Chor. This differs from the former, yet it teaches,
 That of our Children we shou'd take just Care.
 Mene. O! Gods! how very wretched am I grown!
 I have no Friends!
 Agam. Yes, yes, you shall have Friends,
 If you will not destroy 'em.
 Mene. Oh! in what,
 In what do you confesse the Friend and Brother,
 Of the same Father born?
 Agam. I shall be wise,
 Not mad with you.
 Mene. Friends Grievs are common.
 Agam. Then call me Friend, when you design no Harm.
 Mene. This Obstinacy's vain, for sure thou know'st
 In this thou must contend with Greece, not me.
 Agam. Greece too, like thee, by some ill Fury's haunted.
 Mene. Oh! proud, and vain of Empire! thou betray'st
 To that, thy Brother. But I shall apply
 To other Arts, and other Friends for Justice. [Going.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. O! Agamemnon, King of all the Greeks,
 I bring you pleasing News: Now in the Camp
 Your Daughter Iphigenia is arriv'd,
 And Clytemnestra your beloved Queen,
 With young Orestes.—This Royal Troop,
 After so long an Absence, must be welcome.
 With Speed I came before to bring the News.
 The Army throngs to see the glorious Sight.
 Some talk of Nuptials for the Royal Virgin;
 Some, that she comes to be in sacred Rites
 Of great Diana here initiated.
 But you, O! Agamemnon! crown your Brows,
 And, Menelaus, share the Nuptial Joys.
 Let Musick, and the Dancers celebrate
 This happy Day.

Agam. Thy Zeal and Joy I do commend, be gone,
 I of the rest will take peculiar Care.
 Ah me! Oh! — Oh! wretched Agamemnon!
 What shall I say? Oh! where shall I begin?
 Into what Noose of Fate am I now fall'n!
 'Tis the malicious Cunning of my Fortune
 Thus to prevent my just Paternal Care!
 Oh! happy State of mean and low Degree!
 There Grief at liberty may vent her Moans,
 And give their mournful Thoughts a plaintive Tongue.
 But Greatness is confin'd to hateful Form!
 The People us, not we the People govern.
 Proud Majesty denies my Woes Relief,
 Shame stops the flowing Torrent of my Grief;
 But not to weep is yet a greater Shame!
 Thus a chain'd Slave I prove to a great Name.
 I must curb Nature, and deny its Course;
 And tho' I'm fall'n into the greatest Woe,
 That any mortal Wretch can ever know;
 Yet in my Breast the Anguish must contain,
 And only I my self must know my Pain.

But

But Oh! my Wife! what shall I say to her?
 How shall I meet her? with what Looks behold her?
 Her coming has redoubled all my Woe!
 She comes unsent for, no invited Guest.
 Yet who can blame the tender Mother's Care,
 To do the dearest Office to her Child?
 But now the foul perfidious Cause she'll find
 Of her most inauspicious Journey.
 For how shall I restrain the bursting Tears,
 When I receive the tender hapless Virgin!
 Ha! now methinks I see her suppliant kneel
 With lifted Hands, and upcast streaming Eyes,
 And trembling Lips thus pitifully pleading;
 Oh! Father, will you kill me? wilt your Hand,
 A Father's Hand give me to such Nuptials?
 And then the little Infant, young Orestes,
 In broken Sounds, and yet intelligible,
 Accuse me of his dearest Sister's Murder!
 Alas! Alas! how have the cursed Nuptials
 Of the Barbarian, Paris, thus destroy'd me!
 For he has brought these cursed Evils on me.

Mene. Give me your Hand, give me your dear Hand.

Agam. Here take it, for it is your Victory.

Mene. By Pelops our Grandfire, and our Father Atreus,
 I swear, my Brother, what I'm going to say,
 Are the sincerest Dictates of my Mind.
 I cou'd not see the Tears fall from thy Eyes,
 Thy awful Eyes, but Pity split my Soul,
 And the big Drops run tumbling down my Face.
 My Rage ebb'd out apace, and now I see,
 I ought not to be happy by thy Misery.
 Now, by the Gods, you shall not touch your Daughter,
 Thy Iphigenia is, for me, immortal.
 Why shou'd thine die, and mine remain alive?
 Helen is not so dear to this fond Breast,
 To make me trample Nature under foot,
 And purchase her Embraces by thy Blood.
 The heat of Youth, and my untam'd Desire,
 Made me speak madly when I urg'd the Deed.

*Oh! 'tis a dreadful thing to slay one's Child,
To dip our Hands in our own Off-spring's Blood!
'Tis monstrous! 'tis unnatural.——*

*No, let the Army be dismiss'd with Speed,
And march away from Aulis to their Homes;
But, cease thy Tears, by Heav'n I cannot bear them;
I never will urge more the fatal Theme.
By all the Gods, she shall not die for me;
For what has she to do with Helena?
By Jove, I love my Royal Brother so,
I won't not be the Cause of his Unrest,
To be the happy Monarch of the World:
And my Heart akes, that e'er I shock'd thee so.
We may repent, with Honour, our Misdeeds.*

*Chorus. Generously hast thou said, O Menelaus!
And worthy Tantalus the Son of Jove.*

*Agam. O! Menelaus! I do feel thy Kindness,
That thou hast thus deceiv'd my Expectation,
In Words that truly do confess the Brother.*

*Mene. Passion may sometimes warp a generous Mind,
But such a cruel Kindred I abhor.*

*Agam. But Oh! my Brother, such hard Fate surrounds me,
I cannot 'scape this bloody Sacrifice;
For Iphigenia must a Victim fall.*

Mene. Who can compel you to destroy your Daughter?

Agam. The whole Grecian Army.

Mene. Send her back to Argos.

Agam. That cannot be; I cannot so deceive them.

Mene. You ought not by the Vulgar thus be aw'd.

Agam. Calchas, alas! the Oracle will reveal.

Mene. Suppose him dead. The Dead can tell no Tales.

Agam. Oh! but that Son of Sisyphus knows all.

Mene. In what can Ulysses injure Agamemnon?

Agam. His artful Tongue commands the Soldiers Hearts.

Mene. He's fond indeed of popular Applause.

*Agam. Oh! think him therefore, by the Troops surrounded,
The secret Oracle by Calchas told,
Divulging to the listening Warriours Ears;
My Piety stiling impious Sacrilege,
Refusing to the Grecian Glory*

The

*The Victim that Diana has requir'd.
 The Army won by these kis smooth Pretences,
 Both you and I shall fall by their dire Rage;
 Yet by our Death not save my Daughter's Life.
 Suppose we fled to Argos from the Camp:
 My Flight with Sword, and Fire, they wou'd pursue,
 And lay my Country waste. It wonnot be!
 I must be wretched and my Child must die!
 Thus Woe and Misery surround me!
 Into these Streights the Gods reduce me!
 But Oh! my Brother! this alone canst thou!
 Let not my Wife the fatal Business know,
 Before my Child I've offered up to Pluto;
 That with the fewest Tears I may be unhappy.*

Tho I have taken some Latitude in the Translation, and made bold to leave out sometimes a Word or two, and sometimes a Line or two, which related more to Custom than the Passion; yet I have been far from making *Euripides* amends for what he loses in the Translation. As it is, I leave it to be by the Reader compared with that of Mr. *Dryden* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and that of *Shakespeare* in this Play.

This indeed is a juster way of the Trial of our Poets excelling the *Antients*, than what Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, my Lord *Falkland*, &c. took in the Comparison of Topics; for if he here prevail, he will indeed get a victory in a real Province of Poetry. I am surpriz'd that so judicious a Poet as *Racine*, shou'd omit this admirable Scene in his *Iphigenia* in *Aulis*, at the same time that he made a quarrelling Scene betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*. I have said so much on the two most beautiful Parts of this Play, that I shall leave the rest to the Reader; this being a Play so often acted, that they are obvious to every body.

Of Lowliness or Humility.

—But 'tis a common Proof,
 That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,
 Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face.

On Conspiracy.

—O! Conspiracy!

*Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous Brow by Night?
When Evils are most free.*

There is one thing in this Play, which I remark for those judicious Gentlemen, *who by a swelling gouty Style have set up for fine Language in the Drama*. The Style of this Play is, generally speaking, plain, easy, and natural.

The Argument of *Mackbeth*.

D*uncan*, King of *Scotland*, has two Sons, *Malcolm*, and *Donalbain*. His General against the Rebels and *Norwegians* (who then invaded that Country) is *Macbeth*, a Kinsman of the Crown; and with him is join'd in Commission *Banquo*; who returning victorious, on an open Heath meet with three Witches, who salute *Macbeth* three times, the last Salutation being *King that shall be*. Their other Salutations proving true, he and his Wife resolve to make the third so. In the Night therefore they murder *Duncan*, and lay it on his Chamberlains. *Malcolm* and *Donalbain* fly away; on which they are accus'd of having employ'd them to kill their Father; so the Election falls on *Macbeth*, who being now King, has *Banquo* murder'd for fear of his Race; for the wayward Sisters told him, that he should get a Race of Kings: but his Son *Fleance* makes his escape. Murders and Tyrannies growing every day, *Mackduff* flies to the *English* Court, and with much adoe convinces *Malcolm* of his *Fidelity*, and with him comes into *Scotland* with *English* Forces, having first heard, that the Tyrant had surpriz'd his Castle, and kill'd his Wife and Children. *Macbeth* having consulted the Witches, is told, that he shall not be kill'd by any Man born of Woman; nor till *Birnam* Wood came to his Castle of *Dunfinane*. But his Wife,

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haunted

haunted with Remorse for the Murders she had been Partner in, dies; and he finding the Deceit of the Witches' Assurance of *Birnam Wood*, by the *English Army's* staking every Man a Branch of a Tree in his Hand, ventures out to fight, and is at last kill'd by *Mackduff*, who was ript out of his mother's Womb.

To say much in praise of this Play I cannot; for the Plot is a sort of History, and the Character of *Mackbeth* and his Lady are too monstrous for the Stage. But it has obtained, and is in too much esteem with the *Million*, for any Man yet to say much against it.

The Topics and Lines of this Play are less in Number and Beauty than most of his. A celebrated *Speech* is that of *Mackbeth*, after he has committed the Murder.

Met thought I heard a Voice cry, sleep no more!
Mackbeth doth murder Sleep.

I need not say any thing here about the Witches, since what I have said of them and Spirits in the *Tempest*, is sufficient: He has drawn those Chimera's wonderfully, and made them Forms and Ceremonies according to their black Mysteries.

Life.

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his Hour on the Stage,
And then is heard no more: It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing.

The Argument of *Hamlet* Prince of Denmark

Hamlet, Son of the former King of Denmark, is put aside the Election by his Uncle *Claudius*, who marry'd his Mother soon after his Father's Death; which was succeeded by the walking of the Ghost of the deceased King

King. *Hamlet* being inform'd of it, goes to the Watch, sees and speaks to the Ghost, who tells him, that his Uncle, who now possesses his Throne and Wife, murder'd him as he lay asleep in his Garden, by pouring Poison into his Ear. So desiring Revenge, the Ghost vanishes; *Hamlet* obliges all who had seen it to keep the Secret, and by no means discover that they had beheld any such Sight. *Hamlet* assumes a sort of Madness, and the Queen loving him very well, is solicitous to know the Cause, which *Polonius* the Lord Chamberlain persuades to be the Love of his Daughter, on her rejecting his Letters and Address according to her Brother's and Father's Orders. *Hamlet*, willing to discover whether the Ghost had told him true, orders some Players, who came then to *Elfinor*, to act such a Part, as the Ghost had inform'd him the King had been guilty of, desiring *Horatio* his Friend to observe him all the Action; but when the poisoning of his Brother in the Garden came to be acted, the King, unable to see more, rises up, and breaks off the Play. This confirms *Hamlet* in his Resolution of revenging his Father's Death. But the King, highly affected with this, retires, while his Mother is order'd to check him for his Conduct; but *Polonius* advises the King to let him hide himself, to over-hear what passes betwixt them, for fear the Mother's Indulgence shou'd not discover all. As *Hamlet* is going to his Mother, he finds the King at Prayers, and therefore will not kill him, because he took his Father in his Sins. He is so rough with his Mother, that she cries out for help, and *Polonius* alarm'd does the same; but *Hamlet* taking him for the King, kills him behind the Arras, then charges the Queen home with her fault of marrying her Husband's Brother, &c. owns that he is not mad: The Ghost of his Father comes into the Room, which heightens her Agony: They part, the Queen promising not to reveal ought to the King. The King is resolv'd to send *Hamlet* to England, with *Rosencrofs* and *Guildestern*, with private Orders for him to be put to death there; but *Hamlet* aboard getting their Commissions from them, found the fatal Order and keeps it, supplying the Place with a fresh Order to put the Ambassadors to death: So he comes back, and in the Church

finds a Gravedigging for *Ophelia*, who running mad on her Father's Death, was drown'd; and *Laertes* coming back from *France*, was but just hinder'd from revenging his Father's Death on the King, but is assur'd, that he would help in his Revenge by engaging *Hamlet* to try his Skill with him at Foils, whilst *Hamlet* shou'd have a Blunt, and *Laertes* a Sharp, which he poison'd. But in the Scuffle the Queen drinks to *Hamlet*, but drinks the Poison prepar'd by the King for *Hamlet*, who being now wounded, got the Sharp from *Laertes* and wounds him; the Queen crys out that she is poison'd, and so *Hamlet* kills the King; *Laertes* confesses the Contrivance and dies, as *Hamlet* does immediately after.

Tho I look upon this as the Master-piece of *Shakepear* according to our way of writing, yet there are abundance of Errors in the Conduct and Design, which will not suffer us in Justice to preter it to the *Electra* of *Sophocles* with the Author of his Life; who seems to mistake the Matter wide, when he puts this on the same Foot with the *Electra*. *Hamlet's* Mother has no hand in the Death of her Husband, as far as we can discover in this Poem; but her fault was in yielding to the incestuous Amour with her Husband's Brother; that at least is all that the Ghost charges her with. Besides, *Shakepear* was Master of this Story, but *Sophocles* was not. *Orestes* farther, was commanded by the Oracle to kill his Mother, and therefore all moral Duties yielding to the immediate Command of the Gods, his Action, according to that System of Religion under which *Sophocles* wrote had nothing in it of Barbarity, but was entirely pious; as *Agamemnon's* sacrificing his own Daughter *Iphigenia*, by *Diana's* Order.

This Play indeed is capable of being made more perfect than the *Electra*; but then a great deal of it must be thrown away, and some of the darling Trifles of the Million, and all the comical Part entirely, and many other things which relate not to the main Action, which seems here to be pretty entire, tho not so artfully conducted as it might be. But I wander from my point; I propos'd not to show the Errors, especially when this Play contains so many Beauties

Hamlet

Hamlet every where almost gives us Speeches that are full of the Nature of his Passion. The Advice of *Laertes* to his Sister is very moral and just, and full of prudential Caution; and that of *Polonius* to his Son, and that of the same to his Daughter. *Ay Springes to catch Woodcocks*, &c. If the young Ladies wou'd study these Pages, they wou'd guard their Virtues and Honours better than many of them do. All the Scene betwixt *Hamlet* and the Ghost, is admirable, as the Ghost's Description of his Residence in the other World.

Virtue and Lust.

—But Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho Lewdness court it in the Shape of Heav'n;
So Lust, tho to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will sate it self in a Cœlestial Bed, and prey on Garbage.

Ophelia's Description of *Hamlet's* mad Address to her.

My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
He took me by the Wrist, &c.

Ambition.

Which Dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very Substance
of the Ambitious, is merely the Shadow of a Dream.

Of Man.

What a piece of Worth is Man? how noble in Reason? how
infinite in Faculty, in Form, and Moving; how express and
admirable? In Action how like an Angel? In Apprehension
how like a God! The Beauty of the World!

In *Hamlet's* Speech to the Players, *Shakespear* gives us
his whole Knowledge of the Drama; and for that Reason,
this favourable Judgment of a Play, that did not please the
Million, is what shou'd teach some of our successful Poets

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not to value themselves merely on Success, since the *Million* often fail; tho as *Horace* says, they sometimes hit right.

Interdum Populus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

Hamlet. *I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted; or if it was, not above once: for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the Million; it was Caviare to the Generals. But it was (as I received it, and others, whose Judgment in such Matters, cry'd to the Top of mine) an excellent Play—well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much Modesty as Cunning.*

On Players and Plays.

Ham. *Let them be well us'd, for they are the Abstracts and brief Chronicles of the Time.*

*I have heard that guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their Malefactions.*

The Power and Force of Tragedy, in this and other Particulars, has been confirmed by undoubted History. *Alexander*, Tyrant of *Phareia*, a City of *Thessaly*, seeing the *Hecuba* of *Euripides* acted, found himself so affected, that he went out before the End of the first Act, saying, *That he was asham'd to be seen to weep at that Misfortune of Hecuba and Polyxena, when he daily embred his Hands in the Blood of his own Citizens.* He was afraid (says the admirable *Dacier*) that his Heart shou'd be truly mollified; that the Spirit of Tyranny wou'd now leave the Possession of his Breast, and that he should come a private Person out of that Theatre, into which he enter'd Master. The Actor who so sensibly touch'd him, with difficulty escap'd with his Life, but was secur'd by some Remains of that Piece which was the Cause of his Crime.

I cannot here omit what Benefit the City of *Athens* it receiv'd from some Verses of the *Electra* of *Euripides*,

its great Distress; for when it was debated, that the City of Athens shou'd be destroy'd, and the Country laid waste, a milder Course was taken by the Commanders, from one of them repeating these Verses out of the *Electra* of Euripides.

*Electra, Oh! unhappy Queen,
Whither wou'd you fly? Return:
Your Absence the forsaken Groves
And desert Palace seem to mourn.*

This shook them (says *Plutarch* in the Life of *Lysander*) and gave an Occasion to reflect how barbarous it wou'd appear to lay that City in Ruin, which had been renown'd for the Birth and Education of so many famous Men.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

Death, or to die.

— *To be or not to be; that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing, end them.*

Calumny.

*Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
Thou shalt not escape Calumny.*

Hamlet's Advice and Directions to Players is very good, containing very good Precepts of a just Pronunciation, which being as useful for those who judge, as those who act, I shall take more notice of them.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players doe, I had as lieve the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines. Nor do not saw the Air too much with your Hand

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thus, but use all gently; for in the very Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirl-wind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance, that may give it Smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the Soul, to see a robustous Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to Tatters, to very Ragges, to split the Ears of the Groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shows, and Noise. &c. And a little further:

—Be not too tame neither: but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special Observance, That you o'ertop not the Modesty of Nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the Purpose of Playing; whose end both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere a Mirror up to Nature; to show Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his Form and Pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, tho it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve; the Censure of the which one must, in your Allowance, o'erfay a whole Theatre of others. Oh! there be Players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely) that neither having the Accent of Christians, nor the Gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey-Men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.—And let those that play the Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, tho in the mean time some necessary Question of the Play be then to be consider'd. That's villanous, and shows a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it.

These Precepts of *Shakespear* are as valuable as any thing in him; for indeed, thorowly study'd and understood, they teach the whole Art of the Stage, which relates to the Representation, or the Actors; who still are too commonly guilty of these very Follies, which *Shakespear* observ'd in the Players of his Time.

I shall say no more in Explanation of this here, designing

a particular Discourse on the Art of Pronunciation and Acting; for it is not sufficient for a Player to speak well, he must give what he says its true Action, he must look his Part, he must be the Man he represents, according to the very Lineaments of the Passion, or Humour, which he represents, or else he is no Actor. They are call'd Actors, not Speakers: and a Mistake in the accenting a Word, or even in a vicious Tone of Utterance, may be forgiven; but an ill Action is an Error in the Fundamentals. There is a Lady on the Stage, who may perhaps be sometimes out in her Speaking, but always so charms in her Action, that she will not suffer a Lover of the Art not to sink the smaller Error in the greater Beauty. Our Actors are very liable to neglect the Decorum of the Representation, and when they have form'd themselves to the Figure of a passionate Man as long as they speak, while the opposite speaks, are as calm as if unconcern'd in the Matter; whereas in Nature, no Man in Anger, Love, or Grief, but minds what the other says, and is as much concern'd in it as if he spoke himself. In this Particular, no body can excel Mrs. Barry, whom I have frequently observ'd change her Colour, and discover a Concern that equall'd Nature; this is no Flattery to her, but barely Justice.

But not to dwell on this Subject, or anticipate what I have to say in a longer Discussion of this Point, let us return to the fine things of this Play of *Hamlet*. His Speech to *Horatio* has many good Lines. The Queen's Protest in the Play that's introduc'd, and the King's Discourse with her, is worth reading for the Lines and the Reflections. The Scene betwixt his Mother and *Hamlet*, is generally very well; tho perhaps it is capable of Improvement. That part of the Scene where the Ghost comes in, is very strong; as indeed *Shakespear* is in the former Scene, which, as I have been assur'd, he wrote in a Charnel-House in the midst of the Night.

On Man.

What is Man—

if his chief Good and Market of his Time, &c.

The

The Discourse betwixt *Hamlet* and the Grave-Maker is full of moral Reflections, and worthy minding, tho that Discourse it self has nothing to do where it is, nor is of any use to the Design, and may be as well left out; and what ever can be left out has no Business in a Play; but this being low Comedy has still less to do here. The Character *Hamlet* gives of *Osrick* is very satirical, and wou'd be good any where else.

The Argument of *King Lear*.

LEAR, King of *Britain*, has three Daughters, *Gonerill*, *Regan*, and *Cordelia*. *Gonerill* is marry'd to the Duke of *Albany*, *Regan* to the Duke of *Cornwal*, and the King of *France* and Duke of *Burgundy* are Pretenders to *Cordelia*. The King being old, divides his Kingdom betwixt his three Daughters, reserving only an hundred Knights for himself, and the Name of King. But the two Elder, by their mighty Professions of Love and Duty beyond measure win the Father's Heart, now alienated from *Cordelia*, because she daub'd not her Affections over with empty Professions; so that old *Lear* in a Passion gives away her Share to her other Sisters, and with his Curse leaves her to *France*, who takes her for his Wife, tho rejected by *Burgundy*. The two Daughters, *Regan* and *Gonerill*, soon fall from their Duty, and grow weary of the King, are uncivil to his Followers, wou'd abridge them, nay take them quite away; when in a stormy Night he is turn'd out of the Earl of *Gloucester*'s House, with Orders to him not to relieve him. The Earl of *Gloucester* shook with Horror of these unnatural Proceedings, acquaints his Bastard Son of his Intentions to assist the King, and that the *French* were come over to his Aid; but he betrays him, and so his Eyes are put out, and he turn'd out of Doors, being inform'd that his Bastard Son had done it all, by whom deceiv'd he had believ'd his own Son *Edgar* had contriv'd his Death; and who, for fear of the Proclamation against him, wander'd like

Tom a Bedlam. He meets with the King, and with his Father afterwards, on whose Head there being a Price set, *Gonerill's* Steward meeting him, offers to kill him, but is prevented by *Edgar's* killing of him, about whom he finds *Gonerill's* Letters to the Bastard, being in Love with him, and also a Design against the Duke of *Albany* her Husband; to whom he carries it, before the Battle betwixt the *Britains*, and the *French* under *Cordelia's* Command, whom she brought to the King's Assistance against her unnatural Sisters; but being beaten, and the King and she taken Prisoners, the Bastard orders them to be kill'd in Prison. And *Edgar* having tought and kill'd the Bastard, *Regan* being poison'd by her Sister *Gonerill*, and she being upbraided by her Husband with the Guilt, but more affected with the loss of *Edmond*, kills herself: he owns his Warrant out against the King and *Cordelia*; they send to save them but cometoo late, *Cordelia* being hang'd, but the King kill'd the Rogue that hang'd her, but breaks his Heart and dies: so the Play ends.

The King and *Cordelia* ought by no means to have dy'd, and therefore Mr. *Tate* has very justly alter'd that Particular; which must disgust the Reader and Audience, to have Virtue and Piety meet so unjust a Reward. So that this Plot, tho of so celebrated a Play, has none of the Ends of Tragedy, moving neither Fear nor Pity. We rejoice at the Death of the *Bastard* and the two Sisters, as of Monsters in Nature, under whom the very Earth must groan. And we see, with Horror and Indignation, the Death of the King, *Cordelia*, and *Kent*; tho of the three, the King only cou'd move pity, if that were not lost in the Indignation and Horror the Death of the other two produces: for he is a truly *Tragic* Character, not supremely virtuous nor scandalously vicious; he is made up of *Choler* and Obstinacy, Fraillties pardonable enough in old Men, and yet what drew on him all the Misfortunes of his Life.

The Bastard's Speech of the weakness of laying our Fate and Follies on the Stars, is worth reading—*This is the excellent Foppery of the World, that when we are sick in Fortune, &c.*

Lear's

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Lear's Passion on the Ingratitude of his Daughter *Generill*, is very well; and his Curses on her very well, and naturally chose. *Lear's* Speech to *Regan* is very well:

No, *Regan*, thou shalt ne'er have my Curse.

And his Passion in this whole Scene, agreeable to the Manners.

The Needs of Life few.

*Of reason not the Need! our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous.
Allow not Nature more than Nature needs;
Man's Life is cheap as Beasts, &c.*

Kent's Description of the tempestuous Night, is very good.

——— *Things that love Night,
Love not such Nights as these. The wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark, &c.*

There is nothing more beautiful than *Lear's* first Starts of Madness, when *Edgar* comes out in the Habit of a Mad-man — Didst thou give all to thy Daughters; and art thou come to this? And again, — Have his Daughters brought him to this pass? Cou'dst thou save nothing? Wou'dst thou give 'em all?

——— *Now all the Plagues, that in the pendulous Air
Hang sated o'er Mens Faults, light on thy Daughters.*
Kent. He has no Daughter, Sir.
Lear. Death, Traitor, nothing cou'd have subdued Nature
To such a Lowness, but his unkind Daughters, &c.

Edgar's Account of a Serving-man is very pretty; as all that he says in the Play, is according to the Character, which his Affairs oblige him to assume.

On

On Man.

Man is no more than this, consider him well!
 Thou ow'st the Worm no Silk, the Beast no Hide,
 The Sheep no Wool, the Cat no Perfume. How!
 Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing
 it self.

Unaccommodated Man is no more,
 But such a bare, poor, forked Animal
 As thou art—

Edgar's Description of the Precipice of Dower-Cliff, is
 very good.

—————How fearful
 And dizzy 'tis to cast ones Eyes so low, &c.

Against the gross and idolatrous Flattery of Princes, see
 Lear's Madneis: " They flatter'd me like a Dog, and told
 " me that I had white Hairs in my Beard, e'er the black ones
 " were there, to say Ay and No to every thing I said—Ay
 and No too was no good Divinity. When the Rain came to wet
 me once, and the Wind to make me chatter, when the Thun-
 der wou'd not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I
 smelt them out — Go to, they are not Men of their Words;
 they told me I was every thing; 'tis a Lye, I am not Ague-
 proof.

For this Story read Milton's and Tyrrel's History of En-
 gland, and Leland, with Geoffry of Monmouth, &c.

The Argument of the *Moor of Venice*.

Othello, an noble Moor or Negro, who had by long faithful
 Services, and brave Deeds, establish'd himself in the
 Opinion of the Senate of Venice, wins the Affections of
Desdemona, Daughter to *Brabantio*, one of the Se-
 nators, marries her unknown to her Father, and with the
 Senator's

Senator's Leave, carries her with him to *Cyprus*, his Province. He makes *Cassio* his Lieutenant, tho *Iago* had sollicit'd the Post by his Friends for himself; which Refusal, join'd with a Jealousy that *Othello* had been too familiar with his Wife, makes him contrive the Destruction of *Cassio* and the *Moor*, to gratify his Revenge, and his Ambition. But having no way to take a Vengeance on the *Moor*, proportion'd to his imaginary and double Injury but this, he draws him with a great deal of Cunning into a Jealousy of his Wife, and that by a Chain of Circumstances contriv'd to that purpose, and urg'd with all the taking Insinuations imaginable. *Othello* by these means won to a Belief of his own Infamy, resolves the Murder of his Wife and *Cassio*, whom he concluded guilty. *Iago* undertakes the dispatching *Cassio*, whose Commission he had already got; which designing to do by *Roderigo*, who had been his Dupe, in hopes by his means to enjoy *Desdemona*, and who now grew impatient of any longer Delay; he missing his Aim is wounded, and kill'd outright by *Iago*, to stop him from telling any tales of him. But the *Moor* effectually puts his Revenge in execution on his Wife; which is no sooner done, but he is convinc'd of his Error, and in Remorse kills himself; whilst *Iago*, the Cause of all this Villany, having mortally wounded his Wife for discovering of it, is born away to a more ignominious Punishment; and *Cassio* is made Governour of *Cyprus*.

I have drawn the Fable with as much favour to the Author as I possibly cou'd; yet I must own that the Faults found in it by Mr. *Rymer*, are but too visible for the most part. That of making a *Negro* the Hero or chief Character of the Play, wou'd shock any one; for it is not the *Rationale* of the thing, and the Deductions, that may thence be brought to diminish the Opposition betwixt the different Colours of Mankind, that wou'd be sufficient to take away that which is shocking in this Story; since this entirely depends on Custom, which makes it so: and when a common Woman admits a *Negro* to a Commerce with her, every one almost starts at the Choice; much more in a Woman of Virtue. And indeed *Iago*, *Brabantio*, &c. have shewn such Reasons as make it monstrous. I wonder *Shakespear* saw
this

this in the Persons of his Play, and not in his own Judgment. If *Othello* had been made deformed, and not over-young, but no *Black*, it had removed most of the Absurdities; but now it pleases only by Prescription. 'Tis possible, that an innocent tender young Woman, who knew little of the World, might be won by the brave Actions of a gallant Man, not to regard his Age or Deformities; but Nature, or what is all one in this Case, Custom, having put such a Bar, as so opposite a Colour, takes away our Pity from her, and only raises our Indignation against him. I shall pass over the other Observations founded on this Error, since they have been sufficiently taken notice of already. It must be own'd that *Shakespear* drew Men better than Women, to whom indeed he has seldom given any considerable Place in his Plays: Here, and in *Romeo and Juliet*, he has done most in this matter; but here he has not given any graceful Touches to *Desdemona*, in many places of her Part.

Whether the Motives of *Othello's* Jealousy be strong enough to free him from the Imputation of Levity and Folly, I will not determine; since Jealousy is born of very slight Occasions, especially in the Breasts of Men of those warmer Climates. Yet this must be said, *Shakespear* has manag'd the Scene so well, that it is that alone which supports his Play, and imposes on the Audience so very successfully, that till a Reformation of the Stage comes, I believe it will always be kindly receiv'd.

Iago is a Character that can hardly be admitted into the Tragic Scene, tho it is qualify'd by his being push'd on by *Revenge*, *Ambition* and *Jealousy*; because he seems to declare himself a settled Villain. But leaving these things to every Man's Humour, which is in our Age all the Rule of Judging, let us take a View of what we can find beautiful in the Reflections and Sentiments.

Preferment.

— 'Tis the Curse of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter and Affection,

And

*And not by old Gradation, where each Second
Stood Heir to the First, &c.*

So that, notwithstanding our Murmurers in the Army and other Places, we find Merit and Right have been post-pon'd to Favour long before our Days. *Iago's* Harangue against Honesty is severe enough; and 'tis pity the Satire is too true. *Brabantio* urges what I before remark'd of the Improbability of his Daughter's being won by the Moor, but by Charms and Witch-craft.

I do not think *Othello's* Account to the Senate, of the Progress of his Love with *Desdemona*, so ridiculous as Mr. *Rymer* makes it; for, as for the *Canibals*, and Men whose Heads grow beneath their Shoulders, &c. being Objects of vulgar Credulity, they are as probable and as moving as the *Cyclops* and *Harpies* of *Virgil*; and then, abating for the Colour of the Moor, and the Improbability of his having that Post, the Tale has a great deal of the *Pathos*. *Iago*, to insinuate into *Roderigo*, that he may have hopes of *Desdemona* says, — Mark me with what violence she lov'd the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical Lyes.

There are in this Play, as well as in most of this Poet, a great abundance of *Soliloquies*, in which the Dramatic Person discourses with the Audience, his Designs, his Temper, &c. which are highly unnatural, and not to be imitated by any one.

The Moor has not bedded his Lady till he came to *Cyprus*; and yet it is before and after urg'd, that she was or might be satiated with him. But those little Forgetfulnesses are not worth minding.

Against Reputation.

Reputation is an idle, and most false Imposition, oft got without Merit, and lost without deserving, &c.

Content is Wealth.

*Poor, and Content, is Rich, and Rich enough;
But Riches fineless, is as poor as Winter.*

Othello's Soliloquy, before he kills *Desdemona*, has been much admired. The

The Argument of *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

THIS Play is the History of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, from the Death of *Fulvia* to the taking of *Alexandria*, and the Death of *Cleopatra*. The Scene is sometimes at *Rome*, sometimes in *Ægypt*, sometimes at Sea, and sometimes at Land; and seldom a Line allow'd for a Passage to so great a Distance; and the Play is full of Scenes strangely broken, many of which exceeds not ten Lines. It is needless to write the Story, since it is so known to everybody, that *Anthony* fell in love with *Cleopatra*, that after *Fulvia's* Death he marry'd *Octavia* the Sister of *Augustus*, to piece up the Flaws that *Fulvia* and mutual Jealousies had made; that however he soon relaps'd to *Cleopatra*, and that War ensuing *Anthony's* ill Conduct lost the Day at *Actium* first, and afterwards at *Alexandria*; where he kill'd himself with his Sword, and *Cleopatra* with the Sting of an *Aspic*, to avoid being carry'd in Triumph by *Augustus*. In this Play indeed *Sextus Pompeius* is brought in, and the Treat he gave *Anthony*, *Lepidus*, and *Augustus*, on board his Vessel.

Augustus gives *Anthony* his true Character:

—When thou once
Were beaten from *Mutina*, &c.

And the Concern and Care of *Cleopatra* in the next Page is not unnatural.—Oh! *Charmion*! where think'st thou he is now? *Pompey's* Wish against *Anthony* is very apt and pretty.

But all the Charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wand Lips.

I must not omit the Description *Enobarbus* gives of *Cleopatra's* sailing down the *Cydnos*, because Mr. *Dryden* has given

Given us one of the same in his *All for Love*, which I shall here compare together, and leave the Decision of the Story to the impartial Reader.

*The Barge she sat in, like a burnished Throne,
Burnt on the Water: the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and so perfumed that
The Winds were Lovesick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the Tune of Flutes kept Stroke, and made
The Water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their Stroaks. For her own Person;
It beggar'd all Description. She did lie
In her Pavilion; Cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers coloured Fanns, whose Winds did seem
To glowe the delicate Cheeks, which they did cool,
And what they did, undid.
Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many Mermaids tended her i'th' Eyes,
And made their Bends Adornings. At the Helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken Tackles
Swell with the Touches of those Flower-soft Hands
That yarely frame the Office. From the Barge
A strange invisible Perfume hits the Sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast her
People out upon her, and Anthony,
Enthron'd in the Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the Air, which but for Vacancy
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a Gap in Nature.*

Mr. Dryden in his *All for Love*, Act third, where Anthony gives it to Dolabella, has these Words.

*Her Gally down the Silver Cydnos row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,*

*The gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple Sails.
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch were plac'd,
Where she, another Sea-born Venus, lay.
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she cou'd take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted Wings, the Winds
That play'd about her Face; but if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That Mens desiring Eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
The silver Oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heaven (or somewhat
more)
For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice —*

Both Poets are a little beholden to the *Historian* for at least the Ground-work of this Description,

Fortune forms our Judgment.

— I see Mens Judgments are
A Parcel of their Fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward Quality after them
To suffer all alike, &c.

Loyalty.

Mine Honesty and I begin to square,
The Loyalty well-held to Fools does make
Our Faith meer Folly, &c.

The Incident of *Eros* killing himself instead of *Anthony*
when his back is turn'd, Mr *Dryden* has borrow'd in his *All*
for Love; for *Ventidius's* and *Cleopatra's* sending him word
E c 2 that

that she had kill'd herself, is made use of in near the same manner by our late *Laureat*, in the forequoted Play of his.

For the Plot or the Story of this Piece, read *Plutarch's* Life of *Anthony*; *Suetonius* in *Aug. Dion Cassius*, lib 48. *Orosius*, l. 6. c. 7. *Cluny*. l. 4. c. 11. *Appian*. l. 5.

The Argument of *Cymbeline*.

C*ymbeline*, King of *Britain* in the Time of *Augustus*, having lost his Sons, *Guiderius* and *Aviragus*, had only one Daughter remaining, call'd *Imogen*, who privately married *Posthumus*, contrary to her Father's Will; who design'd her for *Clotten* the Queen's Son by a former Husband, who was a silly affected proud Fellow. *Posthumus* is therefore banish'd *Britain*, and goes to *Rome*, where he wagers with one *Jacimo* an *Italian*, that he cannot corrupt his Lady. He gives him Letters to her, and takes a Journey into *Britain* on purpose, tries her by Words in vain, so gets leave to put a Chest of Treasure into her Chamber for one Night; in which being convey'd, he lets himself out when she is asleep, observes the Room, takes away the Bracelet from her Arm, views a Mark under her Breast, and retires into his Chest again, and is the next Day carried away by his Men; then returns to *Rome*, and by these Tokens persuades *Posthumus* that he had lain with his Wife, so has the Chain and the Ring, whilst *Posthumus* sends an Order to *Pisanio* his Man to get his Mistress down to *Milford Haven* and there to murder her, for having betray'd his Honour in the Embraces of another. *Imogen* with Joy goes with him hoping to meet her Husband there, as her Letter promis'd but when *Pisanio* shew'd her his Order to kill her for Adultery she is highly concern'd and begs her Death, but he persuades her to stay there in Boy's Clothes to get into the Service of *Lucius* the Roman General; and so she might come near *Posthumus* and observe him, to whom *Pisanio* sent word that he had kill'd her according to his Order. *Imogen*, the mean while, losing her way among the Mountains wanders

wanders till she is almost starved, when finding a Cave and Victuals, she enters and falls to eating, where *Bellarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Aviragus*, the Masters of that Cave, return and find her; and taking her for a Boy, are very fond of her, calling her Brother, &c. But she being sick, takes something out of a Vial given her by *Pisano*, which he had from the Queen as a Cordial, tho' meant for a Poison: The Brothers and the Father going again out to hunt, meet with *Clotten*, who was come hither in the Clothes of *Posthumus*, on his understanding that *Imogen* was fled thither; but bearing himself insolently to *Guiderius* and *Aviragus*, one of them fights and kills him, and cuts off his Head; and having triumph'd over him, threw his Head into the Sea. But returning home, they find *Fidele* dead (for by that Name *Imogen* call'd herself in that Habit) they sing her Dirge, and leave her with the dead and headless Body of *Clotten*; she comes to herself again, and finding a Body without a Head, and in the Clothes of *Posthumus*, imagines it to be him slain; and is found weeping o'er the Body, by *Lucius* the Roman General, who was come now with his Army to invade Britain, *Cymbeline* having refus'd to pay the Tribute settled with *Julius Caesar*. He takes her for his Page: *Posthumus* being come over with the Romans, before the day of Battle, changes his Habit for a poor Country Fellow's; and *Bellarius*, not able to restrain *Guiderius* and *Aviragus* from the Fight, goes with them, and there rescue the King now almost taken Prisoner; and the Battle being chang'd by the Valour of these four, the Romans are beat; so *Posthumus* puts on his Roman Habit again, that he might be taken and put to death, being weary of Life for the Death of *Imogen*. He therefore and *Lucius* and *Jacimo*, are put in Prison, and reserv'd for Execution. *Fidele* is taken by the King for his Page, and of her he is so fond, as to grant her whatever Life she demanded among the Roman Prisoners. She seeing the Ring of *Posthumus* on *Jacimo*'s Finger, demands that he be oblig'd to discover how he came by it. *Jacimo* then owns all the Roguery, and *Posthumus* then discovers himself, and says that he had murder'd *Imogen*, who coming to embrace him, he strikes her from him, supposing her only a Page;

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but she being come to her self, owns that she is *Imogen*. And she accuting *Pisanio* of having given her Poison, the *Physician* and the Queen's Maids justify him by letting the King know that the Queen, on her Death-bed, own'd that she had given *Pisanio* a Draught for a Cordial, that wou'd poison him, at the same time confessing her guilty Design against the King himself. *Guiderius* owning that he had kill'd *Clotten*, the King orders him to be put to death, when *Bellarinus* discovers that he and *Aviragus* are the King's Sons. And *Posthumus* owning himself to be the Country Fellow that behaved himself so well, all are forgiven, and Peace made, *Cymbeline* agreeing to pay the Tribute tho' a Conqueror.

Tho the usual Absurdities of irregular Plots abound in this, yet there is something in the Discovery that is very touching the Character of the King, Queen, and *Clotten*, do not seem extremely agreeable to their Quality. This Play has been alter'd by Mr. *Durfey*, but whether to its Advantage or not I will not determine, because I have not the Alteration by me; but I am afraid the Gentleman who alter'd it, was not so well acquainted with the Rules of Art, as to be able to improve the *Cymbeline* of *Shakespear*. He himself makes this Objection against a main Incident of the Play—

2 Gal. That a King's Children should be so conveyed, so slackly guarded, and the Search so slow that cou'd not trace them—

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange, or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at, yet it is true, &c. But he has here, as in other things, slighted the Absurdity, and kept to the Error knowingly; but the Answer he puts in the first Gentleman's Mouth is of no Validity, were it so, viz. Yet it is true; for here Probability is more to be sought, than Truth, which is sometimes so merely possible, that it can scarce find Belief. And indeed most of the Incidents of this Play smell rankly of Romance. *Jacimo's* false Accusation of *Posthumus* to his Wife is well enough, and has many good Lines in it.

On Gold.

—'Tis Gold,

Which buys Admittance; oft it do's, yea, and makes

Diana's

*Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Doest to the Stand o' th' Stealer, &c.*

Against Women.

*Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half Workers? &c.*

The Speech of Bellarius to Aviragus and Guiderius, contains many fine Reflections——

*The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self into a waggish Courage,
Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as a Weezel, &c.*

*Imogen on Lyes and Falshood, pretty enough: Two Beg-
gars told me I could not miss my Way; will poor Folks lye? &c.*

Melancholy.

—— O! Melancholy,
Who ever yet cou'd sound thy Bottom?

The Plot of this Play is taken from Boccace's Novels, Day
2. Nov. 9.

There are besides these, on which I have made no Remarks, *Pericles Prince of Tyre, The London Prodigal, Thomas Lord Cromwel, Sir John Old-castle, The Puritan, or The Widow of Watling-street, The Yorkshire Tragedy, and Locrine*; which, as I am very well assur'd are none of *Shakespear's*, nor have any thing in them to give the least Ground to think them his; not so much as a Line; the *Style*, the manner of *Diction*, the *Humours*, the *Dialogue*, as distinct as any thing can possibly be. In the worst of his which were genuine, there are always some Lines, various Expressions, and the turn of Thought which discover it to have been the Product of *Shakespear*: But in these Seven I can find none of these Signs.

I Have thus at last past thro all *Shakespear's* Plays, in which if any good Judge shall think me too partial to my Author, they must give me the Allowance of an Editor, who can seldom see a Fault in the Author, that he publishes; nay, if he publish two of the same kind, that which is then under Consideration, has the Advantage, and excels all others. Besides, if I have shewn you all that was any way beautiful in him, I have also been so just to the Art, as often to point out his Errors in that particular. And having gone over this celebrated Author with so much Care, an Author asserted by the Number of his Admirers (whom to oppose is counted little less than Heresy in Poetry) to be the greatest *Genius* of the modern Times, especially of this Nation, I find myself confirm'd in the Opinion I have long had of the *Antients* in the *Drama*, I mean in *Tragedy*: for having been so long conversant with the Confusions of want of Art in this Poet, tho supported with all the Advantages of a great *Genius*; the Beauty of Order, Uniformity, and Harmony of Design appears infinitely more Charming; and that is only to be found in the *Greek Poets*: tho *Otway*, and a very few Plays wrote by some yet living, are not without their just Praise; but those are not such as have been the longest lived on the Stage, tho very well receiv'd; it being a difficult Matter to bring such a Town to judge of the Man by the Performance, and not of the Performance by the Man. *Shakespear* is indeed stor'd with a great many Beauties, but they are in a heap of Rubbish; and as in the Ruins of a magnificent Pile, we are pleas'd with the Capitals of Pillars, the *Basso-relievos*, and the like, as we meet with them, yet how infinitely more beautiful and charming must it be to behold them in their proper Places in the standing Building, where every thing answers the other, and one Harmony of all the Parts heightens the Excellence even of those Parts. And thus if those partial Beauties of *Shakespear* could be, or had been view'd in a true Position with their Correspondence to some perfect Whole, they wou'd receive a Praise, that they cannot, as they are, come up to.

This

This wou'd make me surpriz'd to find so many Advocates for Confusion, in the Preference they give the modern Tragic Poets above Order in *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*: did I not remember that this is done by Persons, who are totally ignorant of the Art, and are only pleas'd by Vogue, and Whimsy; and the Authors themselves, who wanting Genius, and Skill, have rail'd at the Excellence they could not arrive at, being humbly content with the precarious Applause of Fools; which as it was at first given without Reason, so is lost with as little: for whilst there is no Standard of Excellence, there can be no such thing as Excellence, which is such a levelling Principle in Poetry, as all Men who wou'd pretend to the least Merit, shou'd, for their own sakes, explode, as the genuine Child of Ignorance and Barbarism.

But I am more surpriz'd to find Mr. *Dryden* in the Number of the Flatterers of the Poets of the Age, who having had the Education of a Scholar, heighten'd it with the Beauties of a great *Genius*. But his Arguments for the *Moderns* against the *Ancients*, are worthy the Cause he defends, which is highly ridiculous. For his first Argument is, *That the Greek Tragedies were not divided into Acts*. But first he shou'd have consider'd, that this Defect (if it be one) might be the Effect of the Ignorance, or Neglect of the Transcribers, greater Misfortunes than that having befall'n Authors of that Antiquity in the dark Times of *Gothic* Ignorance: But I am afraid, that I cannot easily yield that this Division into Acts is any Perfection, since it plainly breaks off the Continuity of the Action, which is by the *Chorus*, kept on, without any Pause. But *Aristotle* has given us all the *Quantitative* Parts of a Play, as the *Prologue* or *Protaia*, the *Episode*, *Exode*, and *Chorus*, which perfectly distinguish'd all the Business and Order of the whole Plot of the Play; for which the *Moderns* have given us no Rules in regard of what is proper to each ACT. 'Tis true that in the Time of *Horace* the Distinction of *Acts* was receiv'd, and their Number settled as inviolable.

Non brevior quinto, non sit productior, Actu.

But

But as this was no Improvement in the Art of the *Drama*, so had it been so, 'tis plain, that the *Moderns* cou'd not make any Pretence to the Invention, and by Consequence can give us no manner of Advantage over the *Greek Poets* in that Particular.

His next Argument is— That the Tragedies of the *Greeks* were taken from some Tale drawn from *Thebes* or *Troy*, or at least something, that happen'd in those Ages, which were so known to the Audience, that they cou'd not afford any Delight. But let us hear his own Words— *And the People as soon as ever they heard the Name of Oedipus, knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by Mistake, and committed Incest with his Mother, before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, an Oracle, and the Ghost of Laius; so that they set with a yawning Expectation till he was to come with his Eyes out, and speak an hundred or two of Verses in a tragic Tone, in Complaint of his Misfortunes. But one Oedipus, Hercules, or Medea, had been tolerable; good People, they scap'd not so cheap, they had still the Chapon bouille set before them, till their Appetites were cloy'd with the same Dish, and the Novelty being gone, the Pleasure vanish'd — So that one main End of Dramatick Poetry in its Definition, which was to cause Delight, was destroy'd.*

I have transcrib'd so many of his own Words meerly to shew the vain and wretched Triumph of a Man, who was so far from gaining any Advantage over the *Ancients*, that he is out in every Particular. That most of the Fables were taken from those celebrated Stories of the fabulous Age of *Greece*, is true; but that all are so, is far from Truth; for the *Persians* of *Æschylus* was not so, and some of *Agatho's* and other of the *Greek Poets* now lost were pure Fictions of their own, as is plain from *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, and from *Horace's Rule*.

*Si quid inexpertum Scena committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet, &c.*

Nay this was so common a Practice, that *Aristotle* himself draws one of his Rules from it, and from which *Horace* took that just quoted. Next Mr. *Dryden* was either ignorant, or forgot, that tho the same Action was wrote upon by several of the *Greek* Poets, yet the Conduct and Management of it was always different, and the Ingenuity of that Variation was extremely entertaining to so polite a People. Thus *Euripides* took the Story of *Iphigenia* in *Tauris*, and *Polyides*, and *Agatho*, and others did the same, yet the Discovery is made in much a different Manner. *Euripides* makes *Iphigenia*, before she goes to sacrifice *Orestes*, write a Letter to her Brother *Orestes*, and give it to *Pylades* to deliver him, and lest he should lose the Letter, tells him the Contents of it, by which the Discovery is made, that she is *Iphigenia*, which with the Proof of *Orestes*, saves his Life, and they both make their Escape. *Polyides* made a Play on the same Subject, in which *Orestes* was brought to the Altar to be sacrific'd, who when he was going to receive the fatal Blow from the Hands of his Sister *Iphigenia*, cries out, *As my Sister was sacrific'd to Diana so must I be sacrific'd to the same*. This made *Iphigenia* know her Brother, and save him. For indeed the various and different Traditions of those Stories left the Poet at liberty to take which he pleas'd, and that gave a Variety even to the same Story; as in the Revenge of *Alcmeon* for his Father's Death; some made him kill his Mother knowingly, as *Sophocles* has made *Orestes* in his *Electra*; some, not knowing her till after he had done the Deed, and others prevent the Deed by a Discovery of her being his Mother. And these Discoveries were extremely entertaining to People of that fine Taste, which the *Athenians* had, as is plain from what *Plutarch* says, when he tells us, that when *Merope* went to kill her Son, there was a murmuring among the Spectators, which shew'd not only their Attention, but the Interest they gave themselves in the Misfortune of a Mother, who was going to kill her Son, and of a Son, who was to die by the Hands of his Mother.

But

But methinks that if this had been a real Objection, he wou'd never have chose to write upon the Story of *Anthony* after *Shakeſpear*, and ſome others. The various Conduct of the ſame Story takes away that Dullneſs which he apprehends from hearing the ſame ſo often. This is confirm'd by the beginning of Mr. *Dryden's* own Preface to *All for Love*—*The Death of Anthony and Cleopatra*, ſays he, is a Subject which has been treated by the greateſt Wits of our Nation after *Shakeſpear*; and by all ſo variously, that their Example has given me the Confidence to try my ſelf in the Bow of *Ulyſſes* among the Crowd of Suiters, and with all to take my own Meaſures in aiming at the Mark.

But this indeed was wrote ſome time after the Eſſay on Poetry, and may therefore differ from it, as moſt of Mr. *Dryden's* critical Prefaces do. He has given another inſtance in his *Oedipus*, wrote upon not only by the *Greeks*, *Seneca* and *Corneille*, but by ſome of our old *Engliſh* Poets; yet he has told us, that they are different Plays, tho on the ſame Subject. His indeed differs extremely from that of *Sophocles*; and tho he condemns *Seneca* abſolutely, and *Corneille* almoſt as much, yet he has taken the Deſcription of the Plague, the Gholt of *Laius* from *Seneca*, and an Under-plot from *Corneille*; not that his Under-plot is the ſame, but as an Under-plot it is the ſame Error copy'd from a Man he condemn'd. And here I can't but take notice, that of all he has ſaid againſt *Oedipus* in the foregoing Quotation, there is not one particular to be found in *Sophocles*. He has no Gholt of *Laius*, he has no ſtir in a Deſcription of a Plague, nor any but an extreme pathetic Complaint of his Miſfortunes.

But after all, this Talk of the Pleaſure's being vaniſh'd after the Novelty is gone, is highly ridiculous; for this wou'd hold good againſt all Plays that had been ſeen, above once, and be more ſo in thoſe of *Corneille*, and his *Engliſh* Imitations, which depend on Admiration, or the Intricacy of an Intrigue, which after it has been ſeen, like a Jugler's Tricks when known, has nothing entertaining; for we then knew it all, as well as the *Athenians* cou'd know *Oedipus*, *Thyeſtes*, or any other of the *Greek* Stories; as for Example the Diſ-

covery

covery in the *Spanish Fryar*, *Don Sebastian*, the Accidents of the *Five Hours Adventures*, &c. yet Mr. Dryden wou'd never have yielded, that the Argument against the Fables of the Antients wou'd hold good against the acting, or seeing any of his Plays but once. But the *Passions* or *Manners* of the Antients are so admirably perform'd, the Harmony of the Parts so charming and perfect, that they will bear viewing like an admirable Piece of Painting for ever, and afford a strong and lively Pleasure. It is not a little Knot, or Difficulty in a vain Intrigue, that supports a Play or gives that Pleasure, which is deriv'd from *Tragedy*; but it is the good and judicious Contrivance and Conduct of the whole in Incidents, productive of Terror and Compassion; and by the artful Working up of the Passions, and Expression of the Manners, Sentiments and the like; which must delight the sensible Soul, when ever they are seen.

Besides, his Description of the Oscitation, and languid beholding of the *Athenian* Plays without Pleasure, is directly contrary to the very matter of Fact, as is plain from the Instance of *Merope* I gave out of *Plutarch*, and from the *Athenians* Practice, who fate whole Days to see these Performances.

In the next Place, he brings *Tragi-Comedies* as a Proof of the Preference of the *Moderns* to the *Antients*, tho as weakly and to as little Purpose to his Cause, as any thing before urg'd. But let us see his own Words—I must therefore have stronger Arguments e'er I am convinc'd, that Compassion and Mirth in the same Subject destroy each other, and in the mean time cannot but conclude to the Honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd, and perfected, a more pleasant way of Writing, than ever was known to the *Antients*, or *Moderns* of any Nation, which is *Tragi-Comedy*.

There is scarce a Word of this Quotation which is true either in *Fact* or *Criticism*. For first, we did not invent *Tragi-Comedy*, as is plain from the Prologue of *Plautus* to his *Amphitryo*.

*Faciam ut commissa sit Tragicomœdia;
Nam me perpetuo facere ut sit Comœdia,
Reges quo veniant, & Dii, non par arbitror.*

Quid

*Quid igitur? quoniam hic servus Partes quoq; habet;
Faciám proinde, ut dixi, Tragicomœdiam.*

Nay, this unnatural Mixture was even before *Tragedy* was in Perfection; that is, in the Infancy of the Stage, in both *Athens* and *Rome*; till rejected, and the Stage reformed from it by the greatest Wits and Poets of these Cities, as a Mixture wholly monstrous and unnatural. *Nam Dicitatem & Facetias per se Tragicœdia non habet, quippe cui sit Rîsus inimicus (ut ait Demetrius Phalerius) & in qua nil nisi miserabile & terrificum ostendatur.* For Wit and Railery belong not properly to *Tragedy*, to which Laughter is an Enemy (as *Demetrius Phalerius* observes) in which nothing is shown, but what is Pitiful, and Terrible.

Thus what the *Romans* and *Greeks* rejected from the first ignorant Performances in their first Essays of the Stage, *Mr. Dryden* has made the highest Perfection we have over them; and so it is indeed, for we differ from them in nothing but in retaining those Faults which the Ignorance of our first Writers brought in; which they threw aside from their ruder Sketches, that they might indeed arrive at a real Perfection.

But *Mr. Dryden* goes on—He tells us that we cannot so speedily recollect our selves after a Scene of great Passion and Concernment, as to pass to another of Mirth and Humour, and enjoy it with any Relish. But why should he imagine the Soul of Man more heavy than his Senses? Does not the Eye pass from an unpleasant Object to a pleasant one, in much shorter Time than is requir'd to this? And does not the Unpleasantness of the first commend the Beauty of the latter? The old Rule of Logic might have convinc'd him, that Contraries plac'd near, set off each other, &c.

I wonder he would lay the Objection so strong, and yet answer it so weakly; for the Soul can no more pass in a Moment from the Tumult of a strong Passion in which it is thoroughly engag'd, than the Sea can pass from the most turbulent and furious Storm into a perfect Calm in a Moment. There must be Time for the terrible Emotion to sub-

subside by degrees into a Calm; and there must be a gradual Passage from the Extreme of Grief, Pity, or the like, to its opposite *Mirth, Humour, or Laughter*. The Simile, therefore, which he lays down as a Proof, is so far from an Argument of what he contends for, that it is in no manner a Parallel; nor even will it hold in it self as here urg'd. There is no Agreement betwixt the Passage of the Eye from one Object to another of different, nay, contrary Kinds, and a Soul work'd up to the Height of *Grief, Pity, Indignation, Love, &c.* starting from these in a Moment to calm Enjoyment of *Mirth, and Laughter*: nor is this any Argument of the Heaviness of the Soul; for 'tis impossible to quit that in a Moment, in which it was engag'd by Steps, or Degrees. Here we have nothing to do with Heaviness or Lightness but in a metaphorical Sense, meaning *Dul'ness or Vivacity*: but such a swift Passage of the Soul from opposite to opposite, is a Proof of a Dullness of Spirit, which could not be engaged thoroughly in any Passion. But the Instance of the Eye it self is not rightly suppos'd; for if the Eye be fixt with Pleasure on a grave and serious Object, suppose the taking our Saviour from the Cross, by *Jordan of Antwerp*, the Eye thus attach'd will neither soon, nor easily remove it self to look on a Droll-piece of *Hemskirk, &c.* But granting that it remove with Ease and Swiftmess from an Object that is unpleasant, to one that is delightful; will it return with the same Facility from the pleasant to the unpleasant? as in *Tragi-comedy*, where the Soul is to start from Tears to Laughter, and from Laughter to Tears, five times in one Play: Such a Soul must belike some Childrens and Women's, who can weep and laugh in a Breath. But as Mr. *Dryden*, in this Instance, did not consider the Nature of the Soul, so did he not that of the Eye; for Objects are pleasing or displeasing to that, only as they please or displease the Mind: so that he leaves the Controversy undecided, or rather he perfectly yields the Point by bringing nothing against it of the least Force and Validity. It by this Instance he means only the mere mechanic Motion of the Eye, without any Concern in the Object, it has as little to do with the Soul engag'd; for then the Simile shou'd be the Soul disengag'd in any Particular,
and

and the mere Swiftneſs of the Transition of the Mind from one Thought to another. Thus, take him which way you will, his Inſtance has nothing to do with the Matter in hand, but has left the Abſurdity where he found it, in *Tragi-Comedy*. I confeſs, moſt of our *Tragi-Comedies* are ſuch as engage the Paſſions ſo very little, that the Transition from the ſerious to the comical Part may be quick and eaſy; but then the Argument has nothing to do here, for that which was to be prov'd, was the ſwift Transition from Grief to Mirth, or the like.

But (ſays Mr. Dryden) *a Scene of Mirth, mix'd with Tragedy, has the ſame Effect upon us, which our Muſic has between the Acts; and that we find a Relief to us from the beſt Plot and Language of the Stage, if the Diſcourſes have been long.*

By this he wou'd make the Comic Part of no more relation to the Play than the Muſic which is betwixt the Acts, that has none at all. But the Parallel here is as defective as in the former; for the Muſic employing only Sounds, may by them contribute gradually to the calming the Soul, reſtoring that Tranquillity which the ruſſling of a great Paſſion had rais'd: here is nothing to require the Attention of the Mind or Reaſon; here is no ſtart from one Extremity to the other, which confounds, and not relieves, the agitated Soul. But according to this Notion of his, they might compendiouſly act a *Tragedy* and a *Comedy* together, firſt a Scene of *Tragedy*, and then a Scene of *Comedy*: but ſure Mr. Dryden, nor any of his Opinion, wou'd ever think this a Perfection; and ſuch a Perfection found out and improv'd by us, as the Antients, nor any other Nation of the Moderns, ever knew. And yet moſt, if not all, of our modern *Tragi-Comedies*, are even as if a *Tragedy* and *Comedy* were acted together; the *Comic* Part of them having no more to do with, or relation to the *Tragic*, than if it were another Play: as in the *Spaniſh Fryer*, the *Comedy* of which has with Succeſs been acted by it ſelf, without any Gap in the Representation; which is a Proof that it is no Part of the *Tragedy*, ſince it is not maim'd by the Separation. And yet Mr. Dryden pleaſantly enough tells his Patron, in the Beginning of his Dedication—

dication — Accordingly I us'd the best of my Endeavour, in the management of two Plots so very different from each other; that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer to have madethem of a Piece — Since he himself has not done it in any one Particular, unless it be by making two or three of the under Parts of the serious Part, the chief Persons in the Comic, which yet does not connect them so, but they may be acted separately, and make a different Comedy, and Tragedy; which needs no great Talent to perform, since no Poet cou'd do less in his worst Performance. Had he indeed united them so, that the *Fryer*, *Lorenzo*, *Gomez*, *Elvira*, &c. had contributed to the carrying on the Plot, or Design, of the *Queen*, *Torrismond*, &c. or the Discovery of the Birth of *Torrismond*, or the Life of old *Sancho*; there had been some ground to say they were of a Piece: but whilst they carry on two several, nay different Designs, they are two distinct Plays, tho' lamely tack'd together, acted together, and printed together, as One Play.

The Author's Supposition of so quick a Transition from Grief, Anger, &c. to Mirth or Laughter, would go a great way to Convince a sensible Man, that he seldom or never had himself experimentally felt those Emotions of Soul, which a true Passion excites; and therefore knew not how it is fixt to a Passion which it is engag'd in, by a well-written Scene. But in this he was always equal to himself. He was once talking of translating *Homer*, and I recommended *Euripides* to his Pen; but he reply'd, that he did not like that Poet: which was a Proof that he had but little Taste of Nature, or that he was afraid to do that Poet justice in the *English* Language, lest his charming Draughts of Nature shou'd refine our Taste, and make us condemn the tinsel Trifles of our modern Writers of Tragedy. But I am rather apt to think it was his want of a true Relish of Nature, having been early misled by a great Conversation with the *French Romances*, which are direct Opposites to Nature; because he told a Gentleman, being by one day at a Coffee-house, who had met with Success in some of his Plays, that he wou'd make much such another Poet as *Orway*: the Gentleman justly reply'd, that he desir'd to be no greater.

I shou'd not have taken so much Pains with this Essay of Mr. *Dryden*, had it not been printed in his Works, without any mark of the Alteration of his Opinion; because the ignorant Reader, who depends on his Judgment in Print, will be misled by his Authority, and the Speciousness of his Reasons. And this I hope will be my Excuse for opposing a Man, who must by all be acknowledg'd to have much improv'd our Versification, and to have discover'd a *Genius* in his other Writings, which justly claims our Admiration. But that very thing is what must justify my Undertaking, since the very Authority which his Merits give him, will be the more prejudicial in establishing his Errors.

Before I quit this point, I must take notice, that the Author of *Shakespear's* Life is of opinion, that *Tragi-Comedy* will take more than *Tragedies*; but he having given no Instances to prove this Opinion, I must only take it for a Supposition, which has more probability of Falshood than Truth. For we have not for some Years past had any of that kind on the Stage, which have pleas'd: *The Fatal Marriage*, and *Oreonoko*, are the last that I can remember; and I am apt to believe, that more were pleas'd with the Tragic Part of both those Plays, than with the Comic. Thus the Scene of the Historical Dialogues of *Shakespear* please by a sort of Prescription; yet, let any Man in our Days bring any such thing upon the Stage, he wou'd soon be convinc'd of his Error by a just Condemnation.

I hope by this time I have made it plain, that the Moderns have not got any Advantage above the Antients in the Drama, by what Mr. *Dryden* has urg'd in their behalf in the Particulars above-mention'd; but there still remains another Objection, tho much more modestly urg'd, in his Preface to *All for Love*: In which Play, he at last confesses that the *Antients* ought to be our Masters, and allows what *Horace* says to be just.

————— Vos Exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturna versate Manu, versate Diurna.

But

But then—*Yet tho their Models are regular, they are too little for English Tragedy, which requires to be built on a larger Compass.* Tho I could answer him from himself in his Preface to *Oedipus*, after he has said more on this Point, or rather explain'd what he says here; yet I shall examine the Weight of what he urges. But first let us hear him in the Preface before quoted to *Oedipus*. "*Sophocles is indeed admirable every where, and therefore we have follow'd him as close as ever we cou'd. But the Athenian Theatre (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene (or two at the most) which manages the Business of the Play; and after that succeeds the Chorus, which commonly takes up more Time in singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The principal Person appears almost constantly thro the Play; but the inferior Parts seldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to loose any considerable Character, which we have once presented.*"

And a little after — "*Perhaps after all, if we cou'd think so, the antient Method, as it is easiest, is also the most natural, and the best: for Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject to breed Distraction; and while we wou'd please too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we please in none.*"

I confess I was not a little puzzled at the first Quotation till I met with the second, which was as a Comment on the former. Nay, I am yet to seek what he means by a Model; he shou'd have defin'd his Term, since 'tis plain that he means something different from what we understand by the *Formation of the Design*, or the *Constitution of the Subject*. The Reader will find, that in those Rules, which I have from *Aristotle* laid down for the writing and judging of a Tragedy, there is no one Rule about the seldom, or often bringing in of the Characters; but that naturally follows the Constitution of the Subject: for it is certain in Reason and Nature, that none ought to be brought in, but such as are necessary to the Design, and only as they are necessary;

cessary; to do otherwise, is contrary to good Conduct, and to Perfection; and if in many of those Plays of the Antients which remain, what Mr. Dryden has observ'd be true, it is no Rule to him, if he forms his Story according to Art, and yet have his under Characters more frequently on the Stage. That each Act of the Antients consists of about one or two Scenes, is a certain Perfection, but in the *Laisson* of Scenes, as the *French* call it, and in their *Shortness*, which I believe Mr. Dryden meant by their *Model being too little for our Stage*; for those numerous Scenes brought in by our Poets, do not only stretch the Play to an unreasonable Length, but generally breed a Confusion, and have no Connection to one another. So that this shews Mr. Dryden's Error in making a Distinction betwixt the Perfection of the *Athenian* Stage, and that of *London*, in the same numerical sort of Poem, in which there can be but one *Perfection*, and either *Athens*, or *London*, must be in the wrong: But I have already prov'd *Athens* in the right; so that what Mr. Dryden urges for a different Perfection on our Stage, only proves a Defect, and ought therefore to be rejected; as he indeed in the End seems to confess, but lays his adhering to the Error on the Tyranny of Custom, which Men of his Authority may and ought to break and reform.

Besides that Shortness which he objects to the *Antients*, is what we often wish for in our modern Authors, when they tire us with their tedious Scenes for four Hours together, without ever engaging our Souls at all: And the *Chorus* was a more natural Relief than Comic Interludes, or the Musick betwixt the Acts. That our Stage does not require a larger Compass to build on, is plain from the *Orphan* of *Otway*, which still pleases, and ever will; and yet for the most part it is conducted according to the Model of the *Ancients*, and without any under Plot; the *Episodes* of it being entirely Parts of the Design, and not to be left out without maiming the whole. Whence it is plain, that it is not the Fault of the Audience, but the Impotence or Ignorance of the Poet, who is not able (tho he calls this Way the most easy) to travel in so smooth and pleasant a Way.

But

But this Controversy betwixt the Ancients and the Moderns is too copious and large to be thoroughly discuss'd in this Point, it has engag'd *Boileau* and *Mr. Perault* in *France*, and *Mr. Wotton*, and *Sir William Temple*, in our own Country; but I think a middle Course ought to be steer'd: there are things in which they have evidently excell'd us, and to imitate which, is counted now the highest Perfection; as in *Statuary*: and the best Painters have made it their Study to imitate the *Antique*. The same must be said in *Oratory* and *Poetry*, especially in the *Tragic Poem*, in which we have by no means yet been able to rival them. We have had some Poets who have happily describ'd some things finely, and given us many pretty and fine Reflections and Topics; but there is no Order, no Decorum, no Harmony of Design, nay no Relation of the Parts to each other; but as *Horace* says,

*Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis,
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter
Assuitur Pannus. Cum Lucus, & Ara Dianæ,
Et properantis Aqua per amenos Ambitus agros,
Aut Flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur Arcus.*

They can patch a lame Plot with some fine Lines, some pretty *Similes*; can make a fine Description of a Battle, of a Grove, or the like; but all these thrust into their wrong Places, where they have not the least to do. And these are the Men who exclaim against the Rules, and by a senseless Noise set up for Patrons of Confusion, and Enemies to *Harmony* and *Order*; as if any one should prefer the rambling Prelude of a Performer (who, by the way, seldom knows any thing of the Composition) to the fine *Sonata's* of *Corelli*, or the admirable Composition and Harmony of Parts in a Piece of *Henry Purcel*. One is only a Proof of the Volubility of the Performer's Fingers; the other the Power of Musick, that moves the Soul which way it pleases.

But there may be some tolerable Reason given, why these Poets, that have even those Scantiings of Poetry, should surprise the Town into an Admiration of their Per-

formances, as our *Shakespear*, and Mr. *Dryden* in his Plays; but the Success of some since them, is wholly unaccountable, who are full as faulty in their Plots or Designs, and yet have scarce one Line in a Play that discovers any Reflection.

Among these are our Lady Poets, who like *Juno* in the Production of *Iulcan*, are always deliver'd of Cripples. I beg the Ladies Pardon; I do not exclude them from all manner of Poetry; they have in all Ages succeeded in the lesser Poesy, but no Woman of any other Nation, that I know of, except *England*, ever pretended to meddle with the Drama. *Magalostrate* the Mistress of *Alcmaeon*, the Lyric Poet; *Sappho* one of whose Poems is still extant, and whose Writings were admired by *Longinus* himself; she wrote *Elegies*, *Epigrams*, *Monodes* and *Iambics*; and her Friend *Erinna*, and her cotemporary *Demophila*; *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*; *Cleobalina* who wrote *Ænigma's*; *Corinna* who was Mistress of so much Excellence, and so good a Lyric Poet, that she was call'd the Lyric Muse, and had five times the Victory over the famous *Pindar* of *Thebes*: *Telephilla*, *Praxilla*, *Aspasia*, a second *Erinna*, *Myro*, *Eudoxia*, the Wife of *Theodosius* the younger; *Damocharus*, *Hesica* of *Alexandria*, *Moeio*, *Nossis* a Lyric Poetess, some of whose Poems are yet extant; and *Philænis*. All these we have had from *Greece*, and not one of them attempted the Drama. Now for the *Latins*, who are but very few. *Corinthia*, whose *Epigrams* are still extant; *Sempronia*, *Theophila*, the Wife of *Caninius* the Poet; *Proba* Rosweid a Nun, who writing in *Latin Verse*, is put among the *Latin Poets*. But in *England* we have had almost as many Ladies in the Sock and Buskin as Men. But to these I wou'd address what *Plato* has made *Sophocles* and *Euripides* say to a young Poet, who thus speaks to them. I can make Verses tolerably well, and I know how in my Descriptions to extend a mean Subject, and contract a great one; I know how to excite Terror and Compassion, and to make pitiful Things appear dreadful, and menacing. I will therefore go and write Tragedies. *Sophocles* and *Euripides* answer him thus: Do not go so fast, Tragedy is not what you take it to be; 'tis a Body compos'd of many

many different and well-suited Parts; of which you will make a Monster, unless you know how to adjust them. You may know what it is to be learn'd before the Study of the Art of Tragedy, but you don't yet know that Art.

But this ought to be address'd to the Male Writers as well as the Female; for it has been the ill Writing of the former, which gave them the Assurance to attempt a Thing, in which they cou'd see no Difficulty, while they saw nothing but the wild Compositions of the Times.

But this is a Subject which I have a Design to touch more closely when I shall examine all the taking Plays of the latter Years, and deliver a Critic upon them in such a Manner, that the Ladies themselves may judge of the Ridiculousness of those things, which we now call *Tragedies*. For the Fate of that Point of the *Drama* depending much on the Boxes, the Labour will not be disagreeable to give them such Demonstrations as may without Difficulty inform their Understandings, and Judgments.

Tho this gradual way of reforming the Stage may be something tedious, yet since there is no other Way to obtain that Happiness, but the Government's having an immediate Inspection of it, or by deputing as many Judges, of the *Drama* as were in *Athens*, where each of the Ten Tribes chose a Judge, who acted upon Oath; but that can never be done while private Interest has the Direction of a publick Diversion; for that has no Regard to any thing, but it self.

I shall here take my Leave of the Plays of *Shakespear*; and shall proceed to the Consideration of his Poems, which are publish'd in this Edition, and are more perfect in their kind, than his Plays; as will appear by making a Judgment of them by those Rules which I shall lay down as the Guides to Perfection in them.

The End of the Remarks on the Plays of Shakespear.



REMARKS

ON THE

POEMS

OF

SHAKESPEAR.



Come now to *Shakespear's Poems*, the Publication of which in one Volume, and of a-piece with the rest of the Works, gave occasion to my Perusal of his other Writings, with so much Attention, that I cou'd not easily be impos'd on by any spurious Copy of that Poet. 'Tis true, there may perhaps be a *Michael Angelo* found, who may copy the Antique so admirably, as to puzzle the greatest Masters; but then the very Copy must have the

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the Beauty and Merit of an Original. Thus I am confident, that tho the Poems this Volume contains are extremely distinguish'd in their Excellence and Value, yet there is not one of them that does not carry its Author's Mark and Stamp upon it; not only the same manner of Thinking, the same turn of Thought, but even the same Mode of Dress and Expression, the Decompounds, his peculiar sort of Epithets, which distinguish his from the Verses of all his Contemporaries or Successors, as in the Poems—

*From off a Hill, whose concave Womb rewarded
A plaintful Story from a Sistring Vale, &c.*

And in his Plays this very Epithet we find particularly, *That even her Art sisters the natural Roses*. But to compare all the Poems in this manner would be an endless Work, and make almost as many Volumes as his Plays; and it would be perfectly unnecessary, since whoever knows any thing of *Shakepear*, will find his Genius in every Epigram of these Poems, in every particular I have mention'd, and the frequent *Catachreses*; his Starts aside in Allegories, and in short his Versification, which is very unequal; sometimes flowing smoothly but gravely like the *Thames*, at other times down-right Prose. He never touches on an Image in any of them, but he proves the Poem genuine.

But some, perhaps, who are for undervaluing what they have no share in, may say, that granting them to be *Shakepear's*, yet they are not valuable enough to be reprinted; as was plain by the first Editors of his Works, who would otherwise have join'd them all together.

To this I answer—That the Assertion is false; or were it not, it is more than the Objector knows by his own Judgment and Understanding: But to prove it false we need only consider, that they are much less imperfect in their Kind, than even the best of his Plays, as will appear from the Rules I shall lay down immediately: In the next Place, the first Editors were Players, who had nothing to do with any thing but the Dramatic Part, which yet they publish'd full of gross Mistakes, many of which remain to this Day; nor were they

they by any means Judges of the Goodness or Badness of the Beauties or defects of either Plays or Poems.

There is next an Objection, That if these Poems had been Genuine, they had been publish'd in the Life time of the Author, and by himself; but coming out almost thirty Years after his Death, there is great Reason to suspect that they are not Genuine.

To this I answer, That if nothing was to be thought his but what was publish'd in his Life time, much the greater Number of his Plays wou'd be as liable to this Objection as his Poems. Next, here is indeed no Weight in the Objection; Is there any thing more common than the Publication of Works of great Men after their Deaths? It is more than thirty Years since the Death of the ingenious *Butler*; yet it is certain that Mr. *L——* of the Temple has a Manuscript of his in his Hands, perhaps more valuable than his *Hudibras*, and in the same kind of Verse, because the Subject wou'd afford greater Matter for so fine a Genius to work on; and if this Gentleman shou'd be prevail'd upon to do the dead Author the Justice to publish this to the World, cou'd this Objection rob his Memory of the Work, and make it spurious? No, no, there is a likeness in one Man's Children generally, which extends not beyond the Family; and in the Children of the Brain it is always so, when they are begot by a Genius indeed. Besides, these Poems being most to his Mistress, it is not at all unlikely, that she kept them by her till they fell into her Executor's Hands, or some Friend who wou'd not let them be any longer conceal'd. But a ter all, there were more in proportion of these Poems in this Volume, printed in his Life-time, than of his Plays, as is plain from his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, and several *Epigrams and Sonnets*.

There is a Poem in this Book called the *Passionate Shepherd*, which gives us a strong Proof of its being *Shakespear's*; for Sir *Hugh the Welch Levite*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to appease his Choler or his Fears, as he is waiting to fight Dr. *Caius*, repeats often some of the Lines: as

*By shallow Rivers, to whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals,*

There

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*There will I make our Peds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant Posies.*

This at least proves it a known and celebrated Song when *Shakespear* wrote that Play, which was Years before his Death.

There is yet another Proof of the Poems being genuine, for there is in them the Song which begins the fourth Act of *Measure for Measure*, at length; whereas there is but one Stanza of it in the Play, which is,

*Take, oh! take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those Eyes the break of Day
Lights which do mislead the Morn.
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, tho seal'd in vain.*

The Stanza, omitted in the Play, is,

*Hide, O! hide those Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Bosom bears,
On whose Tops the Pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor Heart first set free,
Bound in those Icy Charms by thee.*

This leads me to a Book lately publish'd, containing only some few of his Poems confusedly put together; for what is there call'd *The Passionate Pilgrim*, is no more than a Medley of *Shakespear's*, thrown into a Heap without any Distinction, tho they are on several and different Subjects: As for Example, The first Stanza in these Poems is call'd, *The False Relief*: the next Stanza is call'd, *The Temptation*; and on quite another Subject, tho incorporated into one under that general Title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*: the next Stanza is call'd, *Fast and Loose*, and still on another Subject: the next Stanza, tho join'd as the rest as part of the same Poem, is on a Subject vastly different from that of the former Stanza,

and

and is call'd, *The Sweet Provocation*: the same holds good of the next, which is call'd, *The Constant Vow*.

I might go on with the rest of them, which confound the Reader, and very much injure the Poet, by palming on his Memory such absurd Incoherences, as none but such a wise Editor cou'd ever have stumbled on.

Again, the Poems are not only in that Book thus ridiculously blended together in a preposterous Mixture, but some of them are lame and imperfect; to instance in one, which is here call'd, *The Passionate Shepherd*. The Answer to that, in the Book we mention, is not above six or seven Lines; and here it is as long and as beautiful as the Shepherd's Address, nay, in my opinion much better.

Tho' Love and its Effects are often happily enough touch'd in many of these Poems, yet I must confess that it is but too visible, that *Petrarch* had a little infected his way of thinking on that Subject: yet who-ever can admire Mr. *Cowley's* Mistress, has a thousand times more Cause of Admiration of our *Shakespear*, in his Love Verses; because he has sometimes such Touches of Nature as will make amends for those Points, those *Epigrammatica Acumina*, which are not, or ever can be, the Product of a Soul truly touch'd with the Passion of Love.

The Poem of *Venus and Adonis* has been much admir'd; since it has of late cometo be known to the Curious, and there are a great many very beautiful Images and Lines in it. *Bion*, one of the *Minor Greek Poets*, has wrote on the same Subject, with this difference: The *British Bard* has taken more of the Story in; that is, he has given us a Draught of the last Scenes of the amorous Essays of the Passion of *Venus* on the Youth, as well as of his Death, and her Lamentations upon it; whereas the *Edyllum* of *Bion* only laments his Death. However, this furnishes us with an Opportunity of making a better Comparison betwixt our Poet and the *Antients*, than that which Mr. *Hales* of *Eton*, my Lord *Falkland* and the rest, took in opposition to *Ben. Johnson*. I the more willingly do this, because the right honourable the Earl of *Winchelsea* has translated this very Piece with a great deal of Address, which I shall here give you as I find it in Print.

The

The first Edyllium of *Bion*, On the Death of
A D O N I S.

*Translated by the Right Honourable the Earl of
Winchelsea.*

MOURN all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!
Rise wretched *Venus*, and to Mourning turn
The *Tyrian* Robes thy beauteous Limbs adorn:
Thy panting Bosom beat in wild Despair,
And pierce with thy Complaints the yielding Air.
Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Ah! how his Breast seems lovely to the Sight!
The Tusk that wounded him is not so white.
The sparkling Lustre now forsakes his Eyes,
And from his Lips the rich Carnation flies;
The charming Youth lies breathless on the Plain,
And *Cytherea*'s Kisses are in vain.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Tho wide the Wound upon his Thigh appears,
The tender Goddess' Breast a larger bears,
Close by his Side his faithful Dogs attend,
And howling o'er the Corps, the Skies they rend.
The Mountain Nymphs their sad Distraction show,
But *Venus*' Griefs no Limits will allow.
Bare-footed to the Desert she repairs,
With Looks disorder'd, and neglected Hair,
And her soft Fleſh the cruel Brambles tear.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

The Rocks and Floods lament his hapless Fate,
Adonis, still *Adonis*, they repeat.

The Flowers a universal Sorrow shew,
 And weep his Fall in pearly Drops of Dew,
 But *Venus* o'er the pathless Mountain flies,
 And Hills and Vallies eccho to her Cries.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
 The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Who can the *Cyprian* Queen's sad Story know,
 Without lamenting her disastrous Woe?
 With Arms out-stretch'd she grasps the fleeting Air,
 And cries, *Adonis* stay! stay, lovely Fair!
 At length I've found thee! fly not my Embrace,
 My glowing Kifs shall warm thy bloodless Face.
 With eager Lips I'll draw thy parting Breath,
 Receive thy Soul, and suck thy Love in Death.
 This farewell Kifs I never will resign,
 And tho you leave me, that shall still be mine.
 Far off you fly *Adonis*, and must go
 To visit the remorseless King below.
 But as a Goddess far more wretched, I
 Immortally am curs'd, and cannot die.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
 The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

The Queen of Love assumes a widow'd State,
 And round her little Loves unactive wait!
 She blames thee, too rash Youth! alone to dare
 Encounter savage Beasts, himself so fair.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
 The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

As many Tears fair *Venus*' Eyes supply
 As Drops of Blood fell from *Adonis*' Thigh;
 From which successively were seen to rise
 From Blood the Rose, from Tears *Anemonies*.

Mourn all ye *Loves*! the fair *Adonis* dies!
 The lovely Youth in Death's Embraces lies!

Fair *Cytherea*, from the Woods retire;
 No longer there lament your lost Desire:
 The Nuptial Bed for your cold Love prepare,
 Who looks (as sleeping) charming still, and fair.
 On golden Bolsters raise his heavy Head,
 So let him lie tho pale his Looks, and dead!
 In his rich Garments lay him gently down,
 The same that us'd thy happy Nights to crown.
 Let Flow'rs and Garlands o'er the Corps be spread;
 But they, since he's no more, will quickly fade.
 With fragrant Essences perfume the Air,
 Since he is gone, who was all sweet, and fair.
 Now deckt in Purple soft *Adonis* lies;
 The little Loves attend with weeping Eyes,
 And strive by different Ways their Grief to show;
 This tramples on his Dart, that breaks his Bow;
 A third i'th' Air his useles Quiver throws;
 A fourth th' embroider'd Slipper wou'd unloose.
 In golden Cups another Water bears,
 One washes off the Blood his Thigh besmears.
 Another beats officiously the Air,
 And with soft Pinions fans the breathless Fair.
 All *Hymen's* Torches on the Threshold lie
 Extinguish'd, and the Marriage Garland by.
Hymen's no longer sung, but all around
Adonis is become the mournful Sound:
 The pitying Graces in the Confort move,
 And mourn th' unhappy *Cytherea's* Love.
 Her boundless Grief the fatal Sisters share,
 Endeavour to recal the beauteous Fair;
 But cruel *Proserpine* is deaf to Prayer.

I need not transcribe that of *Shakespear*, since by turning
 to the Page you may find it. The particular Complaint of
Venus in *Bion* begins;

—Μεῖνον Ἀδωνί;

Δύσποτμε μεῖνον Ἀδωνί, &c.

The

The *Similies* in *Shakespear* are generally very good, as that,

*Ev'n as an empty Eagle sharp by Fast,
Tires with her Beak on Feathers, Flesh, and Bone, &c.*

And that in the next Stanza but one.

*Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,
So fasten'd, &c.*

But it wou'd be tedious to refer to all the *Similies*, since there is scarce a Page but has one or more very well adapted, to the heightning of the Subject.

Venus's Speeches to *Adonis*, allowing now and then for some *Petrarchisms*, are natural and pathetick enough, expressing her Eagerness of Desire.

Oh! Pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted Boy, &c.

The Description of the Horse of *Adonis*, and all that passes from the Jennet's coming out of the Coppice, is very lively; her Speech to him likewise.

Oh! fairest Mover on this mortal Round! &c.

And her Reply to him.

What canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a Tongue?

Her Description of the Terrors of the Boar, and her Dissuasions from hunting are very good, But she seems something too long and particular in her Persuasion to his coursing or hunting the timorous Hare. *Shakespear* was at least a young Poet when he wrote this, it being as he tells his Patron in his Billet Dedicatory his first Essay; I suppose he means in this Kind, for certainly some of his Plays were wrote before it, being infinitely less perfect in the Diction and Versification. Her chiding of Death, expresses that Terror in lively Colours.

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Besides the *Similies* and *pathetick Speeches*, there are *scattered* up and down some *Topics* well express'd, as

On Love.

*Love is a Spirit all compact of Fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.*

And,

On Love and Lust.

*Call it not Love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurps his Name, &c.*

There is also something fine on the Power of Love.

The next Poem is upon the Rape of *Lucrece* by *Tarquin*. I have ventur'd to make this Edition differ from the former; because those few Notes that us'd to be printed with it, are very childish, and superfluous, and doubtless not design'd to be committed to the Press by the Author; they being only to point out in Prose to the Reader, what he has before his Eye in Verse. This Poem in my Opinion is much inferior to the former, tho a much better Subject for a Poem. *Lucrece* is too talkative and of too wanton a Fancy for one in her Condition, and of her Temper; yet there are many good Lines, and some very good Topics, tho a little too far spread; as those of *Night*, *Opportunity*, and *Time*.

*Oh! Comfort-killing Night! Image of Hell,
Dim Register, and Notary of Shame, &c.*

And,

*Oh! Opportunity, thy Guilt is great!
'Tis thou, that excus'st the Traitor's Treason, &c.*

And,

*Mishapen Time, Copefmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle Post, Carrier of grisly Care, &c.*

These

These, tho they express a great many Properties and Effects of the *Topics*, are yet too curious and too long to entertain a Lady in so desperate a Condition as *Lucrece* was: and the same will hold good of several things, before she gives herself the fatal Wound.

There are some other common Places in this Poem, worth minding: As of the Avaritious, tho brought in by way of Simile.

*Those that much covet, are of Gain so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possess, &c.*

Which is the Sense of this Latin Saying, *Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.* And on the same Subject.

The aged Man that coffers up his Gold, &c.

There are two Verses very like this of *Claudian*;

Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

*For Princes are the Glass, the School, the Book,
Where Subjects Eyes do learn, do read, do look.*

I urge not this to charge him with *Plagiarism*, but only to shew that if the Similitude of Thought may be a Proof of his having read the Classics, as well as the finding no such, an Argument that he had not; these and various other instances, which I might give from both his Poems and Plays, wou'd prove that he was not so unacquainted with them, as some Gentlemen wou'd persuade us. There are in this Poem, as well as in the former, a great many fine Similies.

There is besides in this Poem, I think, a Proof of his knowing *Virgil*; for he has painted *Sinon*, as *Virgil* has done

Before him. I do not mean *totidem Verbis*, but has given him the same Character, and so plainly, that this is visibly taken from that.

All that I have to say of the Miscellaneous Poems, is, that they are generally Epigrams, and those perfect in their kind, according to the best Rules that have been drawn from the Practice of the *Antients*, by *Scaliger*, *Lilius Giralduſ*, *Minturnus*, *Robertellus*, *Gorranus*, *Possevinus*, *Pontanus*, *Raderus*, *Donatus*, *Vossius*, and *Vauſſor* the *Jefuit*; at least as far as they agree: but it is not to be ſuppos'd, that I ſhould give you hereall, that has been ſaid of this ſort of Poefy by all theſe Authors; for that would it ſelf make a Book in Folio: I ſhall therefore here only give you ſome concise Rules for this and ſome other Parts of the leſſer Poetry, on which *Shakeſpear* has touch'd in theſe Poems; for he has ſomething Paſtoral in ſome, Elegiac in others, Lyric in others, and Epigrammatic in moſt. And when the general Heads of Art are put down in all theſe, it will be no hard matter to form a right Judgment on the ſeveral Performances.

I ſhall begin with thoſe excellent Rules in the preſent Duke of *Buckingham's* Eſſay on Poetry, of which he ſays juſtly:

'Tis not a flaſh of Fancy, which ſometimes
Dazling our Minds, ſet off the ſlighteſt Rhymes;
Bright as a Blaze, yet in a Moment done:
True Wit is everlaſting, as the Sun;
Which, thoſometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number, and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but *vulgar Arts*;
For all in vain theſe ſuperficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole,
Without a Genius too; for *that's* the S O U L:
A Spirit, which inſpires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;

A Heat, that glows in every Word that's writ;
 'Tis something of Divine, and *more than Wit* :
 It self unseen, yet all things by it shown ;
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.

As all is Dullness, where the Fancy's bad,
 So without Judgment Fancy is but mad.
 And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
 Not only in the Choice of Words, but Sense,
 But on the World, on Manners, and on Men,
 Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen:
 Reason is that substantial useful Part,
 Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound :
 Without his Song, no Fop is to be found ;
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* Laws.
 Tho nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of Poetry requires a nicer Art.
 For as in Rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish, which escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which Defects is plainly shown,
 In some small Ring, and brings the Value down ;
 So Songs shou'd be to just Perfection wrought,
 Yet where can we see one without a Fault ?
 Exact Propriety of Words, and Thought,
 Expression easy, and the Fancy high ;
 Yet this not seem to creep, nor that to fly ;
 No Words transpos'd, but in such Order all,
 As tho hard wrought, may seem by Chance to fall.

}

Next *Elegy*, of sweet but solemn Voice,
 And of a Subject grave exacts the Choice.
 The praise of Valour, Beauty, Wit contains,
 And there too oft despairing Love complains.
Their greatest Faults, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect of Words, or want of Wit.

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*But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
 * And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd;
 If yet a just Coherence be not made
 Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
 So right, that every Step may higher rise,
 Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies;
 Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd a while, but never last.
 'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will;
 But not an Elegy, nor writ with Skill,
 No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's-Hill.*

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
 Are † Odes, the Muses most unruly Horse;
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,
 But foams at Mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
 The Poets here must be indeed inspir'd
 With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd.
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd his Part,
 Had he with Nature join'd the Rules of Art:
 But ill Expression gives sometimes Allay
 To that rich Fancy that can ne'er decay;
 Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
 The Language still must soft and easy run.
 These Laws may seem a little too severe,
 But Judgment yields, and ‡ Fancy governs here,
 And makes the Work much easier than it seems.

I shall

* Tho' this be an admirable Observation, yet I am afraid it will never please some of our late Writers of Poems, who have nothing but a Company of Lines put together without any Design; and yet they have gone down with our Fautors of the Muses, as good Payment, and meritorious of Reward, as well as Reputation.

† *Pindaric's.*

‡ My Lord here does not mean, that Judgment entirely leaves the Rule to Fancy in this Poem; for that wou'd be a direct

I shall only add a few Words of the *Epigram*, which his Grace has not touch'd upon.

Vauassor defines it in his *Treatise* on this Subject, thus: *An Epigram is a short Copy of Verses, with Beauty and Point, treating of one only thing, and concluding with a more beautiful Point.* It is defin'd much to this purpose by another Author—*An Epigram is a short and simple Poem, deducing something of some one Thing, Person and Fact.*

G g 4

So

rect Contradiction to what his Grace has said before, and make the writing at all about it superfluous. For indeed there is no sort of Poem that leaves so arbitrary a Sway to Fancy; because that wou'd be to put that sort of Poem quite out of any Test of Excellence, than which there can be no greater Absurdity in any manner of Writing. Besides, in *Pindaric* Poems the happy Transitions and Digressions, and the natural Return to the Subject, contains an Art peculiar to it self, and which cannot be done without a Mastery of Judgment. And this is the Excellence of *Pindar* himself, but what a few or none of our modern Gentlemen ever think of. If they fill a Sheet or two of Paper with some irregular Rhymes, and various Numbers, they immediately entitle it a *Pindaric* Poem. Not that I deny the Poet the same Liberty in *English*, which *Pindar* himself took in *Greek*; but I wou'd not have him imagine, that it is in this particular that his Excellence is distinguish'd from all their Lyric Poets, who took a less Liberty, or rather License of Verse. I know the ingenious Mr. *Congreve* has attempted to prove a Regularity of the Numbers of *Pindar*; but I am afraid there is too much of Fancy and Imagination in it. *Horace* I am sure, in the second Ode of his fourth Book, tells us of *Pindar*,

—*Numerisque fertur
Legis solutis.*

And Mr. *Cowley*, who seems perfectly acquainted with this Author,

So that its Parts (says *Vauvassor*) are but two, the expressing or reciting the Subject, and the Conclusion; and its Beauties are Brevity, and *Acumen*, which I term *Point*.

As to the Length of an Epigram, the Number of Verses are not agreed on among the Critics. Some say it must not exceed two Lines, others allow four at most; asserting, that all above that Number are Excrescency and vicious. But since in *Catullus* we sometimes find above fifty Verses, we may excuse our selves for not yielding our Assent to their Dogmatic Rule. 'Tis true, that *Martial* but once in all his Epigrams reaches to twenty six Lines, and another Time to twenty, confining himself in all his other Poems to five or six Distichs; so that we should (says the *Jesuit*) rather keep within the Compass, that *Martial* by his Practice prescrib'd, than venture to the larger Number of *Catullus*. But since *Catullus* has by all been prefer'd to the latter, we have no Reason to prefer the Practice of *Martial* to his.

The way to attain Brevity, is, not to aim at many things
in

Author, and who made him his Study for some Time, is of another Mind; for thus he says in his Preface to his *Pindarics*.

And lastly (which were enough for my Purpose) we must consider that our Ears are Strangers to the Musick of his Numbers, which sometimes (especially in his Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent Poet. For tho the Grammarians and Criticks have labour'd to reduce his Verses into regular Feet, and Measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet in effect they are little better than Prose to our Ears.

I have seen a *Pindaric* in English, which is not yet publish'd, call'd, *The Female Reign*, which, if I am not much deceiv'd, has come closer to the fine Transitions and Returns of *Pindar* to the Subject, than I have before seen in our Language.

in the whole Epigram; then to express even that little as concisely as possible, and in such Words, that, to extend it into more, wou'd enervate and loose the Force and Strength of the Thought, and the Point, or *Acumen*.

The next Quality is *Beauty*, that is, an exact and harmonious Formation of the Whole, and the apt Agreement of all the Parts of the Poem from the Beginning to the End, with a certain sort of Sweetness, as of a natural Colour, without any Fucus on the one hand, and yet without any thing low and mean on the other; and tho it be plain and rude Nature, yet not a mere rustic Simplicity, void of all Art, but that which is agreeable to a Court-Conversation, and the Language of the Polite. The Beauty of the Epigram must always be accompanied with Sweetness: And this varies according to the Subject, If that be delicate, soft, tender, amorous, &c. those Qualities will arise from the well expressing the Nature of the Subject, that will give *Beauty* and *Sweetness*. In the Language, we ought rather to avoid that which is harsh, or an Enemy to Sweetness, than to study too much to find out that which may help and increase it. The *Point* is, what the Epigrammatical Critics stand much upon, which is chiefly in the Conclusion, by ending with something unexpected, or biting.

All things are the allow'd Subject of the Epigram; as long as they are treated of with Brevity, Point, and Beauty.

How far *Shakespear* has excell'd in this Way, is plain from his Poems before us; but this must be allow'd him, that much of the Beauty and Sweetness of Expression, which is so much contended for, is lost by the Injury of Time, and the great Change of our Language since his Time; and yet there is a wonderful Smoothness in many of them, that makes the Blood dance to his Numbers.

This Abridgment of the Rules of this sort of Poetry must serve for this time, since I have already run out beyond the Bounds prescrib'd. I may hereafter be a little more accurate on this Head, if ever there be any Prospect,
that

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that our great Men will grow weary of Trifles and *Gawds*,
to use one of *Shakeſpear's* Words, and have the Reliſh of
Art, and good Poetry, and good Senſe.



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